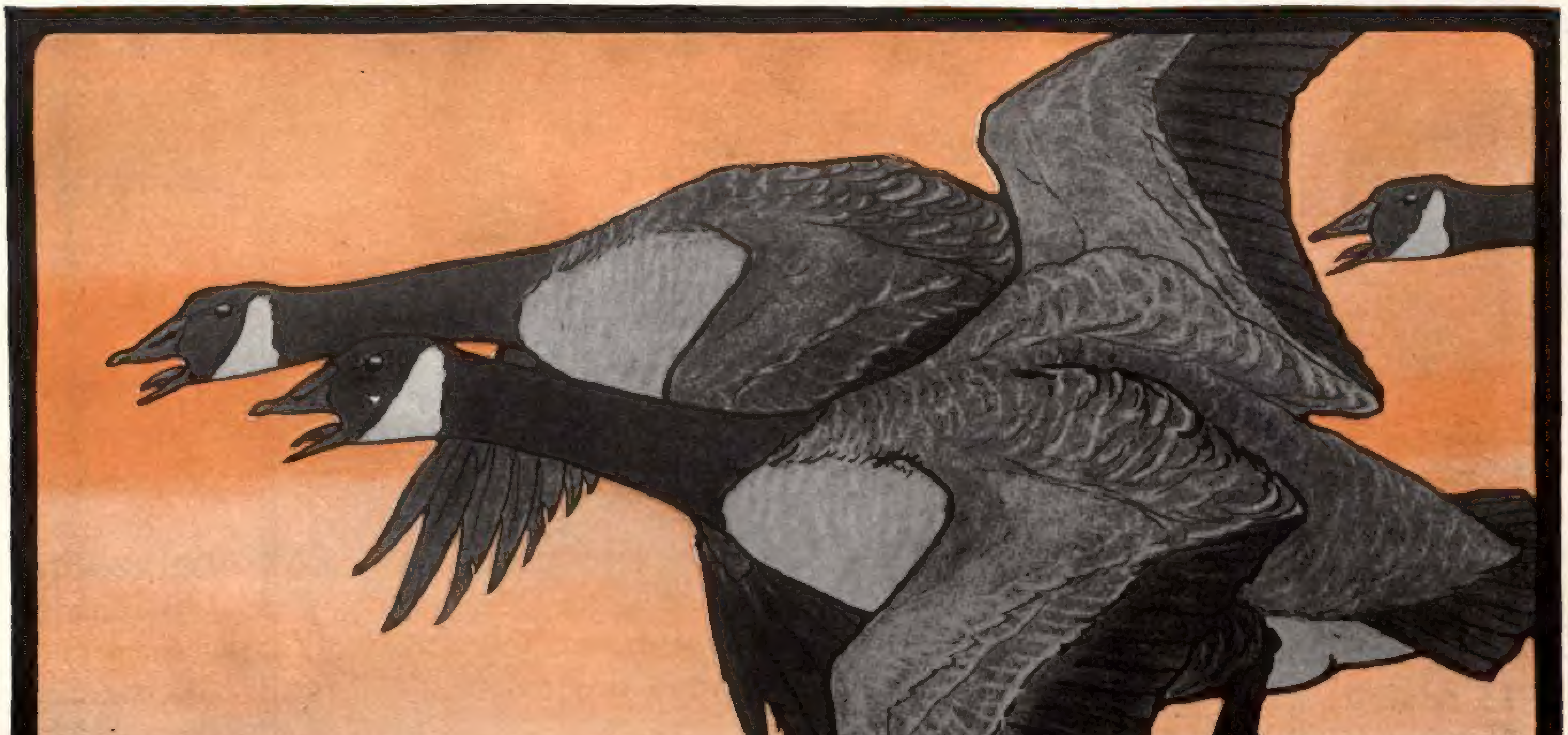
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

APRIL 8, 1905 FIVE CENTS THE COPY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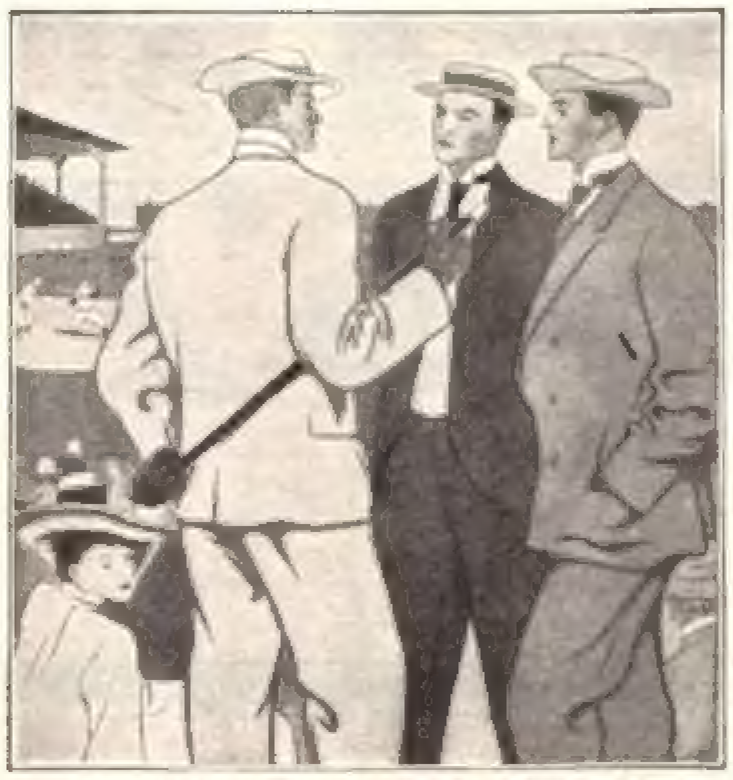

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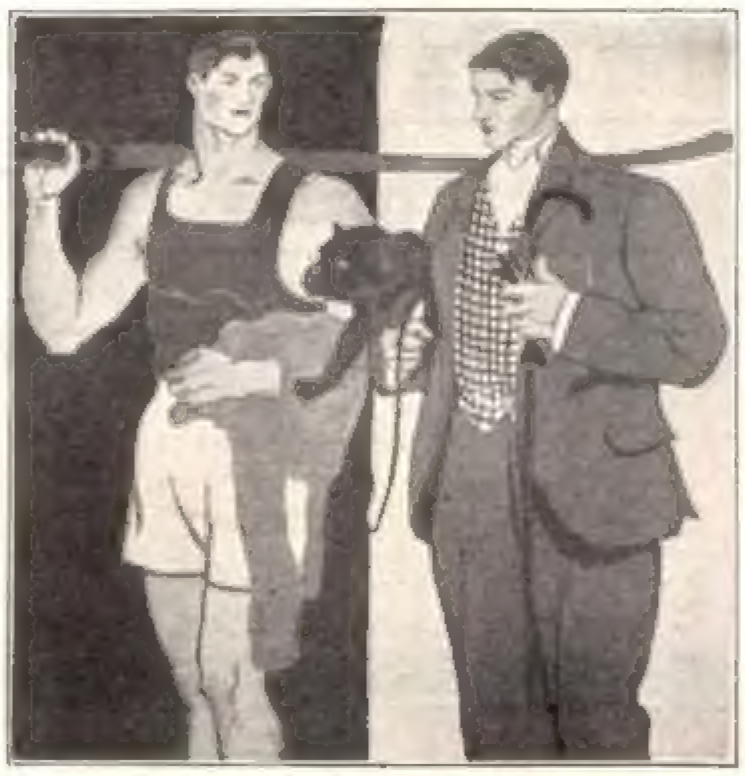
We will send you some beautiful

College Posters

which are decidedly well worth having. To express in words the great artistic beauty of these exquisite pictures would be quite a task. They are elegantly reproduced in ***six colors*** on heavy poster paper. The drawings were executed by one of the most famous poster artists in America—***each picture bears his name***—which, however, he does not permit us to mention in this advertisement. Send your name with fifteen cents for postage and packing and we'll send you some richly-colored and highly-artistic College Posters, size 21 x 31 inches, together with our magnificent album of fashions.



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Collegian

The New Typical College Clothes Bear This Label.

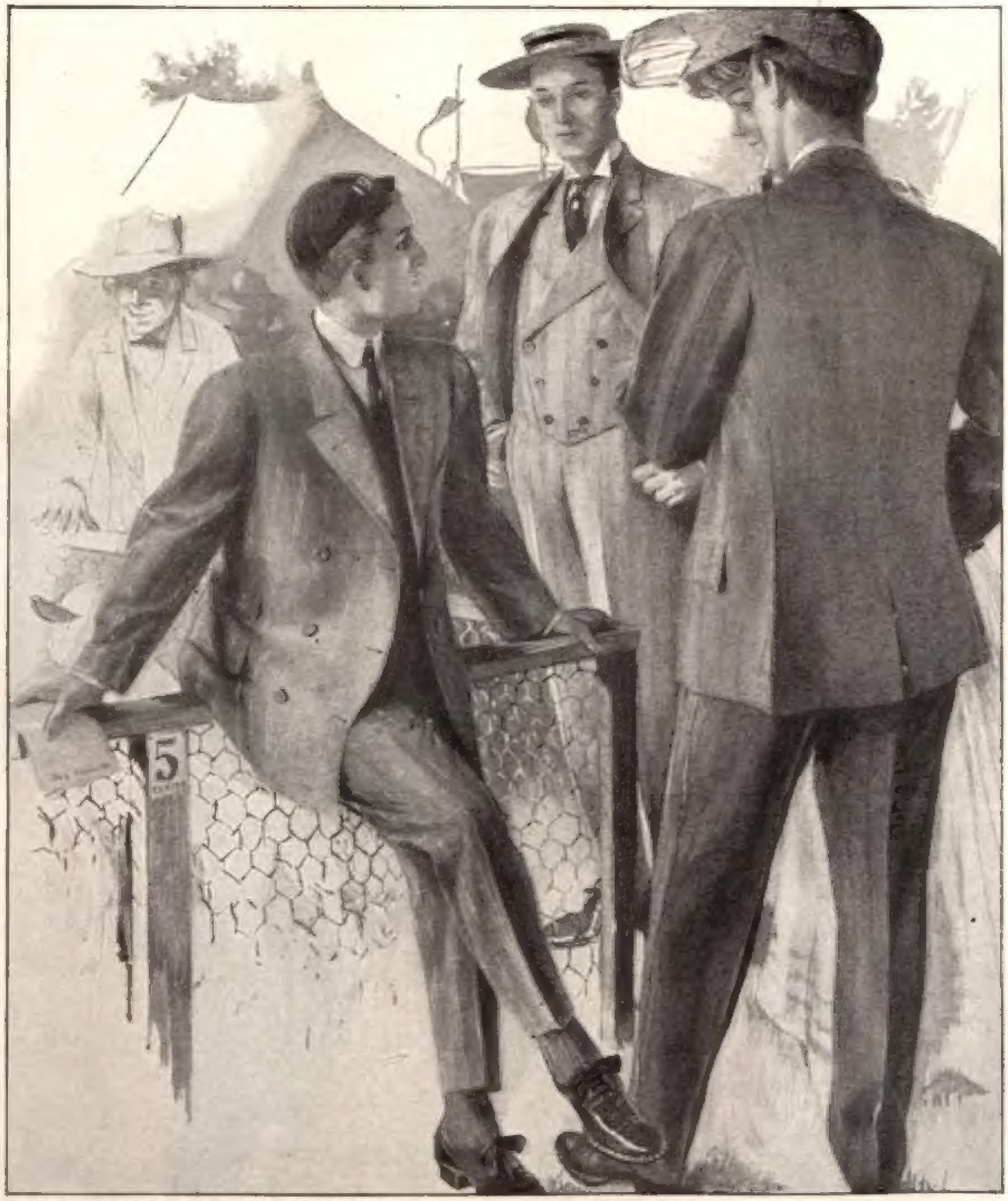
Collegian Suits

of rich, nobby Worsteds, Cheviots and Cassimeres,

$15 to $30

at all first-class clothiers in every city of America

Collegian



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Collegian

The Label is Your Policy of Insurance.

Collegian Topcoats and Raincoats

of the newest effects in Coverts, Worsteds, Etc.,

$12 to $30

now being shown by leading retailers

Collegian

Young Men Who Appreciate Good Style

will admire the suits we portray in this illustration. ***Adler's*** new ***Collegian*** Fashions—***The Typical College Clothes***—are shown in this picture just as they actually appear. Our determination to bring forth ***a new type*** of nobby, artistic Suits and Overcoats for College men and other stylish dressers has met with tremendous success. Here, at last, are clothes for the young fellow of tasty notions, which he can afford to buy and well afford to wear. **We will tell you who sells "Collegian" Clothes in your town when you write for our magnificent College Posters, and Album of Fashions.**

David Adler & Sons Clothing Company, Milwaukee

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Going Against the Octopus

SENATOR FRED DUMONT SMITH

"THIS IS THE LEXINGTON OF THE CONFLICT, AND WE MUST WIN HERE"

GOVERNOR E. W. HOCH

"TAKE THAT MONSTER, THE STANDARD OIL, BY THE THROAT AND COMPEL IT TO BE DECENT"

SENATOR SAMUEL PORTER

"THE PRINCIPLES INVOLVED CONTAIN MORE FEDERALISM THAN SOCIALISM"

How Kansas is Getting Ready to Do Battle with Standard Oil

By PHILIP EASTMAN

KANSAS is the focus of freedom, where the rays of heat and light concentrated into a flame that melted the manacles of the slave and cauterized the heresies of State sovereignty and disunion.

"Kansas is the core and kernel of the country, containing the germs of its growth and the quickening ideas essential to its perpetuity."

It was the late John J. Ingalls who coined these sentences, which express a sentiment that has always been the golden text of Kansas.

During the closing hours of the recent session of the Kansas Legislature, which will go down in history on account of its unequivocal declaration of war on the trusts, the Senators, feeling the burden of responsibility being lifted from their shoulders, formed a procession and marched through the Representatives' hall singing "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on!"

In Kansas the spirit of freedom, which fanned the smoldering opposition to slavery into the heat of war when John Brown, of Osawatomie, and his little band at Harper's Ferry, precipitated the greatest civil war of history, is as rife against monopoly to-day as it was then against slavery.

It was the spirit of freedom which swept the State, gathering strength and numbers on the way, and demanded the establishment of a State oil-refinery, which would bring about an open conflict between the Standard Oil Company on the one side and the people of the State on the other.

During the two years between the legislative sessions beginning in January, 1903, and January, 1905, the oil-fields of Southeastern Kansas, in the counties of Montgomery, Elk, Chautauqua, Neosho, Wilson, Allen and Labette, had been developed.

As long ago as 1889 petroleum was found, but the field was not developed and the yearly output did not exceed 500 barrels. A few years ago an energetic search for natural gas was begun. Gas was found, and at the same time the petroleum field was developed. Immediately following the finding of natural gas in large quantities the towns in the southeastern counties of the State began to grow. Many of them doubled in population in a few years. The cheap fuel attracted industries on a scale before unknown to Kansas. Smelters, glass factories, cement works, mammoth brick kilns and pottery works were built. Almost as if by magic these quiet country towns, which had looked to the highways radiating from them to the prairie farms to bring the agricultural trade for their support, found themselves hives of industry, and they were awakened by the hum of machinery and the screech of factory whistles.

With the continued prospecting for gas, oil was found in large quantities. By 1901 the output of Kansas oil for the year was 179,151 barrels. Fortunes had been made in a few months by Kansans who a year before had never dreamed that they possessed beneath their farms Aladdin's lamps filled with oil which, to be turned into wealth, asked but for an outlet to the surface.

The stories of these fortunes went forth: stories of the nature that for years have sent the wealth-seekers to the point where the last great get-rich-quick find was made. Many who had read of the California days of '49 and the fabulous tales of the fortunes made in the Sierras set their faces to the oil-fields. Those who had experienced the Klondike craze, but who shrank from the hardships of the journey to the frozen North, saw visions of wealth untold waiting for them but a day's journey away, beneath the prairies, where there would be no need for pick, nor flume, nor cradle. There were no fears and no doubts. The stories of the fortunes made multiplied and were backed by evidence. In 1902 the output of oil in Kansas was 331,749 barrels.

The Palmy Days of the Oil Men

THE oil-fever was at its height. The rush to the fields was on. The hotels in Chanute, Independence, Iola and other towns were crowded. Interurban electric railways were built, and at night these railways took the fortune-hunters, who could find no quarters in the crowded towns, to neighboring villages to sleep, and brought them back, in the morning, to the centres of speculation. Scores, even hundreds, of oil companies were launched. The newspapers carried page after page of flaring advertisements of these concerns which offered shares in oil-wells, as yet undrilled, at a penny a share and the promise of par value when a couple of thousand dollars had been expended in the mere formality of drilling a hole to connect the market on top of the earth with the limitless reservoirs beneath. From all sections of Kansas men with means invested, and others, on salary, pledged so much per month on the installment plan to pay for stock. Offices and desk-room in the oil-fields were in such demand that promoters and brokers were driven to the curb and corridors. In 1902 the price for crude oil advanced ten cents a barrel and took a jump of twenty cents the year following. In 1903 the oil output was 1,071,015 barrels.

The farmers, who had been content to plow and plant and harvest, were besieged with offers to lease or sell their lands. Every available rig was at work drilling night and day, and each of the two-thousand-odd drilling outfits was engaged for months ahead. The talk was oil, oil, oil from morning to night.

The operators were offered every inducement to succeed. Wells were drilled, oil was found, the competence grew to a fortune, and the area and output of the field increased. The Standard Oil Company, which had operated a refinery at Neodesha, announced that a pipe-line 200 miles long would be built from the field to connect with a $5,000,000 refinery at Kansas City, Missouri. Then the railroads, which had been taxed in the handling of tank-cars, would be relieved. The pipe-line was laid and the refinery was built in 1904, and the Kansas oil output for the same year was 5,559,054 barrels, five times what it was the year previous and seventy-five times greater than the output five years before.

The turning-point in the oil-fever was reached. In 1903 the price paid for crude petroleum was $1.38 a barrel. During the first six months of 1904 the price ranged between $1.28 and $1.03. The freight rate from the oil-field to Kansas City, where crude oil was used in large quantities for fuel, was ten cents a hundred pounds. Immediately following the opening of the pipe-line the railroads advanced the rate to seventeen cents, which the producers found to be a prohibitive rate. The only market and the only place of delivery was to the Standard pipe-line. In July the price paid by the Standard dropped to eighty-eight cents. By January of this year the output of oil in Kansas exceeded 25,000 barrels a day, and the price had dropped to seventy-eight cents.

Then the fever broke. The price paid by Kansans for refined oil was as uniformly high as before oil was found in the State, except in a few towns where the single independent refinery sold kerosene at a lower figure. At these points the Standard cut the price from twenty cents to nine cents and attempted to drive out the independent concern, but the people refused to buy of the Standard and stood by the independent refinery.

The Standard was taking about 14,000 barrels as the daily production of crude oil. The independent refinery at Humboldt felt its death-blow in the advance in railroad rates.

The Stand Taken by Governor Hoch

THE reaction set in. With the price of oil cut almost fifty per cent., and the railroad rates almost doubled, the hopes of wealth, and even of good profit, were swept aside. The oil-field had been developed. Those who had invested in the companies saw the end of their hopes. The owners of oil-lands had no assurance of continued royalties. Competition was obliterated. There was no profit—except for the Standard. This was the condition when the Republican Legislature convened at Topeka, January 10, in regular session.

In his message to the Legislature, Governor Hoch said: "Our oil interests are in jeopardy. I am a firm believer in the competitive system, and entertain with caution any proposition tending to the centralization of governmental power over commercial enterprises which should, as far as possible, be left to individual ownership and control. I have been a student of these subjects for years, and am grounded in the philosophy of the competitive system in contradistinction to the socialistic or governmental absorption of business enterprises. The competitive system is essential, in my judgment, to healthy industrial growth, while socialism is a soporific which would put the industrial world to sleep.

"But, while profoundly imbued with this conviction, I refuse to be blinded by a theory, however sound, or confused by misleading terms. If an arrogant and almost omnipotent monopoly is to control in any business circle the competitive system is slaughtered in the house of its friends, for monopoly is but a form of socialism masquerading under the name of competition. Monopoly destroys competition, and that is what all socialism does, considered from an industrial standpoint. Rather, therefore, than permit the great monopolies to rob us of the benefits of the vast reservoirs of oil which have been stored by the Creator beneath our soil, I am inclined to waive my objection to the socialistic phase of this subject and recommend the establishment of an oil-refinery of our own in our State for the preservation of our wealth and the protection of our people."

Kansas Aflame with Indignation

AT THE beginning of the session, Senator Samuel Porter, from Caney, Montgomery County, in the heart of the oil-field, introduced the bill for the erection of a State refinery. Immediately following the introduction of the bill the sentiment of the people of Kansas found expression. The press of the State was practically unanimous in favor of the State refinery. Meetings were held in the oil counties and resolutions were adopted indorsing the refinery measure.

In an address before the Kansas Day Club, at the annual banquet held on the anniversary of the admission of Kansas into the Union (January 29, 1861), Governor Hoch said: "Take that monster, the Standard Oil, by the throat and compel it to be decent!" This was taken as the battle-cry. A day was set apart in the Senate for the discussion of the refinery bill and other measures directed at the Standard Oil Company.

Petitions and letters, not from the oil-field alone, but from all parts of the State, were showered upon the legislators. Citizens, regardless of political beliefs, from every region of the State journeyed to the capital. Special trains carried monster delegations from the oil-fields to Topeka. The day the refinery bill was under consideration thousands of telegrams were sent to the Senators urging them to support the bill. All Kansas was aflame with indignation. The people demanded the passage of the refinery bill and they were desperately in earnest. No serious thought was given by the many as to the precedent which would be established. No one gave expression in the way of a forecast as to the consequences, save that it would mean a contest between the State and the Standard.

The sentiment of the Kansans' golden text was the basis for many of the arguments made on the floor of the Senate and in the House for the passage of the refinery bill. Senator Fred Dumont Smith, the "Old Hickory" of the Senate, representing the eighteen counties in the extreme southwest corner, in the short-grass region of the State, far from the locality where crude oil is found, said: "Other States are looking to Kansas to see what we do here. All eyes are on Kansas to see if we waver. We are the ones to fire the first gun. This is the Lexington of the conflict, and we must win here."

A Resurrection of Populism

A DOZEN years ago, during the days of the Farmers' Alliance and the political era of the People's Party in Kansas, the cry of "Populism" was sufficient to stampede a Republican Legislature. When the Populists, in their campaigns, talked of the State ownership of public utilities the Republicans scoffed. When they advanced the sub-treasury plan, a scheme to build immense warehouses in which the farmers could store their grain, and take negotiable receipts for part of the value, while the grain could be held awaiting a more favorable market price, the opposing political party laughed. When the Populists urged, before the sessions of two Legislatures, the passage of a maximum freight-rate law, the Republican lawyers waved the Constitution of the State in their faces and declared that such a measure would not stand the test of the courts, and the party in power wavered and lost. Yet, within a dozen years, a Kansas Legislature, overwhelmingly Republican, decided that the State should engage in the business of refining crude oil and that transportation charges should be regulated, and the Legislature voted to build a State oil-refinery and passed a maximum freight-rate law. The argument was advanced against the State refinery measure that it was Populistic. The Republican legislators replied: "If this be Populism, let's be Populistic to this extent."

The argument was made that a State refinery was a purely socialistic idea. "This I deny," said Senator Samuel Porter, the author of the bill, in a speech to the Senate. "The purposes and principles involved contain more federalism than socialism. This is more a measure of simple democracy, proposing the greatest good to the greatest number. Federalism proposes a strong central force of government protecting all citizens."

A few lawyers, members of the Legislature, shook their heads and said a State refinery would be unconstitutional, as the State is prohibited from engaging in commercial enterprises. "If this is unconstitutional, I say, amend the Constitution," said a Senator.

When the farmers who raised the mammoth yields of wheat in Kansas found themselves, some years ago, at the mercy of the binding-twine trust, and were forced to pay high prices for the twine they used in the self-binding harvesting-machines, the Populists advocated the establishment of a State binding-twine plant at the penitentiary, where employment could be given to convicts. This relief has since been realized, for the convicts have been employed for several years in the manufacture of binding-twine.

So, when the question of constitutionality was raised, the Constitution was made to follow the State refinery by inserting a clause in the bill providing for the erection of a branch penitentiary, in the heart of the oil-fields, and the building of an oil-refinery to give employment to the convicts.

When the refinery bill had passed the Senate and was sent to the House, Representative Lupfer, a Populist who had served in the Legislature during the days of overwhelming Populistic majorities, welcomed the Republicans to the fold. During the speechmaking on the passage of the bill, when the hall was crowded with hundreds of interested Kansans from all corners of the State who, stirred by a common interest, had gathered to witness the signing of the declaration of war, he said: "I represent the remains of the Populist party, which was decently interred some time ago. I am a voice from the grave. The day of our resurrection is here. At any rate, we have witnessed a resurrection of the principles for which the Populist party fought its battle. I now extend to the Republicans of this House the hand of welcome. If you don't come into our fold I think we shall have to pack up and come into yours."

Steps in the Right Direction

POLITICAL party lines were swept aside, and, for the first time in the history of the State, Republicans, Democrats and Populists voted "aye" on the same measure.

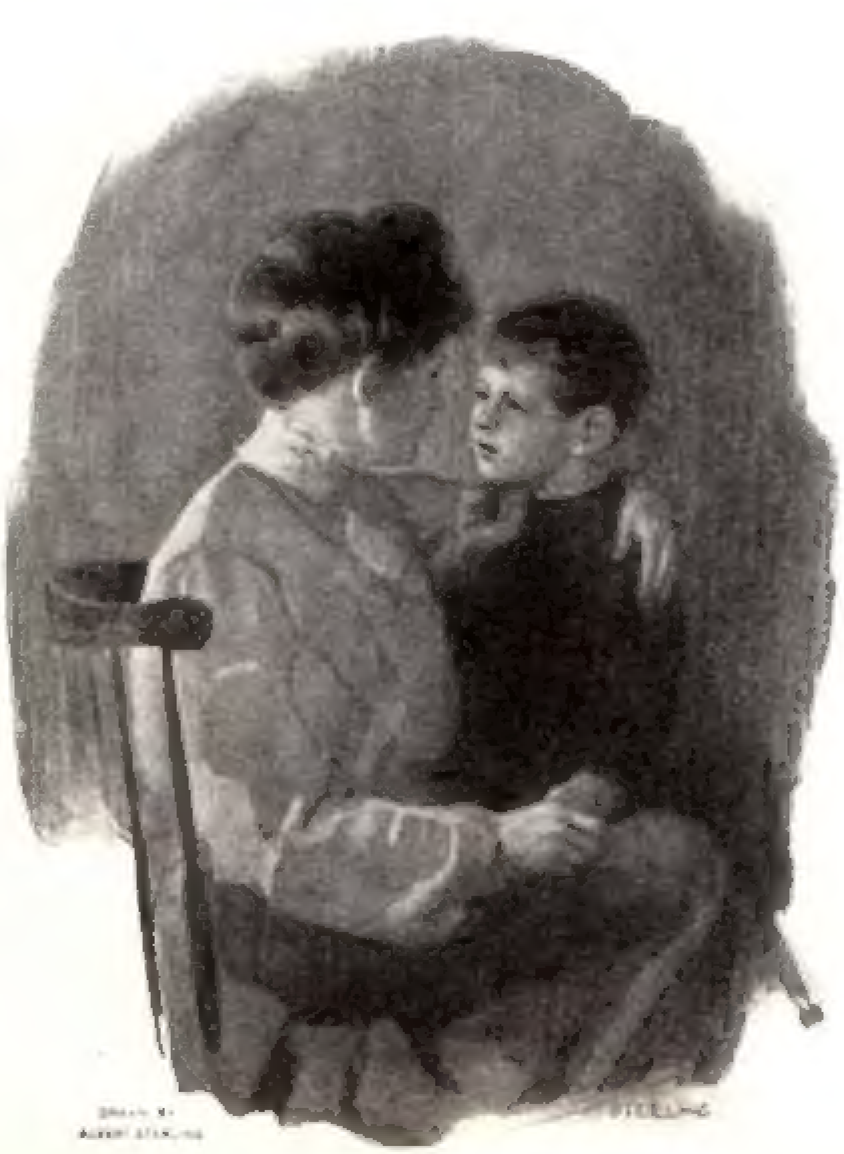
It was warned that, as Kansas has no tanks, tank-cars, tank-wagons nor agencies, it would be difficult for the State, even with a refinery, to compete with the Standard. Senator Smith came to the rescue by drafting a bill to make pipe-lines common carriers, writing another to make discrimination between different localities for the purpose of stifling competition unlawful, and prepared a maximum freight-rate bill, and a law vesting power of control in a State Board of Railroad Commissioners. The Senate passed all these measures and the House followed suit. The supporters of the State refinery project felt that it was flanked with sufficient protecting legislation, and the legislators thought that sufficient legal protection had been given to encourage the building of independent refineries.

After the maximum freight-rate bill had become a law, and before the Legislature adjourned, the freight rate on a car of oil from the independent refinery, at Humboldt, to Kansas City was reduced from seventy-eight dollars to twenty-seven dollars a car.

When he signed the refinery bill, Governor Hoch, in a message to the Legislature, explained his position—and at the same time that of the people of Kansas—as follows: "When private capital can come to Kansas and find investment in oil refineries with a fair chance of success, when normal conditions have been made permanent, then the State will not only be willing but will be glad to retire from the refining of oil and leave that business, as well as other lines of industry, in the hands of private competitors, where it legitimately belongs, but where it is now impossible on account of the greatest socialistic corporation now doing business on earth, the Standard Oil Company."

MOTHER'S EYES

BY MORGAN SHEPARD



'Most always I don't mind at all when Mother says to me:
"Come, dear, it's bedtime," and she puts me close up to her knee;
The way she says it seems to make me say the same far down
Inside of me, so that her words sound almost like my own.
Maybe, perhaps, I want to play some more, or read my book,
But I forget about such things when I see Mother's look.
There's something in my Mother's eyes when bedtime comes at night
That makes me want to look at her and do the thing that's right.
At bedtime, Mother's eyes are strange, they are so soft and true;
Her words are very gentle, and her hands are gentle, too.
We do not laugh, or talk, or play when she puts me to bed;
We seem to want to wait and think of other things instead.
Of course, we talk a little bit, but in a different way—
The things we think and talk of then don't seem to come by day.
I ask her questions when I'm there beside her on the floor
That I don't like to ask till then, or never thought before.
Oh, I'm quite sure that Mother's eyes give thoughts for me to think.
For when I look straight into them they very seldom wink.
Of course, her eyes can't talk, I know, but, when I look, I see
There's something in them every time that must be just for me.
I do not tell her what I see, or of the pain it brings
(It is a sort o' pain and makes me want to do good things).
Sometimes she takes me in her lap and holds me very tight,
And I can feel her breathe real soft (but that's because it's *Night*);
And once I felt her breathe quite long—she does that when she sighs—
So I looked up and *think* I saw some tears all in her eyes.
I didn't know just what to do, but thought that I would cry;
It hurts me in my throat and heart when I feel Mother sigh.
Then something happened, very queer (but Mother's different),
She held me awful close to her, and some of her tears went
Right over on my cheeks and eyes, I felt them very wet;
She kissed me lots, and squeezed me, too; I thought she'd never let
Me up again, but soon she did, and I could plainly see
Her tears were gone, and there she was, just *laughing* some at me.
So then she put me in my bed, and I could see a *light*
Was shining out of Mother's eyes as she kissed me Good-Night.

Love Letters of Plupy Shute

BY HENRY A. SHUTE

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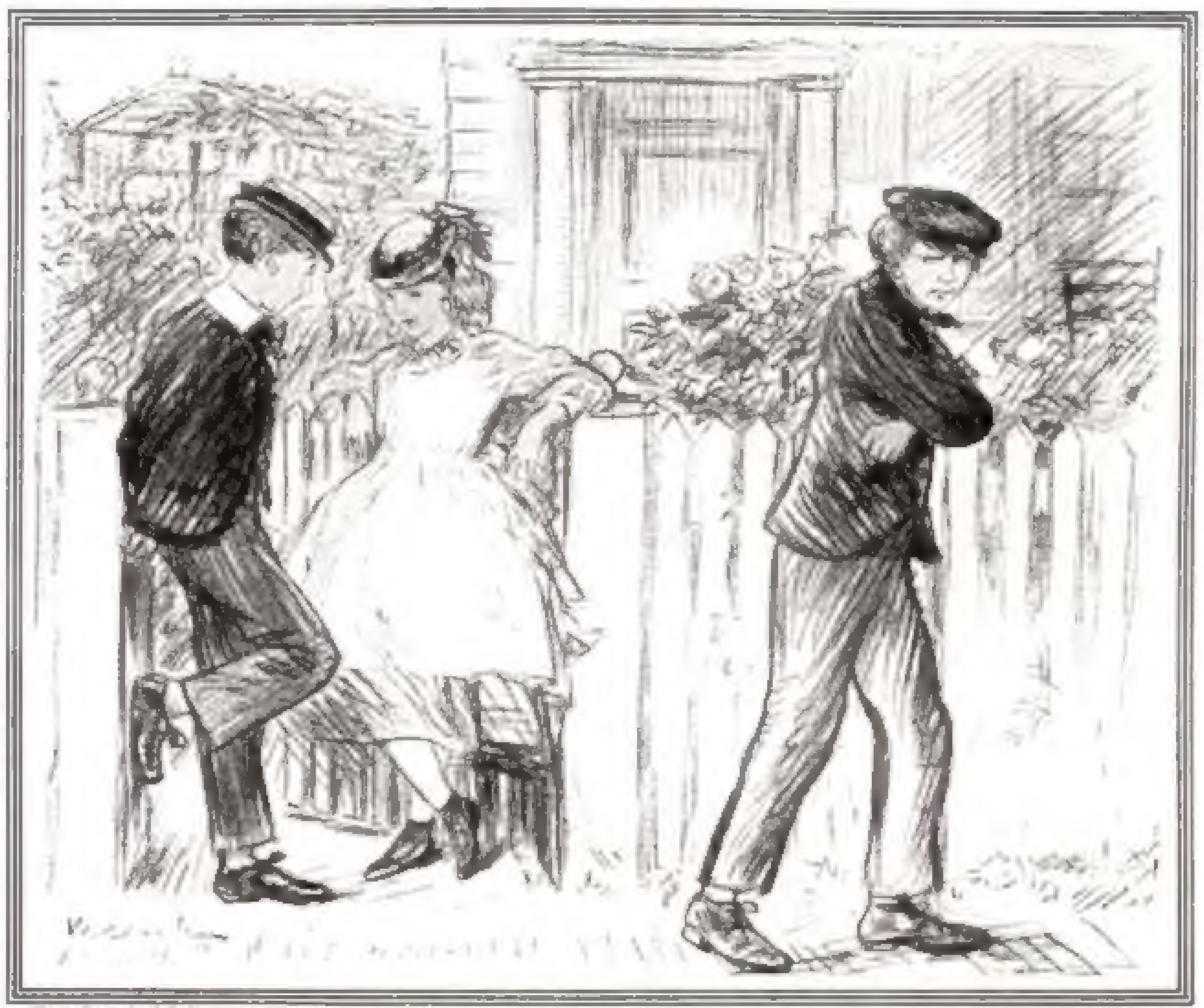


BEANY HAD BETTER LOOK OUT

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE,
——, 186—.

DEAR MARY: i have been thinking i wood wright you a letter becaus i dident know but you mite wright me one back if i wrote you one ferst. only dont you show this letter to enny of the girls and i wont show your letter to enny of the fellers that is if you wright me one. i am wrighting this behine my geografy and old Francis keeps looking over towerds me. i have got 2 sheets of paper on my desk wrighting, this one to you and when i see old Francis looking or coming towerds me i slip this in my geografy and am bizzy wrighting the capitals of the states like this

Maine Agusta on the Kennebeck River.
New Hamshire Concord on the Merrimack River.
Massachusets Boston on Massachusets Bay

and then when old Francis aint looking i am wrighting to you. once today old Francis come up and said Harry what are you wrighting and i looked kind of sheapish and he told me to give it to him, and i give him the one about the capitals of the states and he took it and looked as if he was going to paist me one but when he saw what i had wrote he said i was a good boy and he made a speach to the school and said if all the fellers wood do that he wood be glad. i gess if he had seen what i was wrighting to you he wood have had me in the woodbox.

i like you more than enny girl in town. i dident know how mutch i liked you till I saw you walking with Nipper. i hoap you wont ever go with him again. dont tell ennybody i like you becaus the fellers wood laff and the girls wood make fun of you. and then i wood have to lam sombody. i can skin the cat and hang by my heels on the trapeese. i can lick Nipper two.

Now you wright me wont you.

Yours very respectively, HARRY SHUTE.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—.

Dear Mary: i got your letter and was jest as glad as i cood be. i was auful glad. i dont know when i have been so glad. i dident know whether you wood wrote or not and when i got it i was glad i can tell you. i went down to the postofice 5 times yesterday. i like you Mary. i never liked ennybody so well before. i only liked one girl before and she went of with Fatty Melcher becaus he had more chink than i had. ennyway i am glad she did go of with Fatty becaus if she dident i woodent have went with you and that wood have been prety tuff. ennyway she is mad with Fatty becaus he hasent enny chink and now she wood like to go with me agen but she has lost her chanse.

This morning in school when the third class was reading a little sunbeem in the sky said to himself one day, i thougt of you becaus you look so brite every morning when you come into school in your blew dress and your white apron. i have been to school erly sense i wrote you so i cood see you come in. i shall never go with enny girl but you. i send you 2 mottos.

Wright me as soon as you get this letter.

Yours very respectively, HARRY SHUTE.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—.

Dear Mary: i got your letter and the motto. it was the best motto i ever see. i went by your house 6 times and only saw you 2 times. i wish i cood seen you evry time for i like to see you better than enny girl i know. i dremp last nite that me and you was sliding down Factory hill and that the duble runner went rite of the brige and threw the ice and i see you drownding and you holered save me Plupy, no i ment save me Harry. and Beany and Nipper and Fatty Melcher and all the fellers stood round and dident dass to do ennything, but i div rite in and seezed you and was swiming to the shore with you when i woke up and it was summer. that is jest what i wood do if you fell in the river and was drownding, and Beany and Nipper and Fatty Melcher and Whack and all the other fellers woodent dass do ennything but gorp round, while i wood dive rite in. that is me evry time. will you go boat ride with me tomorow afternoon. meat me down at my boat and i will have some of old Si Smiths goozberrys. You looked auful pretty today when you come into school. i tride to draw your picture but old Francis come down the ile and i tore it up. i send you a motto, it says remember me when i am gorn. i havent been fealing very well laitly. i gess i hurt myself when i got throwed of the horse. sometimes i have a auful pane in my heart, but i dont say mutch about it. i may not live to be groan up but if i dont i hope you will remember me. when we sung Annie Lyle in school this morning i thougt of you.

be sure and wright me as soon as you get this and leeve it in the hollow apple tree.

Yours very respectively, PLUPY SHUTE.

p. s. i have got so used to wrighting to Beany that i sined my name Plupy before i thougt.

Yours very respectively, HARRY SHUTE.

p. s. agen. if i was you i woodent have mutch to say to Beany or Pewt they is prety bad fellers.

Yours very respectively, HARRY SHUTE.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—.

Dear Mary: i got your letter and was disapointed becaus your mother woodent let you go boat ride with me. she mite have let you come down to the boat. i had the goozberrys and some juju paist two. i had washed the boat out and had a shorl for you to set on. i felt prety bad when i wated till 3 oh clock and then i went up to the apple tree and when i reeched in and found your letter i felt better. it was real good of you to send me the horsehair ring. i will keep it as long as i live and will wair it when the fellers aint looking. i send you a ring two. i got it in a candy packige. the man whitch sold me the packige said they was one ring in them whitch was wirth a good deel of money and when i showed it to him he said i had got it. he said he was sorry i got it becaus he coodent sell enny more of these packiges and wood have to send for some more. i told him i woodent tell ennybody but he said it woodent be honest becaus he woodent say they was enny ring like mine in them. he said there was some other things in them so i bougt 2 other packiges but i dident get enny prise. and i am going to by my candy of him, he is so honest. i shall go out to the tree tomorow for a letter and shall be disapointed if you dont wright.

Yours very respectively, HARRY SHUTE.

p. s. i am fealing better today. my pane is not so bad. i try hard not to let peeple see i am sufering all the time.

Yours very respectively, HARRY SHUTE.

p. s. agen. be sure and wright.

Yours very respectively, HARRY SHUTE.

p. s. a 2nd time. remember i like you better than enny girl i have ever knew.

Yours very respectively, HARRY SHUTE.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—.

Dear Mary: this is the ferst time you have disapointed me in not wrighting me. i went to the tree in the morning and at noon and before school in the afternoon and after school and after supper and jest before i went to bed and i dident find enny letter. i tell you i dident sleep mutch last nite and my pane come on wirse than ever. i saw you talking to Beany two when i went by your house. Beany had better look out for i am a bad feller when i am mad. i supose your folks think Beany is quite a big man becaus he can wair his best close evry day but it aint the folks whitch wair the best close whitch is the best fellers. i cood tell some things about Beany if i was meen enuf and i will if he keeps going over to your house. I wood tell some things about Pewt and Nipper and Fatty Melcher only i aint meen enuf. i shall go down to the tree for a letter and if you dont wright i shall know jest why, and Beany had better look out. i gess you woodent go with Beany if you knew some things whitch i know.

Yours very respectively,
HARRY SHUTE.

p. s. dont you think Lizzie Tole is awful prety. i do.

Yours very respectively,
HARRY SHUTE.

p. s. agen. and Genny Morrison two.

Yours very respectively,
HARRY SHUTE.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—.

Dear Miss—you hadent enny reason to be mad at me. i bet you woodent like it if i was wrighting to you and was going with some other girl like Beany and Pewt and some of the other fellers do. but if i say ennything when i see you going with Beany you get mad jest like a girl. a girl thinks she can go with about forty fellers at once and when enny one of those forty fellers jest speak to a nother girl they is a row.

ennyway that is the way most girls do, but I know one that is diferent and if you are going round with enny feller you see i am going to go with this girl. i shant tell you her name neether but it aint Mary.

i met Beany last nite and stumped him to fite and he stumped me to come half way and if his mother hadent come out and called him in i wood have lammed time out of him. ennyway i tore the rim of of his new straw hat and the ribbon two. he will have to wair his old hat the next time he comes over to your house.

girls is jest like hens. they always go with the rooster whitch has the most red fethers. i am going down to Ed Toles tonite to play crokay with Lizzie and May Rundlet and some others. it is a party and Beany cant go becaus he hasent got enny good hat. that is what happens to fellers whitch play meen tricks on me.

Yours very respectively, HARRY SHUTE.

p. s. i gess they will have ice creem to the party. i am going to take down the goozberrys and the juju paist i was going to give you. i send you a motto, whitch says she has left me for a nother. i never thougt i shood have to send you one like that.

Yours very respectively, HARRY SHUTE.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—.

Dear Mary: i was auful glad to get your letter and sorry i had got so mad about your going with Beany. if i hadent liked you so well i woodent have been so mad. if a feller dont like a girl he dont ever care if she goes with another feller.

i tell you i have felt prety terrible for 2 or 3 days. i went down to the party and played crokay but nothing seamed the same. i dont beleive i have slep enny for 2 or 3 nites and some times the pane in my heart has been dredful. they has been fellers whitch has killed themselfs rather than sufer so. ennyway it is prety near all rite now that you aint mad enny more.

i have been wirking hard for J. Albert Clark and for old Head and i erned enuf money to by you a chane of blew beeds. it is jest the color of your eyes. i hope you will like it becaus it cost me a grate deel of money. as soon as i got your letter i went rite down and bougt it. if i had not got your letter i shood have throne the chane into the fire. i shood never wanted to see it agen. i hope you will wair it becaus it cost me a grate deel of money. Now I want you to be sure and wright as soon as you get this.

Yours very respectively, HARRY SHUTE.

p. s. i hope you will wair this chane becaus it cost me a grate deel of money.

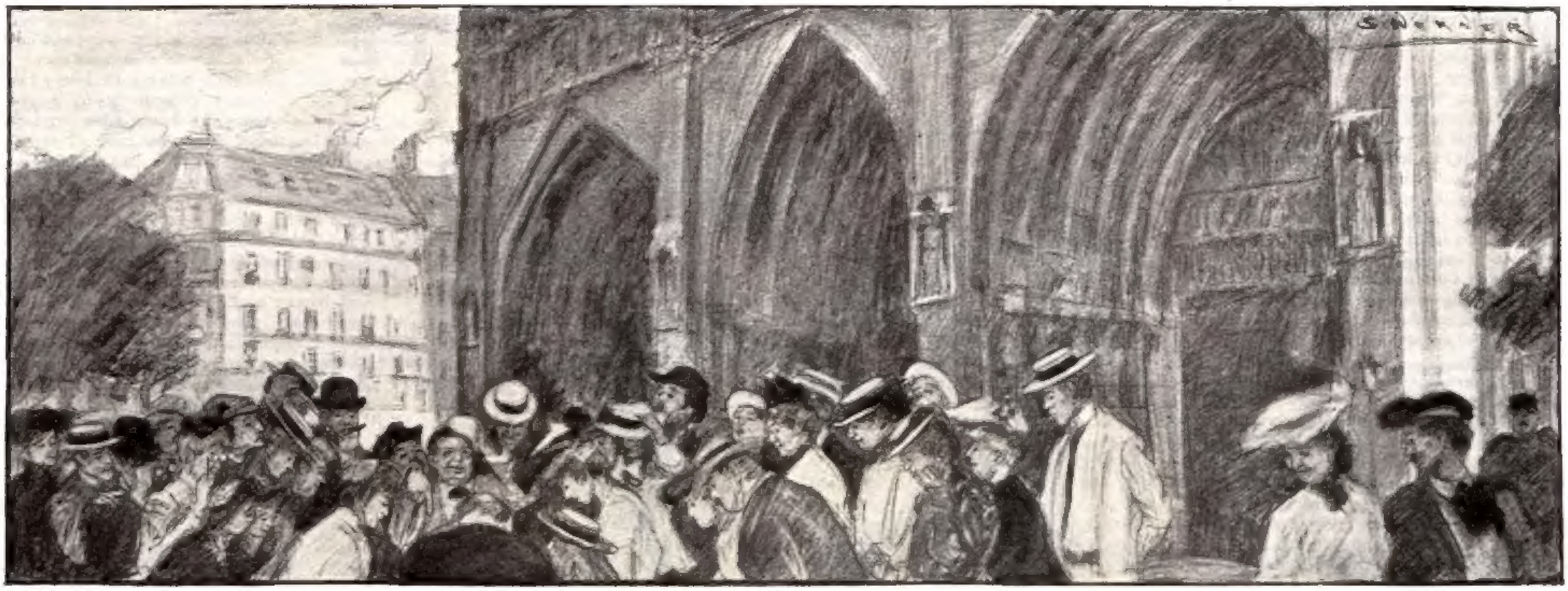
Yours very respectively, HARRY SHUTE.

p. s. agen. i dont know enny girl as prety as you are.

Yours very respectively, HARRY SHUTE.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three installments of the Love Letters of Plupy, by Judge Shute. The second will appear in an early number.

THE SEA-GOERS



DRAWN BY S. WERNER

"THAT LITTLE PINK COBBLESTONE IN FRONT OF NOTRE DAME"

In Which Anne Plans an American Invasion

BY EMERY POTTLE

THE luncheon from which I had just come had been a solemn one. The courteous, condescending, traveled person who had sat next me early assumed his luncheon manner—his luncheon manners, I easily gathered, were a permanent and highly valued possession.

"There are twelve of us," he said to me engagingly. "You remember that remarkable table which hangs in Westminster. It seats twelve and has been there, I believe, seven hundred years." And I, goaded to it, gave my customary reluctantly polite murmur:

"I have never been abroad."

. . . .

"The cook has given notice," said Anne sombrely when I found her. She gave it out with much the same effect as if she had remarked: "The President has just been assassinated in our basement."

"'Fade, fade, each earthly joy,'" I replied piously. "*Why* won't she stay? Haven't we given her every comfort of home? Haven't——"

"Oh, you needn't go on and work yourself into a virtuous rage at the cook." Anne spoke with indifference. "I've heard you do it before. You're right enough in your rhetorical questions—and what we haven't given her she's taken. She isn't the first cook who's left us. And there's no use in making a fuss over it. Besides, her leaving isn't the real issue."

I stared at Anne respectfully. "I thought I was expected—that every one was expected—to beat their breasts and go into a sulky fit when the cook leaves. I don't care whether she goes or not—at least, I don't care the way people do in the funny papers. What do you refer to when you talk so politically about the real issue?"

"I don't mind her *going* myself," continued Anne reflectively. "It's *where* she's going that irritates me—and that's the *issue*. She never *could* cook anything except the things one didn't really, digestibly, want."

"See here, Anne, if you're going to tell me that some one has snatched our cook from us—well, you needn't. I've heard Lily Appleby get obnoxious a dozen times over that same——"

"The cook is going abroad for four months." Anne offered this in a clear, distinct tone of resentment.

"Abroad? The *cook?* *Our* cook?"

"Precisely."

"It's disgusting."

"It is. She came home this afternoon—it was one of her days out—and casually told me that while she was downtown she happened into a steamer office and found they were offering such 'attractive'—her word—trips to Europe that she really felt she ought to go. So she bought a ticket. She '*sails*'—again her expression—on the twenty-ninth."

"Why, good Heavens, we—*we* have never been abroad! And now the *cook—our* cook——! Don't you give her a character, Anne, if she wants it!"

"No, I won't. I'll probably end up by giving her a steamer-rug, though."

"I hope she'll be awfully seasick." It was the only wish I could think of at the moment.

"She says she's been to Coney Island in all sorts of weather, and doesn't expect to be."

"Maybe she'll drown," I suggested hopefully.

"She's been to-day to a clairvoyant, she says, and he told her the sea was going to be like——"

"I know—mill-pond. That's the clairvoyant expression for a peaceful passage."

. . . .

"She is afraid that she may not be quite able to arrange to be presented," Anne went on scornfully.

"Presented?"

"Oh, at court—England, or Egypt, or wherever it is she's going."

"She ought to be presented at a police-court," I commented bitterly.

It rankled in our bosoms—this menial pilgrimage; not that we are given to any dog-in-the-manger attitude toward another's culture and amusement. But when you've never been out of sight of Sandy Hook, fairly, and your *cook* within your gates tells you *she* is going to accomplish a Cook's tour, as it were—well, I leave it to you if some slight resentment against the perversion of eternal justice isn't forgivable.

I suppose it was this forcing of our hand—or our feet—which made us instantly decide to go abroad ourselves. Not, I may say, on the same ship with our cultivated Agnes. "I can't stand the idea of remaining behind when Agnes goes," I confided to Anne. "And, after all, the only way to get abroad is to *go*."

"That seems logical," said Anne. "I'm sure I'd like to go. Especially now that——"

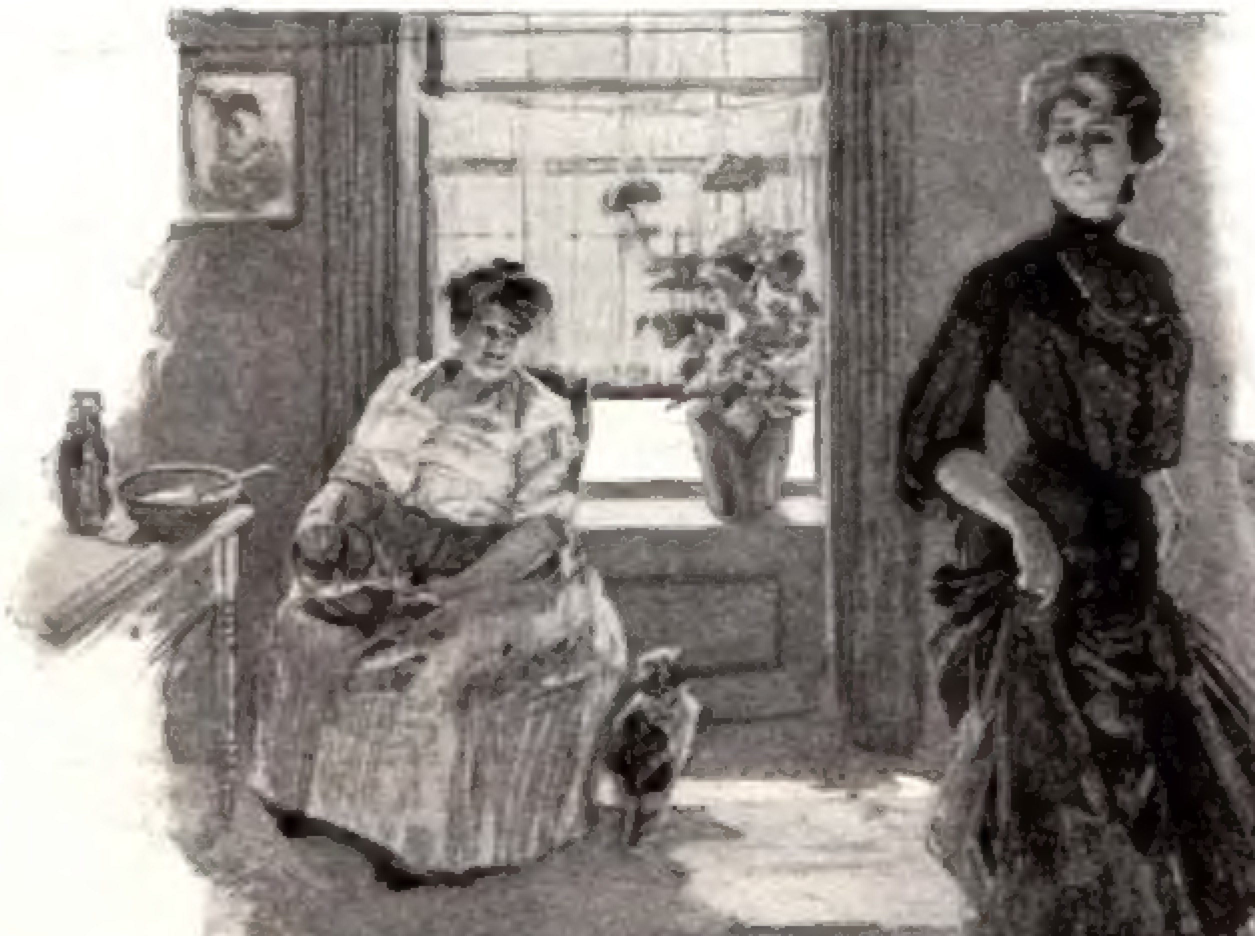
"Now that we can't afford it," I finished cheerfully.

"Isabella wanted to pawn her jewels to give Columbus a trip," reflected Anne somewhat disconnectedly.

"Yes—but she didn't go *with* him," said I amiably.

"Well," replied Anne with unnecessary asperity, "if you suppose that I intend to pawn anything to let you go off alone on——"

"On a voyage of discovery? Certainly not. Besides, I've always noticed that I discovered a great deal more when you were along than I ever did alone. And, anyway, going to Europe is no voyage of discovery. I know all about Europe. I dare say I know as much about Europe as a Cook's trip. My grandmother had an album of foreign views, and my cousin once saw the Emperor of Germany riding by on a high white horse. He said he'd never forget it. I swear to that fact—he never did. He saw a great many other things, too, of which he was fond of telling. As he grew older, and thought more closely about it, he discovered that he had seen a great deal more of Europe than he at first imagined. The last time I saw him he recounted, with suppressed emotion, his interview with the Pope. 'I didn't know you saw the Pope,' said I innocently. 'Saw the Pope,' said he, as



DRAWN BY S. WERNER

"EJUPT AND THE NILE FOR HERS"

indignant as anything, 'I should think I did see him! Why—why, the Pope and I spent the afternoon together. I gave him a good deal of very valuable information about American politics. *See the Pope!*'"

"I never cared much for your cousin, some way," remarked Anne.

"There's no object in making every piece of information I tell you *personal,*" said I reprovingly. "And, to go on, I'll bet, at the end, you couldn't have mentioned a corner of Europe, not a little scandalous kingdom, that he hadn't seen."

"How long was he there?" asked Anne thoughtfully.

"Oh, three weeks!"

Anne looked at me in disdainful silence.

"He said he wasn't hurried in the least," I added hastily. "He *never* hurried—that I know."

"A person who goes abroad and then comes back to tell you about it," said Anne with decision, "is——"

"It's very tragic," said I, hoping to divert her mind from my cousin, "very—having to keep all Europe and the Holy Land bottled up inside you. The pity of it is that no one wants to hear about it. And it's so hard to get that in your head—or out of it."

"I remember when my sister Ethel came back from abroad," Anne continued. "Almost the first thing she said to us was: 'My dear, you ought to have seen Oxford! It——' And that was as far as she ever got. 'Oh, yes, dear,' said mother, 'but I must tell you that your Aunt Caroline broke her leg only a fortnight ago. She was wearing Oxford ties—I think your mentioning Oxford must have reminded me of it—and slipped on a piece of apple skin. Fancy!' Ethel confessed to me some time later that, as a *family*, she never cared so much for us after that homecoming, poor dear."

"The only people who ever get anything out of foreign travel are ministers. They come home and buy a stereopticon and give illustrated evening lectures to their flocks. I've seen them. It's—it's very nice for the ministers. And it's curious, when you think of it, that the only persons who are allowed to tell their emotions on seeing Westminster, or the Pyramids, or a camel, or Jerusalem, are the clergy—it doesn't seem quite decent in any one else."

"Poets do it a great deal," said Anne sentimentally.

"Oh, poets! But no one reads what they say. It's merely printed at the bottom of magazine pages. I did a poem once called Vespers in Rome. It began——"

"Did you sell it?" queried Anne unnecessarily.

"No. It was too sad, they said."

"My idea in going to Europe," Anne remarked some days later, "is to go and get it over with. I'm so tired of hearing about the place and having nice people casually stop in the middle of a conversation and turn to me with: 'You remember, of course, that little pink cobblestone in front of Notre Dame? No?'"

"That's just my case. It's a nasty habit—going about seeing things."

"I'm not so sure I want to see anything," Anne asserted heretically. "I suppose I shall see something, naturally—or unnaturally. But my main desire is to get there—wherever it is we're going. Then, when we get home, I can keep my self-respect."

"That will be about the only thing we'll have left—our self-respect, and possibly a souvenir of an Alp—when we get back. I say, isn't it odd that we really *are* going?"

"I can't really believe it," Anne beamed, the idea of travel smiting her heart joyously.

. . . .

Things began to get exciting with us. To be sure, we weren't to sail—I loved the society-column ring to that "sail"—for a month or two. But there were the books, the little, dangerous, descriptive books, to be procured and read. We got them at the steamer offices in basketfuls. And you could fairly smell the brine when you looked at the pictures of the ocean greyhounds—sea-dogs—coursing on the deep-sea covers. The trip seemed comparatively simple to us at its inception. It appeared to be merely a question of drawing out all the money we had, buying some tickets, and sailing away. We agreed early not to tell any one that we intended to go. But it leaked out. It leaked out of me and it fairly poured out of Anne—Anne reverses this assertion. We tried to make our mild announcement as casual as saying, "We're going to spend Sunday in Jersey," but when the Applebys asked us to come to Springdale with them for the summer we couldn't efface a slight gloating from our voices.

"We're going abroad for the summer, you know," said we.

"By George," said Appleby, suddenly admiring, "*are you?*" Then he got his balance again—Appleby has never been abroad—and continued with a certain kindly sufferance: "Of course, that's very fine, but for my part I want to see my own country first before I go chasing about Europe. Ever been to California?"

"No," said I, somewhat irritably. "Why should I go to California? Are there any kings there? Any old cathedrals? Any Parises or goose girls? Or crown jewels? Or ha'pennies? Or——"

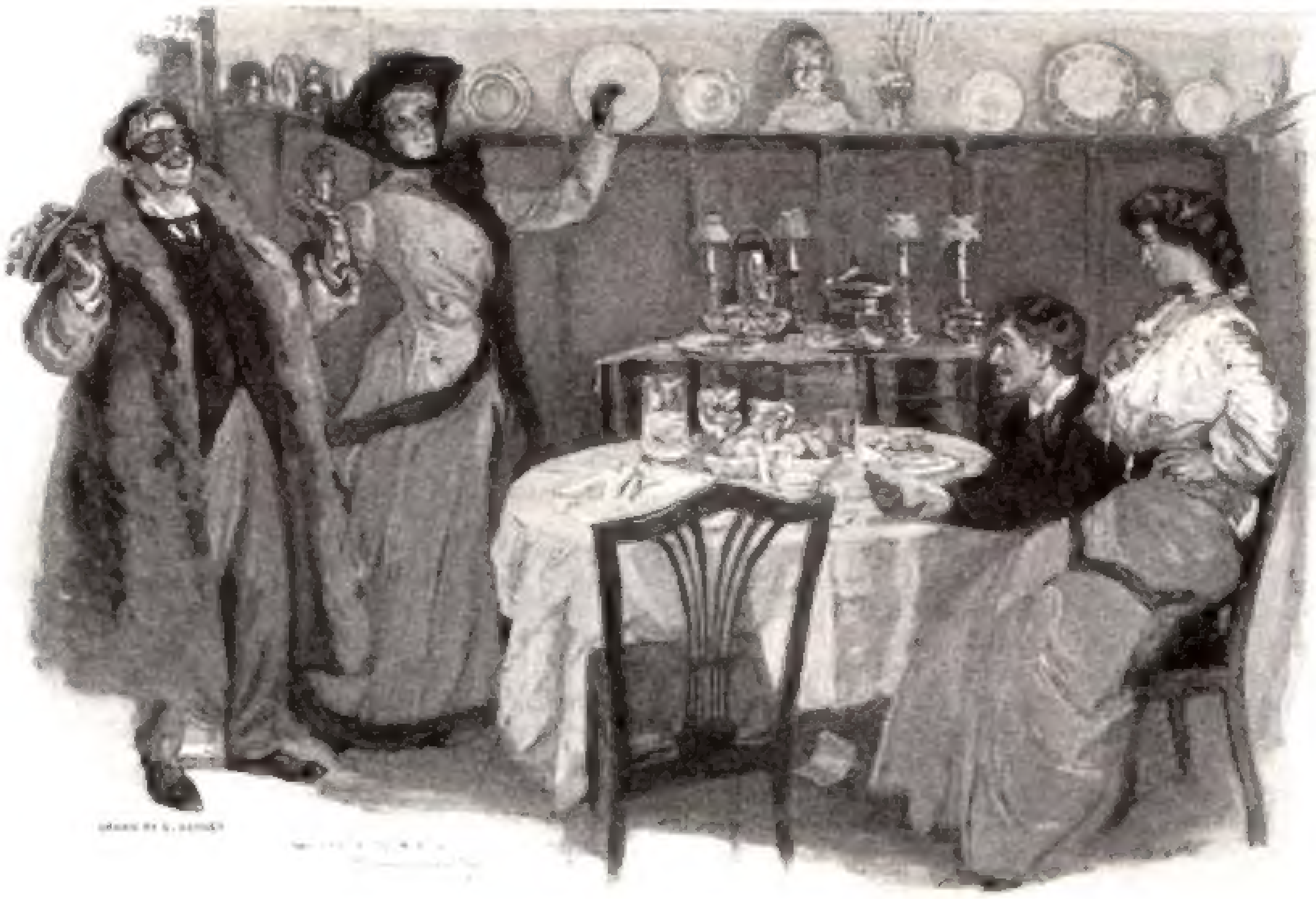
Appleby gazed at me, bewildered. "Why—no, I——"

"Then *why* should I go?" I demanded truculently.

"It's a good place for consumptives," replied Appleby with dignity.

"I'm not a consumptive," I retorted hotly.

It took quite a great deal of work—it got to be hard labor—with the little books to decide finally on the precise foreign lands we were to ravage. There was one heavenly moment when the peace which passeth Cook's tours was on us. That was the night—about one in the black hours—when we resolved on Italy—nothing more nor less than Sunny Italy—the prospectus called it Sunny. Our thoughts twined about the land as clinging strands of spaghetti in these few hours of respite. It almost seemed the hand of Providence that turned the hand-organ's matutinal crank beneath our window at six the next day, and let loose the dogs of music. But it didn't last—this calm of decision. That morning, at a concert, a woman told Anne that Italy was really not a nice place at all since the mediæval families had moved away, and that the houses were full of—"you know what," said Anne delicately, recounting the story to me.



"WE'VE BOUGHT AN AUTOMOBILE," THEY SANG

Italy, then, it appeared, was out of the question. I was for Constantinople. I used to sing a college song that spelled it out; and, too, I wanted to learn to pronounce "harem" accurately. Anne inclined to any place—she didn't care much where—as long as there weren't any ruins there—she hates ruins as much as she dislikes Washington's Headquarters. She mentioned her desire to our artist friend, Watson-Hamby, who was calling on us.

"Is there any foreign place not specially ruinous—I don't mean to one's morals?" she besought him.

"Paris," thrilled J. Lessing; "*Paris!*"

"You like it?" said I politely.

"Ah, *Paris!*" he wonderfully smiled.

"Paris——" twittered Anne.

"So Paris——" I inserted.

"Paris," sighed Watson-Hamby.

We beamed at each other understandingly. It was, of course, Paris for us.

The next night, as it happened, Browning called.

"Paris!" he growled. "*Paris!*" We were telling him of our Parisian advices.

"You like it?" I asked.

"Ugh—Paris."

"Then Paris——" said I dubiously.

"Saw the whole thing in one afternoon, I give you my word. Better go to London. I'll give you all the letters you want—to everybody there. Maybe I'll be there myself. Now, *London*——"

"Yes! London!" we assented handsomely.

"Oh, London!"

"London!" we chimed gayly, at once on a new tack.

The Applebys' second girl, Amanda Swanson, sent word would we please Sweden go ourselves to. Oh, Sweden! We considered Sweden seriously for two days. Anne despises Ibsen; so we gave it up on account of its being near Norway. Our laundress lured Anne into the kitchen on a shallow pretext and tried to force her into swearing she would go to Ireland. "Ma'am, ye'll niver rest yer sweet soul till ye put yer fut on the shores av it," she declared. "Oo-oh, now, Ir-reland!"

'Twas much the same with the saloonkeeper around the corner, who'd "Ach, der Vaterland!" if I so much as passed his door. It seemed to be generally noised over the city that Anne and I were going abroad. Comparative strangers would buttonhole us., "I hear," they'd begin confidentially, "that you are going—eh? Well, let me just tell you that—— Oh, yes! Been there and *know!* You'll like it."

"It's a kind of conspiracy," Anne worked it out thoughtfully. "They want to get us in it in order to talk to us about Europe when we get back. I've heard them often. 'Did you see ——?' they shout at each other blocks away. Instead of 'Good-morning, the day is fine,' they bawl out 'Rome by moonlight!' We'll be the same way." Anne shook her head gloomily.

"You may, Anne. I sha'n't," I replied firmly. "You are much more cultured than I."

"I'm *not,*" loudly insisted Anne. "I'm not! I won't be called names."

"It's not a name. A great many people like to be thought cultured."

"At times," remarked Anne with some feeling, "this overrated custom of having a husband is almost more than I can bear."

I smiled sympathetically. "It must, indeed, be something of a humiliation to have always to acknowledge the superiority of him to whom the wife must submit herself with meekness and gentleness of spirit."

Anna giggled scornfully: "I see myself."

. . . .

We kept a list of the foreign places to which we were forcibly recommended. It covered eight pages of foolscap. As I remember it, about the only geographical spots not included were the Black Sea, the summit of Mont Blanc, Port Arthur, the North Pole, and a leper colony somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. We got in the habit of putting the names of these haunts on slips of paper, concealing them in a cracker-jar, and drawing out six or seven of an evening. It was a diversified entertainment. The range of the six usually belted the globe. In fact, if we had gone to all the lands and cities and hamlets cordially prescribed for us we should have made Columbus look like a child sailing boats in Central Park; Paul du Chaillu, a stage-driver; and we ourselves would have expended $2,000,000 and have used up about 150 years.

After all, it was England that we decided on—not daring to trust our French too far from home, and knowing no other tongue except American. That decision was a tremendous step taken, Anne and I felt—though, Heaven knows, we'd been taking seven-league-boot steps with our imaginations for a month, personally conducted. It seemed as if it ought to be pretty plain sailing—literally—after that.

Agnes, our cook, I may say, was very cordial and considerate through it all, and tried not to display too gaudily the natural superiority she must have felt over the fact that it was to be, as she vividly put it, "Ejupt and the Nile for hers," while it was merely England for ours. She was sorry, she said, not to be able to meet us abroad. Her predilection for travel was so pronounced that I could not but feel her former social status was considerably affected. It seemed to me, then, only fitting that we should accompany Agnes to her steamer when she should leave us. I mentioned this to Anne, concluding happily: "You know, Anne, one touch of nature makes the whole ship—I mean world—kin."

"Yes, and too many cooks spoil the broth," retorted Anne, with a fallacious display of brilliance.

"I've never heard the ocean called broth," I began skeptically.

"I don't want to discuss that subject," said Anne, preparing to leave the room. "And I surely have no intention of going to the steamer with Agnes."

"Oh, well, then, I'll just send her flowers," said I hastily, "for her bunk."

"You'd better pay her her wages first," Anne called back dryly.

When we had nervously decided on England for the scene of our footing of the Penates of travel, we considered, not unnaturally, that we should have some respite from our friends who were so keen on our circumnavigating the globe.

"We'll just look them firmly in the eye, now," said Anne, "and tell them to——"

"My dear girl," I interrupted, "you can't be profane to a man simply because he, perhaps, recommends Iceland to us as——"

"Tell them to—oh, now, I've forgotten what I was going to say; you annoy me so with your perfectly irrelevant remarks!"

But we had no respite. Most of those we met bitterly upbraided us for choosing the country we had chosen. They intimated that we had been weak idiots, ruthlessly played upon by unscrupulous persons. Some others slapped us on our backs, said we'd never regret our decision, and instantly bounced into a list of a hundred best "things we must see"—things, I may say, that nothing on earth would induce me to look at, no matter in what condition I was. Appleby and Lily continued to throw out poignant hints of the high virtues of our own country; they made sentimental references to "the prettiest flag in the world, God bless it!"

"Look here, Appleby," said I exasperatedly; "look here, just because Anne and I happen to be going off for a little vacation it doesn't follow that we're going to tear down the Stars and Stripes and cry: 'God save the King!'"

"I knew a chap once who lived in London for three weeks," solemnly reflected Appleby, "and his father fairly had to pry him off the pavement to get him home at all. When they finally did get him back to America and the kind-that-mother-makes he developed an English accent that was Englisher than a London fog—you could cut it with a knife. His father couldn't stand it, and, anyway, he was afraid the townspeople would kill the boy some night; so he sent him away to study Art. You'll probably be the same way."

I gazed at Appleby calmly. "There are certain things, old man, that *could* drive me to expatriation. I sha'n't tell you what they are—you—well, so long!"

As soon as Anne's cousin, Effie Jackson, heard of our trip she had a rush of helpfulness to her heart and hands. She was, fortunately, out of town at the time—at least it seemed, on the face of it, fortunate. Her first letter, written in the flush of the enthusiasm of hearing that we were, as she said, "really going," was beautiful and congratulatory. Anne and I might have been going to be married again.

"Confound it, Anne," said I, after hearing the letter, "why does every one treat us this way? It makes me feel the way I felt when Aunt Julia kissed me sickeningly at the station and sent me off to college with the fearful intimation that Providence had called me to a noble career."

"I'm sure it's very sweet of Effie to care," said Anne with refinement.

"Which is a delicate way of saying that Effie had better mind her own affairs," I commented somewhat coarsely.

"Effie is all things to all women," Anne sighed affectedly.

"She's some things to all men," I retorted.

Anne and I are not, I suppose, without a more or less useful knowledge of the things of this world. There are times—in the seclusion of our home—when we appear to each other as highly, even dangerously, sophisticated. The mention of such a quality as innocence causes us to exchange meaning glances. It was this equipment which rendered our going abroad peculiarly awkward—like being baptized late in life. We put ourselves at once on the level of the young female in the next block—an excellent girl, though inclined to pimples and euchre, who taught typewriting in a business college. She called on a wet night and inquired if she and her mother could not join "our party"—we had never met her before. She said the baker had told her we were going.

"I understand you have never made *the tour* before," she remarked penetratingly, "to Europe." Anne and I blushed. "Ma thinks it would be real jolly if we could all go together—we'd have so much *fun*. Ma's a case when she gets started—you'd love her. And none of us has ever been before." She paused hopefully.

"Miss—a——?"

"Simms."

"Miss Simms," said I reluctantly, "I can't think of anything more intimately agreeable than this little party you have—as it were—volunteered. I have always felt that not to see Europe with a *party* would be like—a—like coming to New York and not taking advantage of the 'Seeing New York' coaches. But I—I shall be very frank with you, Miss Simms, trusting that you will not betray my confidence to any save your delightfully light-hearted mother. I am subject to fits—unpleasant fits that"—Anne left the room hastily, gurgling—"that make me quite—a—you, as a teacher of the young, will understand me, Miss Simms. I could not subject you and your parent to the awkwardness of such a contretemps. Fancy, in Westminster, for example!"

Miss Simms arose with signs of nervousness, and edged toward the door.

"I—I'll tell ma," she muttered embarrassedly. "I—I—mercy, I'd never have thought it, looking at you!"

Communications were now arriving daily from Effie Jackson. She felt, she wrote us, that we ought to have the benefit of her experience. She had once taken a trip to the Holy Land with a large shipload presided over by a Baptist minister. This qualified her to advise us.

"Take plenty of your own special tooth-powder and soap," she urged, "and dental floss, etc. Ammonia and mustard plasters, and some simple face foods."

"Sounds awfully personal," said I.

"'A fountain pen, and a pad, with envelopes to match, of the best linen paper (not too thin), are convenient,'" read Anne irritatedly. "'Plenty of comfortable shoes and stockings.'"

"Glad to hear that," said I pleasantly. "Effie's all right—she isn't going to have us barefooted before the crowned heads of Europe."

"'——and be careful to take one very large pair of shoes, as sometimes the feet will——'"

Anne stopped abruptly. "Go on," I encouraged. "Feet-will—feet-will—feet——"

Anne got up from the breakfast-table haughtily.

"Effie's a fool," she said succinctly.

"I want to hear more about the feet-will." Anne threw me the letter. "'Swell in unexpected fashion'—oh, I say! Poor Effie!"

"You will oblige me by refraining from any further comment," said Anne distantly.

Every one whom we knew now began to suggest indispensable articles for travelers. Watson-Hamby conducted Anne into the most expensive shop he could find—a shop we refer to only in conversations—and frightened her into buying a tea-basket as big as a trunk. I sat down and wept copiously when I heard its price—though Anne tried to justify herself by repeating some silly remarks of Watson-Hamby's. Effie wrote that night hurriedly: "On board ship be careful not to eat food that is too rich. The sea-air gives an appetite, and——"

"The sea gives and the sea takes away," I muttered.

"'And unless one can take plenty of exercise indigestion will result later.'"

Browning, too, was beautiful about helping. He took me to luncheon several times and spent the whole meal in enumerating items of outfit that I had to have. Suspecting that I would weakly refuse to supply myself, on two occasions Browning bullied me into his tailor's and a leather shop. There was a certain sickening joy in coming out of these places—a horror-stricken sense of being the real right thing at last, with an ulster laid out in tennis-courts, princely hand-illumined knickerbockers and gaiters, several pigskin implements that, with the exception of their nasty new look, were impressive enough to have belonged to a rich horse-jockey. I hid these possessions modestly from Anne's eyes until she announced that she had been to see Mrs. Knickerbocker that day.

"She says I must have three well-made tailor gowns and a lot of capes, and half a dozen silk waists, and two or three silk gowns—at least—one simply *can't* do without them, she says." Anne looked at me uncertainly.

"Oh, that's all right," said I hastily. "Of course. Want to see *my* new things?"

"Are you going to *wear* these?" Anne asked, regarding my purchases distantly.

"I'm not going to wear the pigskin bags," I replied gently.

"They look like"—Anne began vigorously—"like melodrama."

"Well, Browning helped to select them—and he's a dramatic critic."

"I should say you'd need help in wearing them, too; that ulster——"

"If you don't mind," said I unhappily, "I think I'll put them away now."

"Effie telegraphed," Anne announced presently, "this——"

"'Keep underclothing simple. Chemicals used in washing burn holes,'" I nervously read. I turned a scandalized face to Anne. "I shall write at once to Effie; there are such things as delicate feelings in this world."

"That seemed to be Effie's idea in telegraphing."

"What in the name of travel is that?" said I with excitement some days later. A limp, anæmic, slippery thing occupied the middle of the study. Anne was making experimental movements around it, eying it with dread and fascination. "It looks like the hide of some creature of prey."

"It's a *bathtub*—a portable rubber bathtub. I met a woman to-day at a tea who'd heard we were going, and she made me come with her right off and buy this. It—it's very useful, she says—though I should think—she says——"

"It might do for a raincoat, draped around one. How do you——"

"I'm not quite sure. The man explained it quite wonderfully at the shop; but since I——"

"From its appearance I should say that one sat down in the middle of it and tied the edges together over one's head, leaving a small opening at the top through which to pour the water."

"But who'd tie and pour?" asked Anne.

"I'll think about it and tell you later. The main thing now is that we have the tub. I, too, bought a French coffee-machine this afternoon."

"What for?"

"For five dollars. The man said every one of any consequence who went abroad had them."

A strange thing about setting out from one's native country—if one can call one's country a native—for an alien shore are the unexpected and disconcerting references to horrid accidents at sea. Neither Anne nor I is of a timid nature in social crises. We can stop cars, cross Broadway, dismiss cooks, interview gas-robbers, combat shop-ladies, and sit through Ibsen plays with the best of them, but I must say, once we had made up our minds to see Europe, the dreadful accounts of perils at sea that fairly lapped at our boots rather got on our nerves. You couldn't pick up a paper that didn't contain at least two harrowing stories of wrecks or fire in the hold; the rector—if we went to church—seemed to take a dismal delight in choosing for his sermons damp, uncanny passages about those who go down to the sea in ships, and the hymns were all about those in peril on the deep; Maude and Willie, whenever they saw us, had a most blood-curdling tale of a murder and a burial at sea which they experienced on their trip across; and, to take the last wind out of our sails, my Aunt Julia sent me an illustrated volume—Famous Shipwrecks.

I spoke to Anne about it at last. "It seems to me," said I despondently, "that almost every one we know has been drowned at least once during his life."

"My dear," she responded earnestly, "I've dreamed for the last three nights that we were at sea in our silver punch-bowl, with nothing on but the portable rubber bathtub, and the waves running——"

"I don't blame the waves for running! Awful! In view of the punchbowl, Anne, I should be inclined to describe our condition as half-seas over."

"You may laugh, my dear, but I feel that something dreadful will happen to us on that voyage."

"In the punchboat? I believe you."

"On the steamer we shall take for England."

"Let's give it up, then," said I with alacrity. "We'll sell the bathtub, and my clothes, and the coffee-machine, and—what's that package?"

"We can't give it up. Having put our hand to the plow—I mean rudder—we—why, those are a few things Effie wrote me I *must* have. It took me all day to buy them."

I checked off the articles as Anne embarrassedly undid them: 1. Blue linen wall-pocket (to hang up). 2. Six brass screw-eyes (forget what for). 3. Shoe-bag. 4. Linen toilet-case. 5. Large cake of soap. 6. Small cake of soap. 7. Three heavy rugs. 8. Pillow. 9. Pair gray felt slippers. 10. Sewing materials. 11. Gay little silk bag (for 10). 12. Waterproof coat. 13. Gray flannel bathrobe. 14. Liberty silk scarf (forget what for). 15. Spirit lamp. 16. Seven empty bottles (forget what for). 17. Tea. 18. Coffee. 19. Ten yards of cheesecloth (forget what for). 20. Pale violet silk wrapper. 21. Equestrienne tights (forget what for). 22. Some other things I shall not enumerate. 23. Black silk wrapper. 24. Tack-hammer.

"I didn't have time to get the rest," said Anne wearily. "There are to be trunks, too."

"I dare say," said I, "but you did well as it is. A nice, large furniture-van is what we want—not trunks."

"What have you bought to-day?" asked Anne interestedly.

"I? Nothing. That is, I bought only cigars, and a flask, and a raincoat, and two waistcoats, and three pairs of boots, and a pistol, and a small electric lamp, and a sponge, and a hat-box, and—I think that's all—just a few of the things Browning says I must have."

"Oh!" said Anne patiently.

"Oh, yes, and a little table that tells you how to get your money out of pennies and dollars and things into sixpences and farthings and other seafaring coinage. I read it all the way home in the car. It's important, but not conclusive. So far as I can determine we shall become very rich by the exchange—or very poor; I can't recollect which."

"It's immaterial," said Anne exhaustedly.

It was within a week of the time we had set for sailing. We estimated that we had laid in everything we had been advised to lay in as necessary for a perfect journey. The house was piled with queer-looking articles. They fell out of closets and jolted out of bureau drawers. It was an outfit an Arctic explorer might have envied.

"A week more, Anne," said I cheerfully at dinner that night, "and we'll be bounding on the deep."

"Or in it," she solemnly added. "By the way, have you bought the tickets yet?"

"Why, no! By Jove, I'd forgotten all about them. We'll have to have tickets, of course, won't we?"

"Most people do."

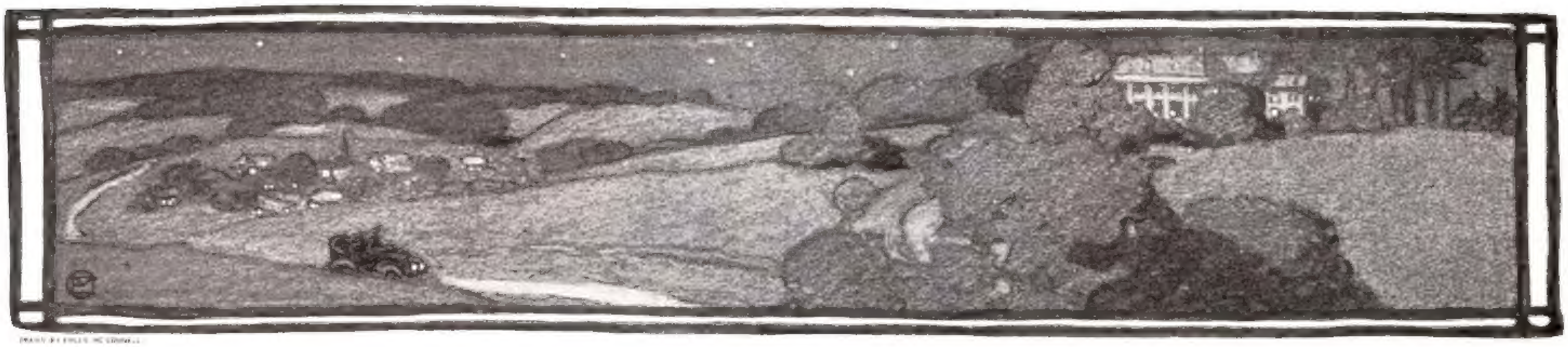
"What boat had we decided——"

"Don't ask me to decide on anything more—any boat—a—a lighter or a brigantine. I don't care. I'm tired to death of the whole business."

"So'm I," I admitted eagerly. "I'd as lief put to sea in a Methodist Chapel as anything else—I'll get tickets for one to-morrow. And now we'd better get out the English

(Concluded on Page 28)

THE FINDING OF NICHOLAS



And How He Discovered that it is Better to Live than to Describe Life

BY OCTAVE THANET

MARK STRAUGHAN never could tell why he loved Nick Burton. At least he could not reasonably justify what his roommate and his chums on the crew called his infatuation for that "conceited little fusser." He maintained that Nick might be a fusser, but he was not conceited. He was modest and retiring, in fact; and a hard worker in secret. "Yes, studies with an automobile," sneered the roommate, "and recites at the theatre!"

Nick was of a soft and rather feminine beauty. He discovered Yeates for Harvard, and he usually had a copy of Omar Khayyám in his pocket. He was understood to meditate a novel. He went abroad every other year, thus keeping his English accent in good repair and adding to the very choice collection of bric-à-brac which had made his rooms famous. It was natural that he should have a little circle of admirers not at all of Mark's type. But he clung to Mark, and Mark clung to him, despite the disapprobation of their friends.

"You'll see; I'll find him where he lives, sometime," Mark would prophesy; "he doesn't really know where that is himself, yet." True enough, one day, the prophet was justified. The doctor had ordered him off the crew, indefinitely, for no better reason than a silly tantrum of his heart. "Well, for once in a way, I'll have something to eat, then," sighed Mark, grimly philosophical. Therefore, on this day he had lured Nick into Boston to a new restaurant of his discovery, where the prices were modest compared to the club, but where the chef was a poet.

Secretly Mark cherished an admiration for Nick's taste and yearned to show that he himself had a pretty fancy.

The restaurant was in a sober Georgian mansion on one of those streets slipping down the hill from the State House which used to house the fashion of Boston, but are now relegated to the lighter forms of business and to lodgings. A tangled mass of greenery still masked its mellow brick, and there were pots of jonquils and tulips behind the wrought-iron lace of its balconies. Within, the white crenelated moulding, the many-paneled doors, and a huge pillared mahogany sideboard in the dining-room, recalled its past pomp, although the linen on the round tables was coarse and the plate worn off the silver.

Mark beamed about him with a proprietary smile; but Nick's appreciation was polite rather than the effervescence of true delight. With almost perfunctory courtesy he put the sideboard into its proper Chippendale rank, and dated a subsidiary high-boy, and criticised the stucco on the ceiling. Worse: he trifled with his fork, and barely touched his lips to Guiseppi's precious lacrimæ Christi.

"Look here, what's up?" chafed Mark. "You might as well be eating in Mem! Do you know that flaked rice is fried in olive oil?"

"I beg your pardon," apologized Nick.

"Is it anything I can help you about?"

"I'm afraid not; the fact is, I — you never saw my father. It would be easier if you knew him. You see, we are what you might call hereditary manufacturers."

"Famous Burton silks with the dye that won't disappear — sort of a smile that won't come off? Yes, I know. Burton silks never crock and never cut — can't wear them out!"

"Well, that's true; and there's the trouble. Father wants me to go on with the business. And I — well ——" His color turned, and Mark winked jocosely.

"The present literary light of the Harvard Monthly wants to write the great American novel."

"Oh, if you like to take it that way ——"

"Excuse my frivolous Western manner. Come, old chap, I'll be serious; maybe more serious than you bargain for. To begin: I think you are thundering lucky to have a father like yours." A fine perpendicular line showed between the listener's brows. "I suppose that, never having had anything but a hazy recollection of a father, I put the more value on one. Mine died when I was in knickerbockers. An older man who has gone through the infernal mill and come out safely, and cares a whole lot for you, why, I'd do most anything for a father like that. You're your father's only child, aren't you?"

"Suppose I am. At first I thought that was a chain I couldn't break; but, you see, in the last two years a silk trust has been formed, and they want to take our works in. You see, our dye *is* a wonder, a secret that my great-grandfather, who used to be in Haiti, got from the blacks or the Indians; it doesn't crock or injure the silk fibre. Secret preparation, of course. Nobody has anything that can touch it. Well, the trust is keen after us, and offers a whacking price, spot cash. So there is an opportunity for my father to get out of the whole thing. It lets me out. We can retire with a great fortune. I am dead sick of this brutal grab for money, Mark. All I ask is enough to be independent and live a simple, dignified life, and be able to help the men who are working to give the country a real literature instead of this mongrel ——"

The other interrupted: "I know; I've read your ravings in the Monthly about the decline and fall of American literature, Nicky. Well, won't the governor go into the trust?"

"No. He says it is a squeeze, not a *bona-fide* manufacturing deal; that they want his name and his dye to sell a lot of cheaper goods under cover of his reputation; and he won't stand for it. He says we've a hereditary reputation and he won't be the one to smirch it. He says all the women of the family, my aunts and my cousins, widows and old maids and orphans, have their money in the concern, and if they take it out or if they keep it in there will be trouble. They may not invest it right; and certainly he can't advise them to keep it in — and what right has he to launch on decent people, other widows and unprotected women, a concern in which he wouldn't risk his own money? I maintain that they are as likely to be decent as we. Why, look at the names on their list of directors! You see, we are miles apart. He snorts at my point of view as idealistic and visionary; I find his utterly materialistic. He's a splendid old Spartan — I admire him tremendously; but I can't get *near* him, somehow. He has no imagination."

"Strikes me he is taking a mighty imaginative view of the situation," said Mark musingly; "a poetical one, if you like. He's a good deal like a sentry left to guard a forgotten post, but guarding it just the same. What'll he do if you turn him down?"

"Take in my cousin, Ru Durwent, I hope. He'd be only too glad. But the governor, for some reason, fights shy of him. Yet he would do ten times better than I. I'd make a mess of things and disappoint my father worse than if I stayed out."

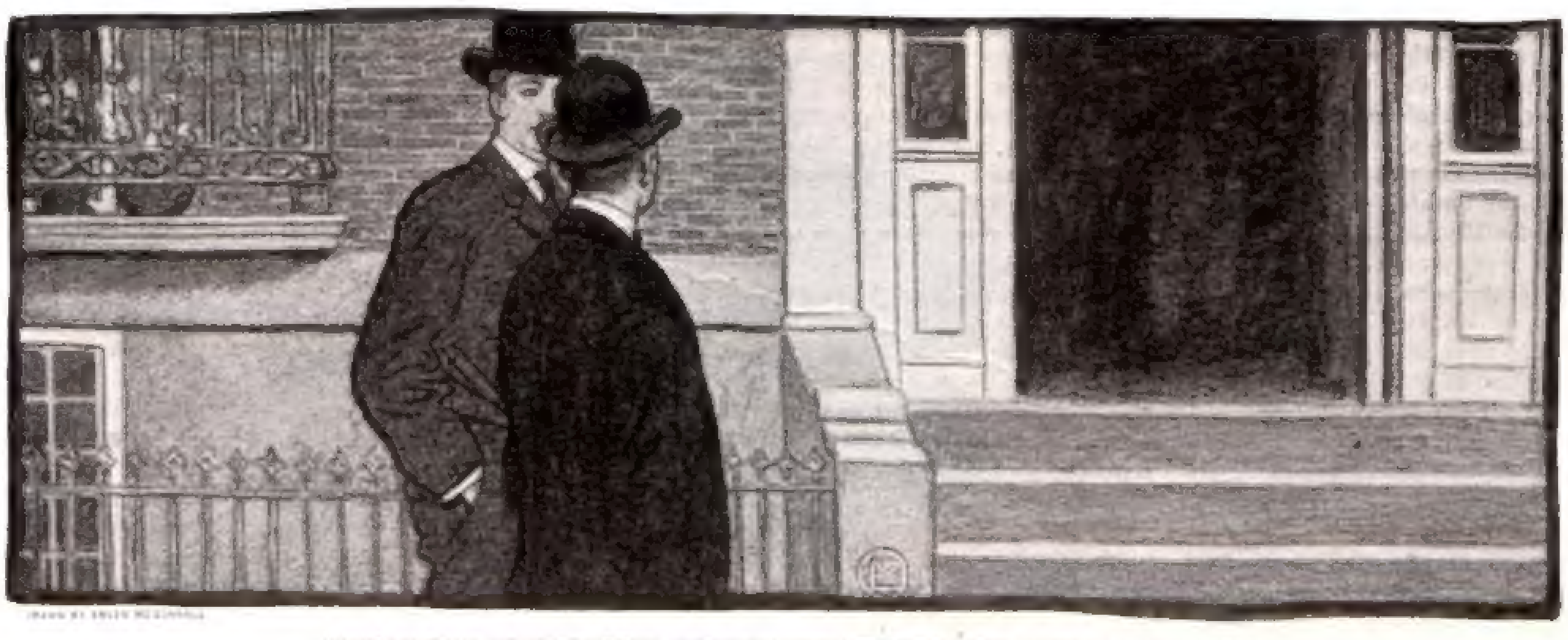
"Why?"

"I haven't the business knack. I wouldn't take hold right; as you Westerners express it, I wouldn't get out and hustle; I'm too critical, I am too sensitive, I'm afraid I'm too lazy."

"You *are* considerable of an idiot," assented Mark cheerfully, "and you are bumptious also, which you haven't mentioned. You Easterners have a soft-spoken and ladylike bumptiousness that isn't rank and brutal like ours, but more like sewer gas, which, I understand, is a quite odorless and inoffensive poison — and kills before you know. Still, after everything is said, I'd rather go on a forlorn hope with you than any fellow I know. You aren't really lazy; you only put on lazy airs. And my notion is that you've more good business stuff in you than you realize; and once you and your father get to doing things together you'll find you are getting on easier ——"

"Oh, that's very fine," Nick cut in impatiently, "but it doesn't fit my case. We get on very well indeed, now, except when business comes up; then we are diametrically opposed. He doesn't understand me; and I suppose I don't understand him any better. We belong to different generations. My father's sixty, and I'm twenty. He thinks I'm a visionary. He'd always be snapping at me; and if I didn't lose my temper I'd lose my courage ——"

Mark looked up because the sentence

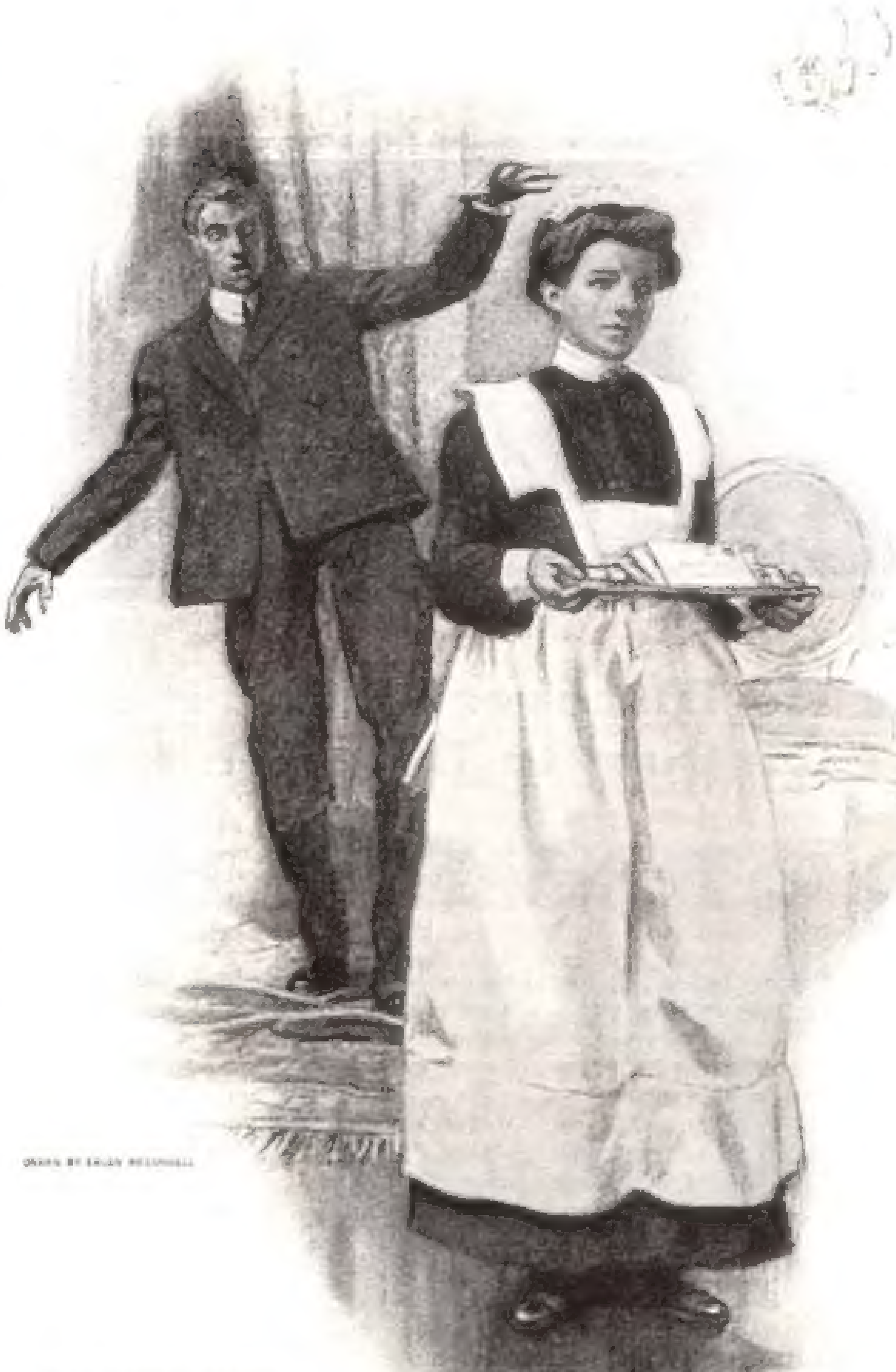


WHERE THE PRICES WERE MODEST, BUT WHERE THE CHEF WAS A POET halted on the speaker's tongue; and he saw the reason. Two gentlemen had just entered, who disregarded a freshly spread table near the young men to pass to a disorderly board just at the end of the room where a party of young artists had spilled their wine in excitement over American apathy to art.

"See that man with the gray mustache?" said Nick. "He's Mearson, secretary of the silk trust. I saw him through the crack of the door once. My father thinks he's a scoundrel; but he doesn't look it, does he?"

"So?" Mark could watch the table from his position without the effect of scrutiny. He listened and smiled, while Nick, secretly glad of the break in his rampart of reserve, let his year's tumult of doubts and hopes gush through. At last it came that he had definitely written his father that very day. His decision was made. His father could adopt Durwent, if he would, and share the business and the property with him; the property was his to do what he would with; but he (Nick) had a right to live his own life, and he was going to live it.

The young man's eloquence waxed as he gave it expression; possibly he was justifying himself to himself as well as to his friend; and words clarified his thought. But, presently, he became aware that Mark's attention had wandered to the newcomers, who sat engrossed in a low-toned conversation of their own. So engrossed were they that their heads drew closer and their knives and forks had ceased to ply. And there was something in Mark's expression that stifled Nick's peevishness.



IN VISIBLE PURSUIT OF THE DECOROUS PARLOR-MAID

"Anything doing?" said Nick.

"Not sure. But you keep a-talking! Isn't Wotten"—he sank his voice and turned his head on the word—"your father's place where you make the dye?"

"Yes. You don't mean you can overhear ——"

"No, I oversee."

Mark, who had been brought up by a deaf aunt, had learned the lip language in order to teach her. This was not the first time Nick had seen specimens of his skill.

"There is some kind of plot!" Mark laughed gayly. "Look pleasant, will you? Say, it's about your dye. Somebody has been spying on you, somebody *sure* not to be suspected. One of these respectable pickpockets is going to Parkely—that right?"

"Yes. It's the next town to Wotten."

"Well, he—Graydon's the name he calls himself—*he's* going to interview this spy who won't be suspected. Spy's done something or going to do something big. Can't quite make out, they've turned their faces so, now. Has your firm some customers named Spencer and Gurnay?"

"Yes. They're our biggest customers."

"Well, *they* are going to the trust if those fellows can get the dye."

Nick shut his mouth with a snap. "It's getting serious. What else? Watch 'em!"

"They're off it now; talking about your father. He's an old man, they say, and can't put up much of a fight, and you have no use for business ——"

"Haven't I?" Nick ground through his teeth.

"Well, you hadn't five minutes ago. They say your father has a mediæval conscience, no appreciation of modern business methods ——"

"He knows more in a day than those thieves in a week," gurgled Nick, crimson with fury; "*they're* not manufacturers, they're only exploiters! Urr—r!"

"They're going now," pursued Mark imperturbably. In fact, the men were rising while he spoke.

As their backs went by the old-fashioned white lintels of the door Nick turned a glance of fire on his friend; his gentle languor all burned away. "Is there a telephone here?" he cried. "I've got to get my father."

"Sit tight, old boy! Let's get our bearings."

"The whole thing is clear enough: they've sent some one down to the works to steal our secret. He's there now! He's got to be stopped! You get a baby Pathfinder and look out trains to Parkely; it's too late for Wotten. That the telephone in that little room?"

He was shutting the door indicated almost ere the words were out of his mouth. When he returned his brow was overcast. "Fire in the office at Wotten, and the place is cut off; it won't be repaired before midnight," he grumbled. "I believe *they* did it."

Mark did not comment on Nick's upheaval of confidence in the great business management which he had lauded. He only questioned: "And the telegraph?"

"In the same office."

Mark whistled. "Can you send a messenger? Any place near where ——"

"I've wired to Parkely to send message over to my father, wired him to look out at the dye-house, wired by same messenger to the foreman at the dye-house, and our superintendent. Warned *him*. How about trains?"

"Last train to Wotten gone," began Mark; "train to Parkely in ten minutes. *I've* paid the bill. There's your hat ——" Then he said no more, because he was pursuing Nick out of the house.

Not a word did Nick speak as he raced down the decorous old street, not even taking time to don his topcoat; not until they were well settled in their seats in the car, which they had won by a flying leap, did he open his lips; then his first sentence was: "Did it hurt your heart, old chap?"

"Of course not. The doctor's daffy. I'm all right."

"You ought to have stayed behind to answer the telephone, in case they call us up."

"I'm inclined to think I'm needed at the other end," replied Mark amiably, eying Nick's shoulders bent over a telegraph form which he had fished out of his pocket. "Found it in the room, and took it along for a dispatch to Parkely," he explained; "they stop once."

"How far is Parkely from Wotten?"

"Eighteen miles."

"Electrics?"

"No, I am wiring to have an auto meet us. I know a man there who would do anything for my father. He'll have one there for me, somehow. What you grinning about?"

"You have considerable steam concealed about your person for a dawdler, Nick!"

"Tommy rot! Don't josh me. Let me think this thing out, will you?"

He gave his dispatch to the conductor and, sinking back into his seat, became absorbed in thought. They sped over the flats where the withered marsh-grass took fantastic shapes with the wind; past scattered houses the windows of which flamed back a tinseled glitter from the setting sun; through fens and plains into the hilly country; past dark bulks of hayricks and windowless sheds, and again past the spangles leaping into window after window and as suddenly darkening when the train swerved out of the angle of light.

By degrees the sun sank, the car lamps were lighted. Then Nick turned with a smile.

"Now let's tackle the situation," said he.

. . . .

Darkness had closed down upon the hills when they reached Parkely. No automobile was in waiting; but as they stood on the platform the red bull's-eyes of a big machine splintered the dusk. The driver of the car looked more like an old salt than a chauffeur, being hatless, coatless, mahogany red of skin, gray of beard, and steering with the artless lurches of a sailor's gait.

Nick greeted him as "Cap'n" and asked whose was the auto.

"B'longs to old Esquire Walker," said Cap'n, shifting the quid in his cheek. "Couldn't get nothin' in town at all, so I went out to his place. Asked him to lend it to you fust and he jest snorted, but then I says it's for the old man and he stood to lose a thundering lot if you didn't get to him to-night. When I says that he said why didn't I say that fust thing, and if I could run the blamed critter I could take it. *He* couldn't; and the shawfer was off. I never did work one of the things, but I'd rid in 'em, so I jest grabbed the tiller and scooted off. After I got out of sight I moused round for the brake and found it—and here I be!"

"And I'm awfully obliged to you, Cap'n," said Nick, wringing a great gnarled hand with heartiness.

"Needn't be. I done it fur the old man, not you," growled Cap'n. "I guess *you'd* had a job to git me in sich a yawing craft, for yourself! Well, want me any more?"

"Yes. One thing, if ——"

Mark could not catch the rest which went rapidly into the skipper's ear, but the latter nodded and laughed gruffly. "I guess so," said he. Thereupon Nick presented Mark and explained that Cap'n Slocum was one of his father's best friends.

"And ready to do anything he wants any day," added the Cap'n, whose manner had been thawing. "Waal, boys, take care of yourseffs."

He remained watching them for a long while. Mark saw the rugged figure standing under the station light until the car disappeared over the brow of the hill.

"Your father seems popular in these parts," said he.

"Exactly what I was thinking," said Nick.

"Are you always so affable to people as you were to that skipper?"

"Oh, let up, Mark; I'm not an uninterrupted idiot! If those fellows get our dye—why, it will be an awful blow to my father. I don't know *how* bad. That man?—My father saved his son, who'd taken to drink, and he's in our dye-house. My father knows how to manage men."

"Old man's stock seems looking up," said Mark, but he said it to himself.

The car flamed through the countryside over the hills without misadventure. But the stars were out when they struck the suburbs of Wotten. Nick pointed to the dark bulk of the village, lying among the hills, its yellow window-panes twinkling among the white, distorted stars of the electric lights of the streets.

"It's such a pretty, prosperous little place," he murmured. Mark, who had previously heard him allude to Wotten as "that rotten hole," swallowed a grin, and said politely, yes, it looked it.

"My father gave the waterworks and the electric plant. He's very up-to-date some ways. There's our house on the hill."

There was almost tenderness in his tone. Mark remembered his description of his family home as "a perfect crazy-quilt of architecture, Colonial mixed up with mansard," which made him (Nick) so ill that he always shut his eyes when he first came up the drive, in vacations, "so as to get the shock by degrees." Again Mark swallowed his grin. He said, and truthfully (for he was conscious of an unexpected admiration), "Nick, it's a grand old place!" To Mark the great white house rose majestically out of its shrubbery, the moonlight bathing its façade, and rippling on the vista, the sea shining between great pines which stood like a wonderful wall on the brow of the hill. Nicholas' great-grandfather, the first Nicholas Burton of Wotten, had built the house. To his time belonged the Grecian portico with its Corinthian pillars and pediment; but it was his son, the second Nicholas, who had planned the rambling, incongruous wings which the third Nicholas' filial piety could not be persuaded to destroy, only to modify; Nicholas 3d had laid out the terraces and the gardens, and planted the luxuriant vines and the blue Norway spruces. For all its architectural vagaries, as a whole the house had a settled dignity, too sure of itself to be affected by minor flaws. The main lines were simple and noble. About the old mansion was a grandiose calm, an air of ancient gentility, as well as a beauty of position which ignored the bizarre defects of a few of its builders.

"Yes, it's grand, Nick," repeated the Westerner. He could almost hear the disparaging intonation of the reply sure to have come from Nick that very morning "Oh, it's *big* enough" But it did not come. The boy sighed absently "It's worth fighting for, all this, isn't it?" he said In a second he added as if to himself, "I suppose he's been awfully lonesome, fighting by himself" Then, rousing sharply, "There's the dye-house," his finger indicating a round brick building sunken in a hollow below the roadway "It's dark now, for work's over; but the foreman sleeps there. He's Paul Slocum, the Cap'n's—good Heaven! They said: 'Sure not to be suspected'—but my father's saved that man, body and soul, he's got an interest in the business!"

"Don't get giddy" soothed Mark; "sit tight. You don't know anything."

"Of course not. But I'm going to. I'll find all safe here before I go on to the house."

"We might have called up your father in Parkely ——"

"Cap'n Slocum is going to call him up," said Nick

"For a fellow who hasn't a business head," Mark observed to the scenery, "he appears to think of things fairly well."

Nick was already half-way to the door of the dye-house, which Mark perceived was of iron. His eye brought him further information, at each turn, of the solidity of the building and the care taken to protect every aperture. The windows were high, screened by heavy iron grating as well as by a thick wire mesh. The dark gleam of water betrayed a kind of moat surrounding the building. Dimly outlined spikes of brier and thorn trees were trained against all the lower story A narrow iron bridge leaned against the side of the door, in the manner of a drawbridge; it could be lowered by a single hand and afford egress or admittance. But now the water lapped the masonry on all sides.

Wires running from the house outward to a line of poles showed that there was communication with the outside world a small wooden box, like a watchman's box, was evidently used by some intermediary, since one of the wires entered it, and when Nick rapped a door swung back

Nick entered He was gone several minutes. When he returned he sprang into the car without a word, and turned its big blunt nose Parkely way

"Anything doing?" queried Mark.

"Too much. I can't get into the dye-house. Nobody has the *pas* there but my father. Not even the superintendent. But I talked over the 'phone with Paul. Something *has* happened. I can't tell how much. Durwent, my cousin, came with an important note from the superintendent to Paul. On the way he was run down by a motor-car, two men in; they got out to help him, stood him up, said they guessed he was all right, and then went spinning away. He didn't miss the note until they were gone. He was in a bad shape, but more from shock, I imagine, than hurt. He staggered to the moat fell in somehow, and they pulled him out and got him into the dye-house, where he fainted. It was more than an hour before he recovered enough to be taken home."

"Meanwhile, was he in the dye-room and the work going on?"

The two young fellows looked at each other Nick's mouth settled into sterner lines "Exactly," said he.

"Cousin lives with you, doesn't he? His mother keeps house for your father?"

"Yes, since my mother died—five years ago She is an *awfully* good sort."

"Widow?"

"Why, virtually. Her husband was a brute. She had to leave him."

"Does cousin look like his mother or his father?"

"He looks like the Durwents. He's a plausible beggar

"You know anything bad about him? Be honest, old chap; we're up against the real thing now, and we've got to get all the light we can

Nick bit his lip. "It's tough to suspect your own cousin, whose mother has been like a mother to you for five years But—once I did think I caught him lying about a girl."

With that new air of determination and stern energy, he frowned out at the soft spring landscape. Mark's suspicion made a sharp turn. "When did this happen?" he cried.

"This morning," said Nick; "that's why we're going back to Parkely."

"But the infernal Graydon will have come on our train and be in Parkely *now;* and cousin will be spinning his yarn to him! Say!"

"Well?"

"Do you suppose they fired that office on *purpose?*"

"It wouldn't surprise me. And those big names on the directory. It's sickening!"

"The big men don't know anything about it, son. That's the mischief of these huge affairs. The wicked underlings do the job, and the big fellows don't even suspect there is a job doing. Mearson does, though; but you don't suppose that *he* reports his side-work to the board! Not he; he has pleasure to report that the long desired purchase of the Burton factories has been made on very satisfactory terms, or if your father is stiff, and still fights them, then it will be that their chemists have discovered a dye equal in all respects to the celebrated Burton dyes. See?"

"Poor father!" muttered Nick under his breath

"I ought to have stayed in Parkely."

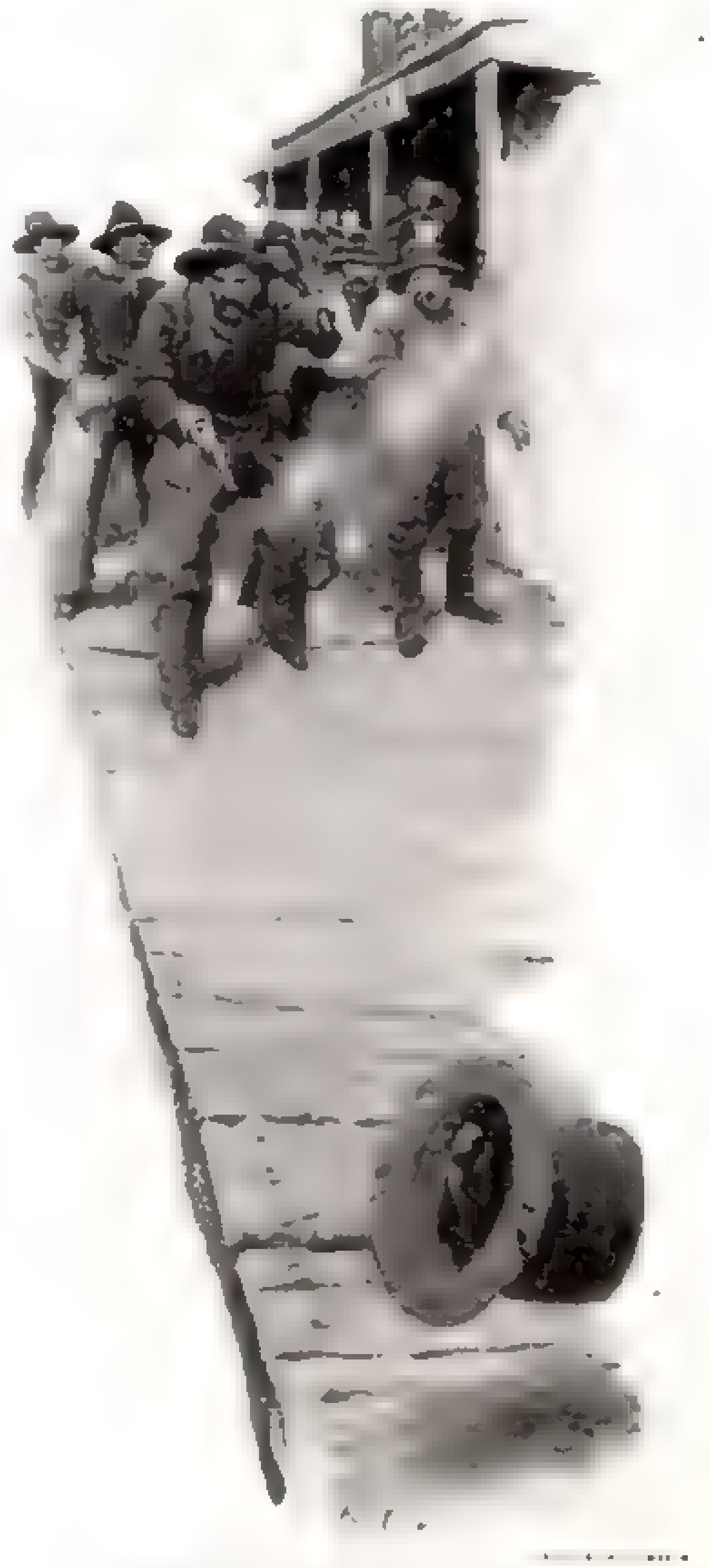
"Slocum will guard the hotel. If Graydon comes he has his description, and he will meet any stranger coming after

(Continued on Page 24)

Why the Weekly Planet Died

The Story of the Women and the Pies that Killed It

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS



SEVERAL GENTLEMEN JOINED IN THIS SPRIGHTLY PASTIME

THE Weekly Planet, founded and edited during its brief existence by Higginson Peabody, and issued every Saturday, to the hebdomadal joy of Dodge, might have flourished unto this day if it hadn't been for Jack. It was a circulation scheme proposed by Jack, and adopted by Higginson Peabody, which undid the destinies of the Weekly Planet to such a degree that, in the quicksands of a bottomless trouble into which they were thereby betrayed—a trouble, as Higginson Peabody averred in his farewell editorial, "so vast that against it no human ingenuity could prevail"—they bogged down and disappeared.

Not but that Jack was wholly true to the Weekly Planet and its fortunes. Indeed, it was Jack, in his intense loyalty to the paper and those that gave it the aid and comfort of their countenance, and despite the fact that Mr. Masterson's recommendation had originally paved his way into journalism, who misled Mr. Masterson as to the flight direction taken by Rattlesnake Sanders on the occasion of his winging Mr. Kelly. Perhaps, while its recital is aside from the true trail of this narrative, that episode, in defense of Jack, should be briefly told.

Rattlesnake Sanders, it would seem, had played a cold hand, being four kings and an ace, against a quartet of queens, the then armament of Mr. Kelly. When Mr. Kelly pointed out the frigid character of those four kings, Rattlesnake, in a feeling of chagrin natural to one who finds himself detected in a wrong, shot Mr. Kelly in the arm. Following this ebullition of temper, Rattlesnake mounted his pony and spurred away into the dark.

The office of the Weekly Planet was on the northern fringe of Dodge. It was ten o'clock of the night when Rattlesnake expressed his dissatisfaction with Mr Kelly in manner and form set forth. The editorial and mechanical forces of the Weekly Planet, made up of Higginson Peabody, Jack, and a trio of printers, were hard at work at the time, and knew nothing of Rattlesnake and his exploits. Indeed, the earliest word which they received of Rattlesnake was when that impulsive cowboy pulled up at their office door.

The cause of Rattlesnake's pulling up was simple. When he and Mr. Kelly sat down to that friendly game, which in its finale was so disappointing, Rattlesnake, the evening being sultry, had cast aside his coat and hat. Being more or less preoccupied when ready to leave, he forgot to reassume those garments. His halt at the Weekly Planet office was with a purpose of repairs.

Bare of head and coatless, Rattlesnake called from the saddle to Higginson Peabody. The latter, with Jack at his elbow, appeared at the door

"Got a hat and coat you don't want?" asked Rattlesnake.

There were two six-shooters in the belt of Rattlesnake, and a Winchester in its saddle-scabbard under his left leg, and it may have been this array of hardware that awoke the generosity of Higginson Peabody. Whatever it was to move his benevolence, the truth remains that he took his own hat and coat from their peg, and conferred them on Rattlesnake. As he picked up the bridle-reins to ride away, Rattlesnake ran his hand into his pocket

"What's the damage?" he queried.

"Nothing," returned Higginson Peabody "They are freely yours."

"What's the subscription to this rag?" asked Rattlesnake, pointing up at the sign above the door. "How much does she cost for a year?"

"Two dollars," broke in Jack, who was the circulating agency of the Weekly Planet

"Thar's a sawbuck," quoth Rattlesnake, bringing up a ten-dollar gold piece, and tossing it to Jack. "Put down Rattlesnake Sanders for five years." Then, as he buried a spur in his pony's flank and fled like an arrow: "I'll send th' address as soon as ever I settle down."

When Rattlesnake Sanders injured Mr. Kelly's arm Mr. Masterson was at the other end of town. It was ten minutes before he heard of the gay doings of Rattlesnake. When word reached him he threw a saddle on a pony and started in pursuit. Mr. Masterson also halted at the open door of the Weekly Planet, only he was after information, not apparel.

"Did you see a cowboy without coat or hat go by?" asked Mr. Masterson, on the bare chance that the phenomenon had caught the eye of Higginson Peabody.

"I just gave one my coat and hat," replied Higginson Peabody.

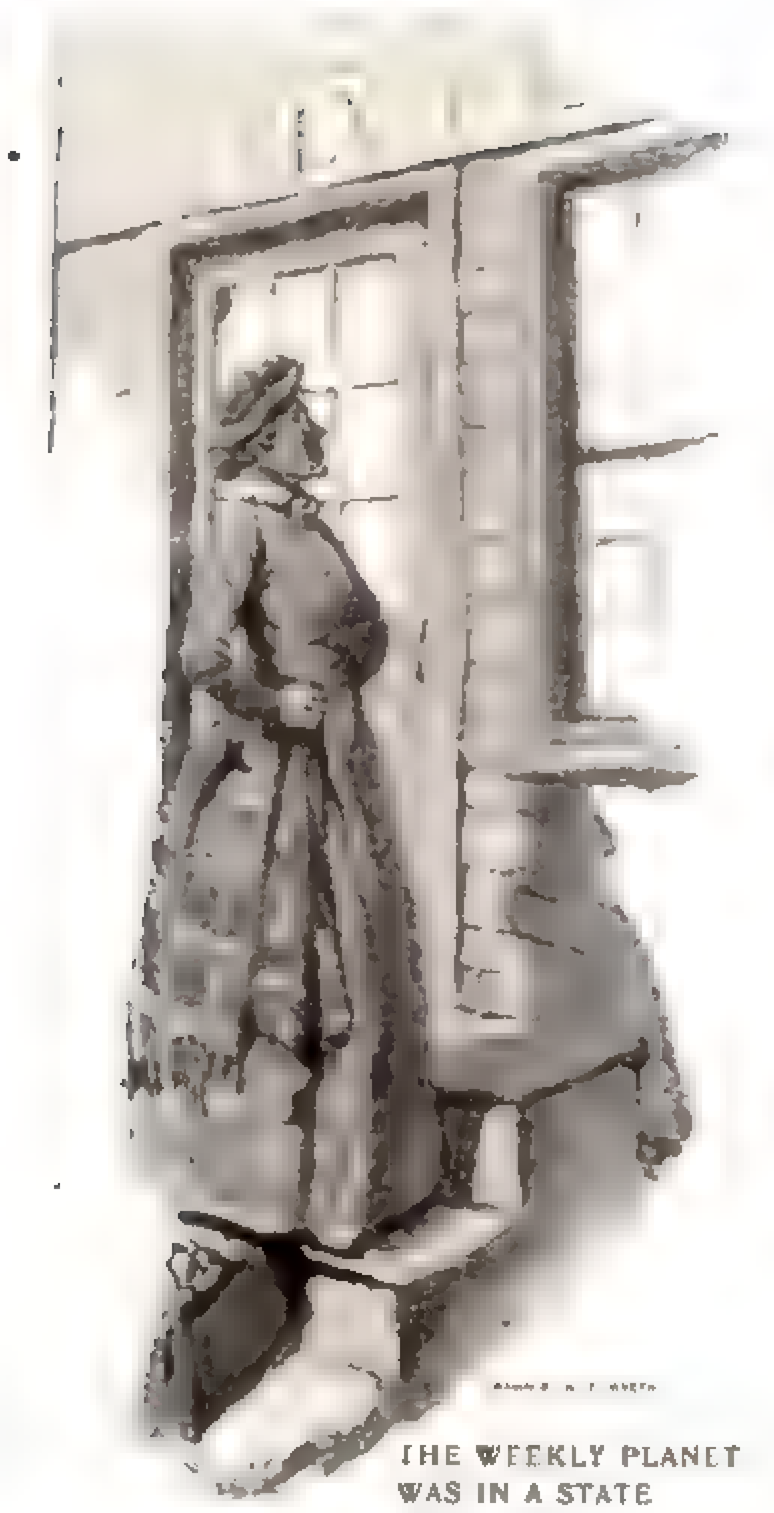
"It was Rattlesnake Sanders," said Mr. Masterson, settling himself in his stirrups for a run. "He's creased Kelly. Which way did he go?"

Before Higginson Peabody could answer Jack took reply from his mouth

"I'll show you, Mr. Masterson," observed the eager Jack, pointing westward toward the Cimarron Crossing. "He lined out in that direction! An', say! he was simply hittin' the high places."

Now be it known that Rattlesnake had fled away to the north and east, as though heading for Hays—a course the reverse of that given by Jack. The intervention, and the brisk falsehoods so cheerfully fulminated, took away the breath of Higginson Peabody. Before he regained it Mr. Masterson was a mile on his way to the Cimarron Crossing

"How could you lie like that?" demanded Higginson Peabody, regarding Jack with wondering horror—"how could you lie like that, and you but fourteen? That Rattlesnake man went east, not west; and Mr. Masterson is an officer of the law!"



THE WEEKLY PLANET WAS IN A STATE OF SIEGE

"What of it?" retorted Jack indignantly. "D'you think I'd throw down a subscriber?" Then, as he reached for his cap: "I reckon I'd better go down to the Alhambra an' see how hard old Kell got plugged. It ought to be good for a column. Say!"—and Jack beamed on Higginson Peabody —"if he'd only downed old Kell wouldn't it have been hot stuff?"

When Higginson Peabody was graduated from Harvard he had been invited into the counting-room of his father's State Street bank. But the old migratory instinct of his Puritan ancestry was rife within him, and he hungered to go abroad into the land. The expanding West invited him; also, he distasted a bank, and liked the notion of a paper

Wherefore, one bright autumnal morning, he swung off at Dodge.

Going over to the hotel, he took a room by the month, and confided to Mr. Wright that he meditated the Weekly Planet

Mr. Wright went down to the Long Branch and told Mr Short. Since information radiated from the Long Branch the extremest corner of Dodge was filled with the news in an hour.

When Mr. Wright withdrew to the Long Branch he left Higginson Peabody sitting on the hotel porch. The costume of Higginson Peabody culminated in a silk hat that would have looked well on Boston Common. The tall, shiny hat excited the primitive interest of Cimarron Bill, who lightly shot it from the head of its owner. Then, with bullet following bullet, he rolled it along the sidewalk. Several gentlemen joined Cimarron Bill in this sprightly pastime of the hat. Full twenty took part, and Higginson Peabody's headwear, to quote from Cimarron Bill as he reported the episode later to Mr. Masterson, was.

"A heap shot up."

"He's an editor," warned Mr. Masterson, "and going to start a paper. Mind, you mustn't hurt him!"

"Hurt him!" retorted Cimarron Bill. "If I do I hope to go afoot the balance of my life—I do, shore! Which we'll jest natcherally rock his cradle an' warm his milk for him."

Mr. Wright returned from the Long Branch, bringing Mr. Short. Higginson mentioned the adventures of his hat.

"It's my fault," said Mr. Wright. "I'd ought to have told you. That breed of war-bonnet is ag'inst the rules of our set."

"That's right," coincided Mr. Short. "Only sooicides wear 'em in Dodge."

Mr. Wright became as an elder brother to Higginson Peabody. On the morning following the latter's advent the two sat convenient to the hotel bar, and talked of Indians—that is, Mr. Wright talked of Indians, and Higginson Peabody gulped and listened, pale of cheek.

Mr. Wright exhibited to Higginson Peabody what trophies had been brought North from the 'Dobe Walls, and were then adorning the walls of the Alhambra. Also, he had Mr. Kelly bring out the eighty scalps, and counted them into the shrinking fingers of Higginson Peabody, who handled them gingerly. They were one and all, so Mr. Wright averred, stripped from slaughtered Cheyennes in the streets of Dodge.

"Isn't that so, Kell?" asked Mr. Wright

"Shore!" assented Mr. Kelly. Then, by way of particular corroboration, and picking out a brace of scalps whereof the braided hair was unusually long and glossy, "I killed an' skelped these two right here in the s'loon."

Higginson Peabody was impressed, and said he would one day write up what he had heard in the Weekly Planet

Mr. Wright invited Higginson Peabody to explore the region lying back of Dodge. They would make the trip on ponies. Mr. Wright held that the exploration was requisite to the right editing of a local paper

"For how," demanded Mr. Wright, "can you get out a paper and know nothing of the country you're in? As for Cheyennes, you need entertain no fear. You'll have a pony under you that can beat an antelope"

Higginson Peabody, with Mr. Wright as guide, philosopher and friend, broke into the gray, rolling desert to the north of Dodge

Mr. Wright became replete of reminiscences. He showed Higginson Peabody where a party of emigrants had been butchered by the Cheyennes only eight weeks before. By the side of a water-hole Mr. Wright pointed to the ashes of a fire. The Cheyennes had there grilled a victim on the coals

Ten minutes later they were winding along a dry arroyo.

"What's that?" exclaimed Mr. Wright, and leaped from his pony.

He held up a moccasin, which apparently he had taken from the ground.

"Cheyenne," continued Mr. Wright, sinking his voice to a whisper. "Warm, too; that moccasin was on its owner not five minutes ago!"

Higginson Peabody took the buckskin footgear in his hands, which shook a little. The moccasin was warm. It could hardly have been otherwise, since Mr. Wright had carried it in an inside pocket.

Mr Wright glanced furtively about.

"We'd better skin out for Dodge," said he.

Higginson Peabody wheeled, being quite in the humor for Dodge. He was on the threshold of saying so, when a medley of yelps and yells broke forth. Higginson Peabody cast a look to the rear: a score of befeathered and ochre-bedabbled demons were in open cry not a furlong away.

Mr. Wright had made no idle brag when he said the pony bestrode by Higginson Peabody could outstrip an antelope The Easterner gave his animal its head, and the scenery began racing rearward in a slate-colored blur. Mr. Wright's pony was panting on the flank of its flying mate

"Ride hard!" shouted Mr. Wright. "To be captured is death by torture!"

Higginson Peabody did ride hard. There was a rattle of rifles and six-shooters; the high lead zipped and whined and whistled—new sounds to the shrinking ears of Higginson Peabody! Now and again a bullet scraped the ground to right or left, and threw up an ominous puff of dust Suddenly Mr. Wright reeled in the saddle.

"Save yourself!" he gasped. "Tell Masterson and the boys——

The rest was lost to Higginson Peabody, for Mr. Wright's pony, evidently as badly wounded as was its rider, began falling to the rear.

On tore Higginson Peabody. Dodge at last! Drawing a deep breath, he swept down the main street like a tornado

"Indians! Indians!" yelled Higginson Peabody.

Arriving opposite its home corral, the pony set four hoofs and skated; recovering, it wheeled to the left. Higginson Peabody, by these abrupt manœuvres, was spilled from the saddle "like a pup from a basket," according to Mr. Kelly, who watched the ceremony from the Alhambra door.

Higginson Peabody reached the grass in a convenient ball After a prolonged roll of twenty feet he scrambled up, uninjured.

"Get your guns!" he cried to Mr. Kelly, and then began to run

It was afterward a matter of common regret in Dodge that no arrangements had been made for timing Higginson Peabody. He had only covered one hundred yards when he ran into the arms of Mr. Masterson, but it was the dispassionate judgment of both Mr. Kelly and Mr. Short, who, from their respective houses of entertainment, reviewed the feat, that he did those one hundred yards in better than ten seconds.

"Come," said Mr. Masterson, "it's only a joke. What you need now is a drink. Let's push for Luke Short's."

While Higginson Peabody stood at the Long Branch bar, and restored that confidence in his fellowmen which a two-days' stay in Dodge had done much to shake, Cimarron Bill and a select bevy, clad in full Cheyenne regalia, faces painted, blankets flying, war-bonnets tossing, came whooping down the street. They jumped from their steaming ponies and joined Mr. Masterson and their victim.

"The drinks is on me!" shouted Cimarron Bill, giving the counter a resounding slap. "Which I'm as dry as a covered bridge!"

"The drinks is on the house!" said Mr. Short severely Then to Higginson Peabody: "Here's to you, stranger An' let me say," concluded Mr. Short, while a note of compliment ran through his tones, "that if ever you do run a footrace I'll string my money on you."

As he considered the incident, Higginson Peabody was inclined to refuse the boon of Mr. Wright's further acquaintance; but Mr. Masterson and Mr. Kelly explained that to do so would be regarded, by the liberal sentiment of Dodge, as churlish in the extreme.

"That scamper into camp," urged Mr. Kelly, "oughtn't to count. It's only folks we like, an' intend to adopt into our midst, on whom we confer them rites of initiation."

"That's whatever!" observed Cimarron Bill, who came up. "Which we shore wouldn't take that much trouble with any gent unless we liked him."

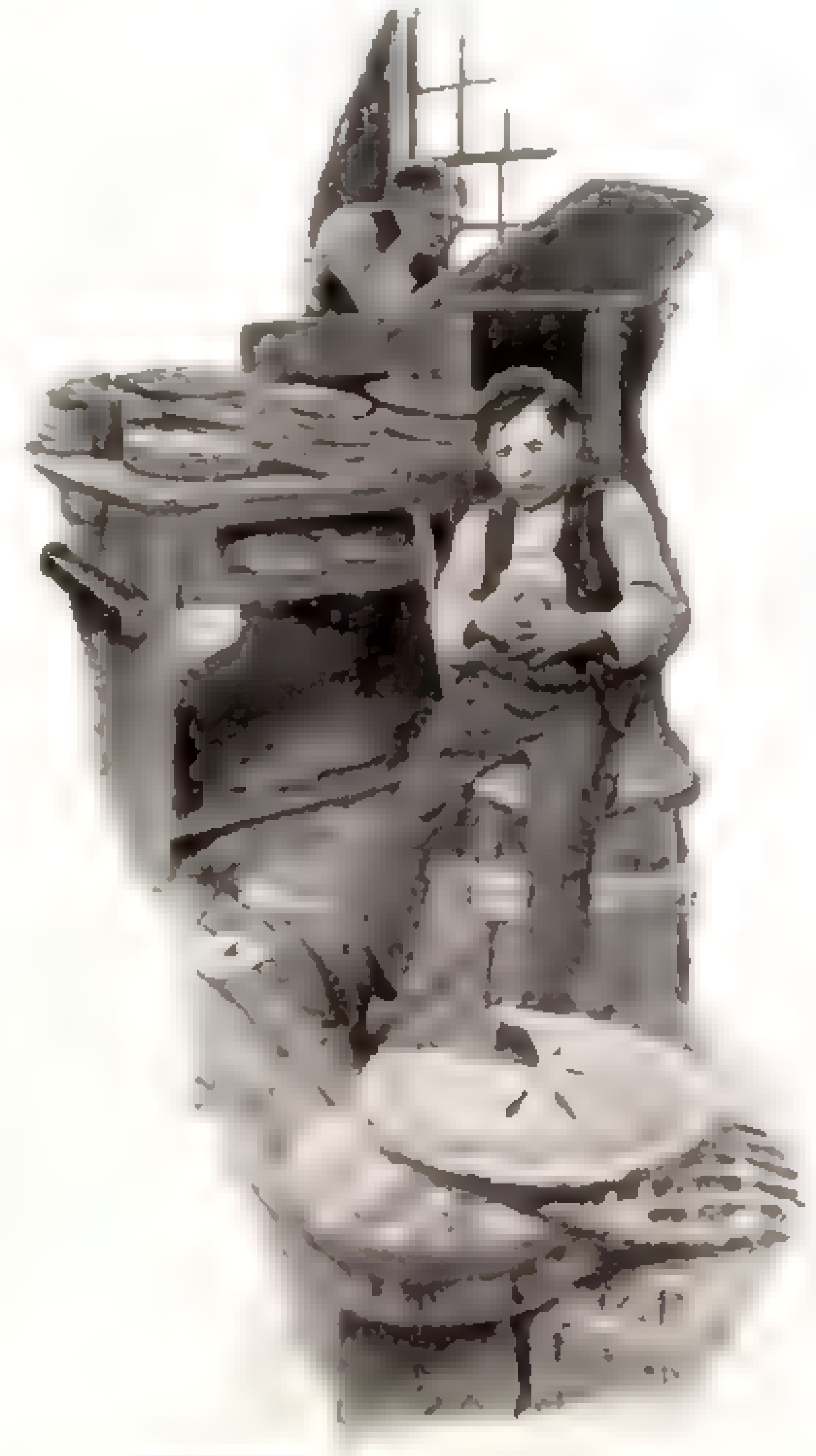
During his last year at Harvard Higginson Peabody had edited the college paper, and that, when he landed in Dodge, was the whole of his journalistic experience.

Notwithstanding this meagre apprenticeship in journalism, he made the Weekly Planet a highly readable paper. This was peculiarly the case after he, on Mr. Masterson's indorsement, had added Jack to his staff. It was Jack who brought in those spicy personal items which told in complimentary fashion the daily, or rather nightly, doings at Mr. Kelly's Alhambra, Mr. Short's Long Branch, Mr. Webster's Alamo and Mr. Peacock's Dance Hall—to say nothing of the Dodge Opera House and Mr. Wright's store—and which caused every reader to pick up the paper with pleasure and lay it down with regret. Also, it was Jack who taught Higginson Peabody the money value of a line of advertising that published cattle brands, and set forth the boundaries of ranges, so that round-up outfits might intelligently hold the herds and cut out each ranchman's cattle in what regions they belonged. Indeed, with Jack at his elbow, by the eighth week Higginson Peabody had carried the Weekly Planet to a point where it almost paid

It was when the Weekly Planet had counted its thirteenth issue that Higginson Peabody took up the question of a circulation. At that time the paper owned but thirty-four subscribers. Dodge was small; the paper could be passed from hand to hand; those thirty-four copies, during the seven days when they were fresh, were read and appreciated by every eye in Dodge. In such circumstances thirty-four copies would be enough; the demands of Dodge did not call for any more. Clearly, some argument beyond the argument of mere news was required to build up a circulation

It was then that the versatile Jack made this suggestion. "I've thought up a play that ought to make the paper as popular as tortillas with a Mexican. How about a pie contest? Wouldn't that meet the needs of the hour?" And Jack's mouth took on an unctuous expression.

Jack explained his scheme. The Weekly Planet would offer five years' subscription, free, for the best pie of any sort or species, sent to its editorial rooms, accompanied by the name of its fair author, within four calendar weeks of the announcement



"WHAT COULD ONE BOY DO AGAINST TWO HUNDRED PIES?"

"We want to interest the ladies personally," said Jack "and a pie contest will do it."

Higginson Peabody was struck by the original force of Jack's suggestion. Hailing from what Mr. Warner called "the region of perpetual pie," he could appreciate its merits. He put but one question

"Whom shall we name as judge?" Higginson Peabody explained that it was beyond his genius to act in that capacity, alleging dyspepsia.

Jack's eyes lit up like the windows of a hurdy-gurdy on the evening of a fandango.

"I'll be judge," said Jack

The value of a pie contest as a spur to circulation gained immediate exhibition. During the first week the Weekly Planet jumped from thirty-four to one hundred and ten, and new subscriptions coming every hour

Also, the pies began to appear—pies of every kind There was the morose mince, the cheerful dried apple, the sedate pumpkin, the consoling custard the flippant plum. Every variety of dried or canned goods on Mr. Wright's broad shelves was drawn upon to become the basis of pie.

Since no limit had been placed upon their labors, the contestants sent ardent scores of entries. Lest one baking had been slightly burned on the under crust, each lady broke forth in further bakings, and, by the end of the initial week of that rivalry, pies had accumulated on the premises of the Weekly Planet by the gross. They were stacked up in tiers of twelve on the editorial table they covered printing-press and make up stones; there were no chairs left vacant, and hardly room remained to move about among the cases. Nor was the end yet; the first day of the second week opened with an aggregate consignment of eighty new pies, and each confection a hopeful claimant of that five years' free subscription!

When Jack evolved a pie contest he had no foreknowledge of what would be its fatal popularity. In proposing to act as judge of that pastry competition he in nowise foresaw the pie deluge which would set in. Still, being of the material from which heroes are made Jack bore himself doughtily. The first day he ate twenty-eight pies. The second day he got no further than twenty On the third day, with two hundred untouched pies awaiting his sampling tooth, Jack fell ill

"Of course," said Jack feebly, "I could go on, I s'pose, and sell my life dearly: but what's the use? What could one boy do against two hundred pies?

While Jack was undeniably ill, as one whose spirit remains unconquerable he would not go to bed. He could not look at a pie; still, he appeared at the office like some criminal ghost obliged to haunt the scenes of its malefactions

And Jack was capable of a suggestion. It was by his word that the three printers were named as an auxiliary commission to aid in forming an official judgment of these pies. After all it was of scant avail. At the close of the fifth day thereafter the foreman came to Higginson Peabody wearing a look of defeat. Even three printers had been powerless before that storm of pie

Bill's down an' out," said the foreman dejectedly. Bill was one of the two journeymen printers. "It was a lemon pie Miss Casey made that floored him. To get the kinks out o' Bill I had to give him a quart of Kelly's best Old Jordan, an' at that he ain't been the same man since

What shall we do?" queried Higginson Peabody.

The foreman thought he might find a purchaser for those pies. Higginson Peabody recklessly authorized him in that behalf. Borrowing a pony from Mr. Trask's corral, the foreman went to Cimarron and arranged for the disposal of present as well as future pies, at the rate of a dollar the dozen pies, to Mr. Ingalls, of the Golden Rod Restaurant.

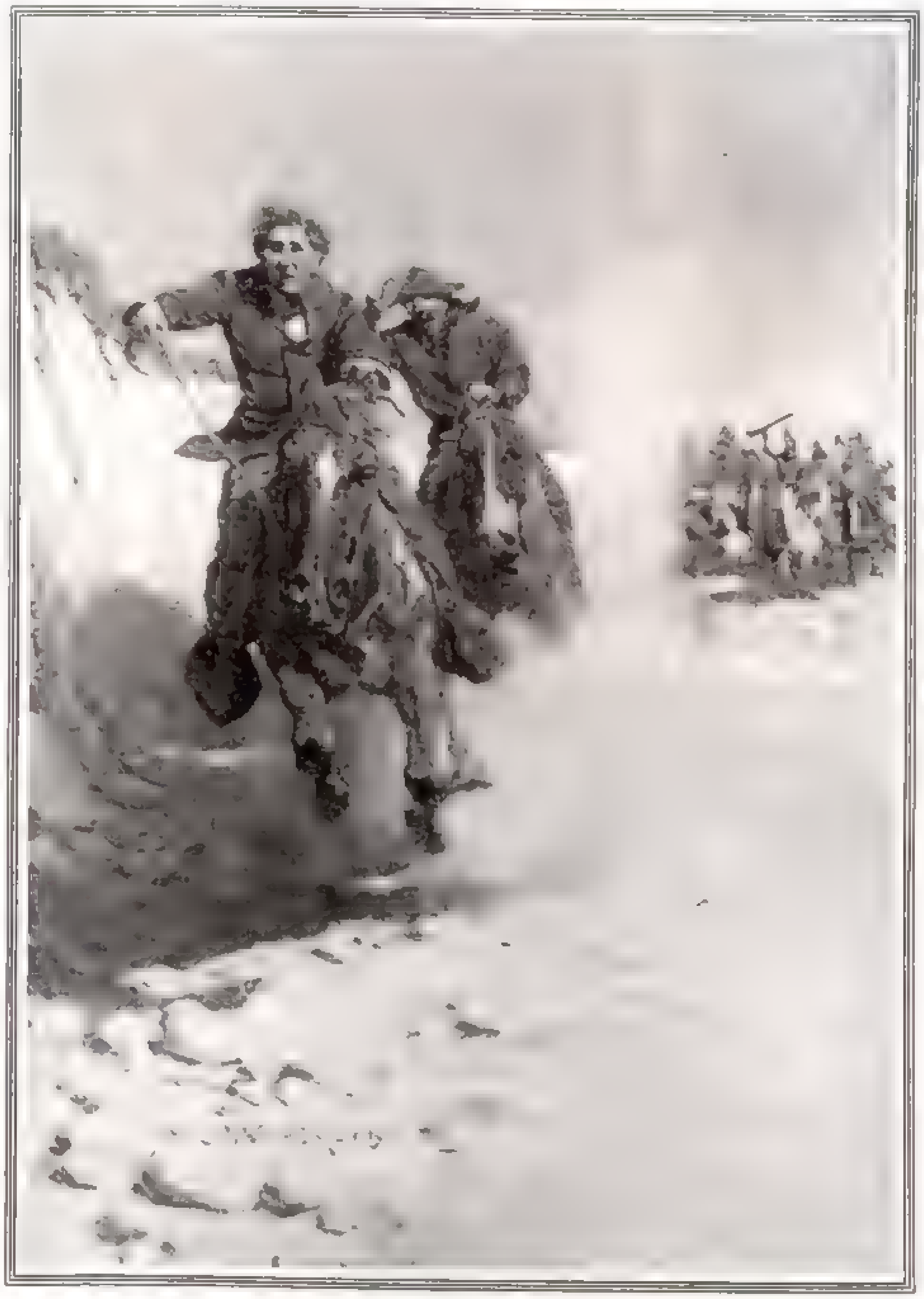
No harm would have come, and the Weekly Planet might have continued in its useful orbit undisturbed, had it not been for a casual visit that Aunt Nettie Dawson paid to Cimarron. Aunt Nettie was sedately walking in Cimarron's only thoroughfare, intent on naught save a social hour with a valued friend, resident of that hamlet, when her glance was arrested by a certain pie in the window of the Golden Rod It was of the mince family, and its top crust, aside from being the color of a new saddle, was ornamented with sundry nicks and flourishes made by the point of a knife, and in their whole effect resembling the remains of a pair of centipedes that had met a violent death. Aunt Nettie put on her glasses, took a second look to make sure, and then stalked into the Golden Rod, demanding its proprietor by name

"Wherever did you all get my pie, Bill Ingalls?" was the question which Aunt Nettie put.

Mr. Ingalls, commonly, was a brave and truthful man; and yet Mr. Ingalls weakly told Aunt Nettie that he didn't know

"You needn't lie to me, Bill Ingalls," Aunt Nettie retorted "You got it of that beanstalk editor. I'll show that outcast who he's foolin' with as soon as ever I sees Dodge ag'in."

Higginson Peabody was discussing some subject of Weekly Planet economy with Jack when Aunt Nettie came in.



"RIDE HARD!" SHOUTED MR. WRIGHT. "TO BE CAPTURED IS DEATH BY TORTURE!"

"What can I do, Miss Dawson?" he said

"Where's that mince I sent y' yisterday?"

Higginson Peabody said never a word; he could only look at Aunt Nettie, panting like some trapped animal.

"An' so," said Aunt Nettie in bitter accusation, "you allowed you'd dee-fraud us ladies of Dodge into bakin' unlimited pies for them drunkards over in Cimarron!"

Aunt Nettie made a house to-house canvass, and told each lady the story of their common wrongs. There was a scurrying round-up of shawls and shakers. Within thirty minutes fourscore pie-contestants, Aunt Nettie at their angry head, were moving on the offices of the Weekly Planet. They found them closed and locked. Mr. Masterson, urged by Jack, and realizing a crisis, had been before them. By advice of that tried strategist, Higginson Peabody had barricaded his portals.

"Never mind," said Aunt Nettie grimly, addressing her injured sisters; "he's simply got to come out; an' we'll jest natcherally camp on his doorstep till he does."

The Weekly Planet was in a state of siege, and word of that beleaguerment went through Dodge like wildfire. With scared faces, Mr. Wright, Mr. Masterson, Mr. Short, Mr. Trask, Mr. Kelly, and others, gathered for conference in the Long Branch

"What are we to do?" asked Mr. Masterson anxiously. "I don't want to be understood as shirking a duty, but if I'd known there was to be any such feminine uprising as this I'd never been sheriff

Mr. Wright made a despairing gesture with both hands.

"I haven't," said Mr. Wright, "felt so he'pless an' unprotected since Mr. Lee's surrender."

"What be we to do?" and Mr. Kelly repeated Mr. Masterson's question. Then as though offering a reply "Whatever can we do? Thar's them ladies on the warpath, an' Aunt Nettie at their head! She's that inflexible, granite's easy to her! An' as for courage, Aunt Nettie teaches it Thar's nothin' she's afeard of on four legs or two."

"Yes, thar is," interjected Cimarron Bill, who stood listening. "Which Aunt Nettie's timid of cows."

There was a suggestion in the remark; strung to top bent by the difficulties of the situation, Mr. Masterson seized upon it. Two words to Cimarron Bill, and in another moment that hard-riding gentleman and a dozen hard-riding companions were cinching the hulls on to their ponies in Mr. Trask's corral. Once in the saddle, away they dashed for the river, and began scrambling across, through deeps and shallows, with direst uproar.

On the south side of the river, up to their stolid knees in the rank grasses, and within the round area of a mile, were from fifty to one hundred head of cattle. These tossed wondering horns, and blew loudly through their noses, as Cimarron Bill with his mates came charging across. Their ruminations suffered further disturbance when, with headlong speed, Cimarron Bill with the others fell bodily upon them, rounded them up, hurled them into the river, and sent them for the north bank on the jump. With bellow of protest, the outraged cattle were rushed along. Once on the north bank they were cleverly bunched and, still on the canter, swung down upon the offices of the Weekly Planet

The first to observe the approach of that horned phalanx, with the urgent riders whooping and dashing in the rear, was Miss Casey, of the lemon pies.

"Oh, look at them awful cows, Miss Dawson, dear!" she screamed, and pointed with horrified finger.

Not alone Aunt Nettie Dawson, but every lady looked. It was enough; there was a chorus of squeaks, a vast flutter of skirts, and the fair vigilantes, gathered to revenge their ill-used pies had scattered like a flock of blackbirds Aunt Nettie was the last to go. She gazed at the oncoming cattle as they bore down upon the Weekly Planet's offices with lowered horn and steaming nostril; she identified her recreant nephew, Cimarron Bill, and knew the whole as a masterpiece of Mastersonian diplomacy

"The cowards!" she exclaimed.

Then Aunt Nettie clawed her petticoats about her and scurried after the others. The next moment the pushing milling, foaming band were jammed and held about the building of the Weekly Planet. The ruse had worked; the siege was lifted

Mr. Masterson, on his best pony, and with a led pony by the bridle, pushed through the herd to the door.

"Don't waste a moment," said Mr. Masterson to Higginson Peabody, tossing him the reins of the led pony the moment that journalist could be prevailed on to open his doors. "Into the saddle with you, and head for Cimarron! As sheriff of Ford, I'll see you safe as far as the county line"

When Mr. Masterson with Higginson Peabody drew bridle at the boundary between Ford and Gray Counties, Mr. Masterson gave the other his hand

"*Adios!* Look out for yourself," he said. "Catch the express for the East!"

"Don't you think," inquired Higginson Peabody quaveringly, "that after the excitement cools off I can come back?"

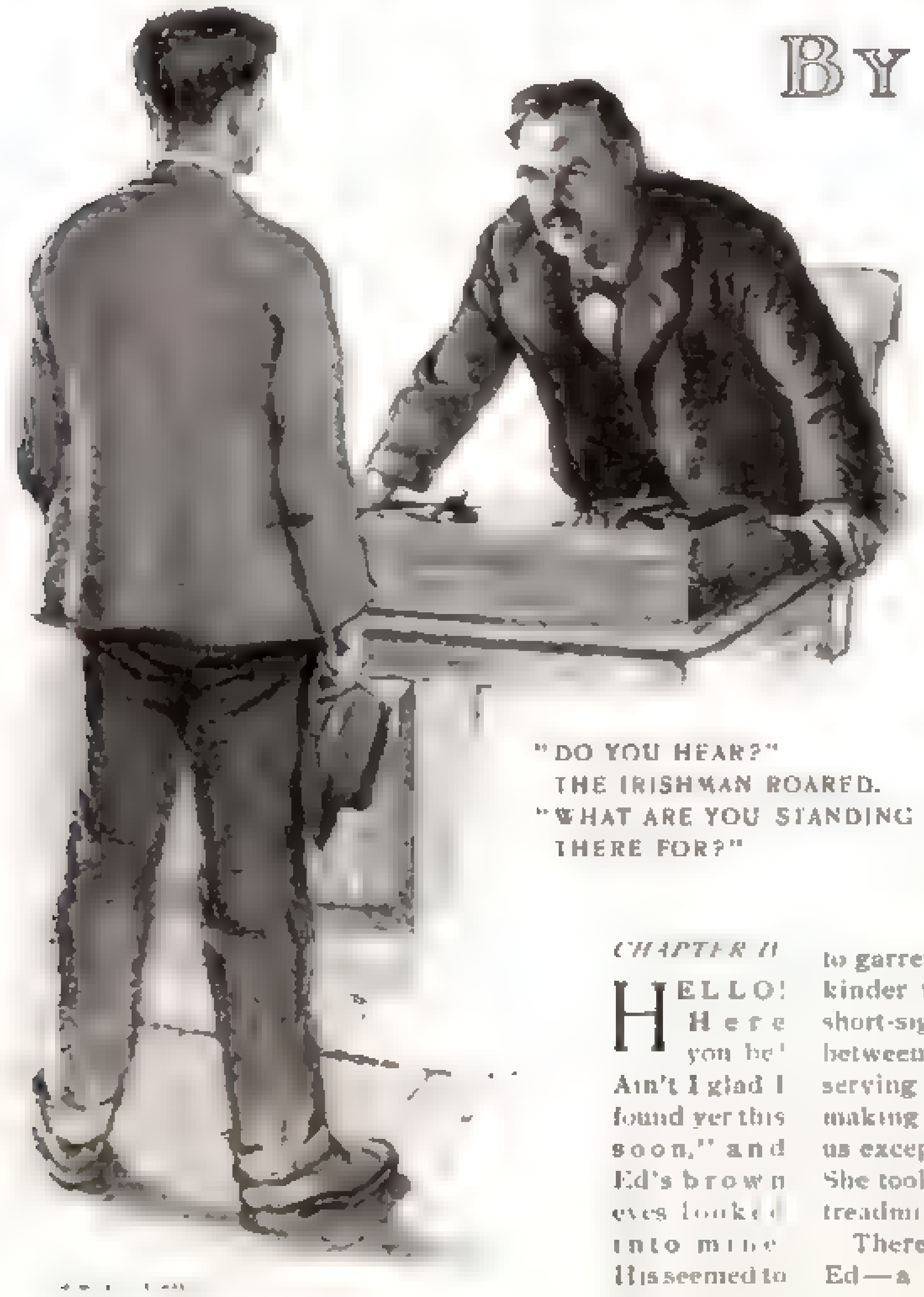
Mr. Masterson firmly shook his head.

"There isn't a chance," said he. "If they were white men, or even Cheyennes, I'd say 'Yes.' But they're ladies; and you know what ladies are! Implacable as a storm, they nurse a sense of injury as though it were a baby. They'll never forgive those pies. I'm reckoned a judge in matters of life and death, and I tell you frankly that if it were twenty years from now, and you showed up in Dodge, I wouldn't guarantee your game a moment"

The Memoirs of an American

By ROBERT HERRICK

Author of The Common Lot, The Web of Life, etc.



"DO YOU HEAR?" THE IRISHMAN ROARED. "WHAT ARE YOU STANDING THERE FOR?"

CHAPTER II

"HELLO! Here you be! Ain't I glad I found yer this soon," and Ed's brown eyes looked into mine. His seemed to me just then about the best face in the world. "Seems though I was bound to be chasin' some one in this city!" he shouted, grabbing me. "But I've found all of 'em now."

He had missed me at the police-station by a few minutes and I had left no address. After looking up and down a few streets Ed had thought of lying in wait for me on the lake front, feeling that unless some extraordinary good luck had happened to me I should bring up at that popular resort. He had not seen me when the detective grabbed me in the big store, for just at that moment his attention had been attracted to a girl at one of the counters who had called him by name. The girl, who was selling perfumes and tooth washes, turned out to be his cousin Lou, his Aunt Pierson's younger daughter. After the surprise of their meeting Ed had looked for me, and the floorwalker told them of my misfortune. The cousin had taken Ed home with her. Mrs. Pierson, it seems, took in boarders in her two-story-and-basement house on West Van Buren Street. She and the two girls had given Ed a warm welcome, and for the first time in many days he had had the luxury of a bed, which had caused him to oversleep, and miss me at the station.

All this I learned as we walked westward toward Ed's new home. At first I was a little shy about putting a new burden on the boy's relations. But my friend would not hear of letting me go. When Ed tucked his arm under mine and hauled me along with country heartiness, saying I could share his bed and he had a job in view for us both, I felt as though the sun had begun to shine all over again that day. Through all the accidents of many years I have never forgotten that kindness, and my heart warms afresh when I stop to think how Ed grabbed my arm and pulled me along with him off those city streets. . . .

So it happened at dinner-time that night I found myself in the basement dining-room and made my first bow to some people who were to be near me for a number of years — one or two of them for life. I can remember just how they all looked sitting about the table, which was covered with a mussed red tablecloth, and lit by a big, smelly, oil lamp. Pa Pierson sat at the head of the table, an untidy, gray-haired old man, who gave away his story in every line of his body. He had made some money in his country store back in Michigan, but the ambition to try his luck in the city had ruined him. He had gone broke on crockery. He was supposed to be looking for work, but he spent most of his time in this basement dining-room warming himself at the stove and reading the boarders' papers.

The girls and the boy, Dick, paid him even less respect than they did their mother. They were all the kind of children that don't tolerate much incompetence in their parents. Dick was a putty-faced, black-haired cub, who scrubbed blackboards and chewed gum in a Board of Trade man's office. Neither he nor his two sisters, who were also working downtown, contributed much to the house, and except that now and then Grace, the older one, would help clean up the dishes in a shamefaced way, or bring the food on the table when the meal was extra late or she wanted to get out for the evening, not one of the three ever raised a finger to help in the house. The whole place, from kitchen to garret, fell on poor old Ma Pierson, and the boarders were kinder to her than her own children. Lank and stooping, short-sighted, with a faded, tired smile, she came and went between the kitchen and the dining-room, cooking the food and serving it, washing the dishes, scrubbing the floors, and making the beds — I never saw her sit down to the table with us except one Christmas Day, when she was too sick to cook. She took her fate like an Indian, and died on the steps of her treadmill.

There were two other regular boarders besides myself and Ed — a man and a woman. The latter, Miss Hillary Cox, was cashier in the New Enterprise Market, not far from the house. She was rather short and stout, with thick ropes of brown hair that she piled on her head in a solid mass to make her look tall. She had bright little eyes, and her rosy face showed that she had not been long in the city.

The man was a long, lean, thin-faced chap, somewhat older than I was. His name was Jaffrey Slocum; he was studying law and doing stenographic work in a law office in the city. When I first looked at him I thought that he would push his way over most of the rocks in the road — and he did. Slocum was a mighty silent man, but little passed before his eyes without his knowing what it meant. He came from a good Maine family; he had been to college in the East — all of which I learned later. And he had it much on his mind to do several things with his life — the first of which was to buy back the old home in Portland and put his folks there where they belonged. Old Sloco, we called him! For all his slow draggy ways he had pounds of pressure on the gauge. He and I have fought through some big fights since then, and there's no man I had as soon have behind me in a scrap as that thin-faced, scrawny-necked old chip of Maine granite.

When Ed introduced me at the table Grace made a place beside her, and her sister Lou hospitably shoved over a plate of stew. Then Lou smiled at me and opened fire.

"We read about you in the papers this morning, Mr. Harrington!"

"He! heh!" Pa Pierson cackled.

"Say, Lou, I don't call that polite," Grace protested in an affected tone.

"Don't mind me," I called out. "I guess I'm a public character, anyway."

"What did the lady say when she found she was wrong?" Lou went on. "I should think she'd want to die, doing a mean thing like that."

"Did she give you any little souvenir of the occasion?" Dick inquired.

"If they are real nice folks I should think they'd try to make it up some way," Grace added.

"But what we want to know first," Slocum drawled gravely, "is, did you take the purse, and, if so, where did you put it?"

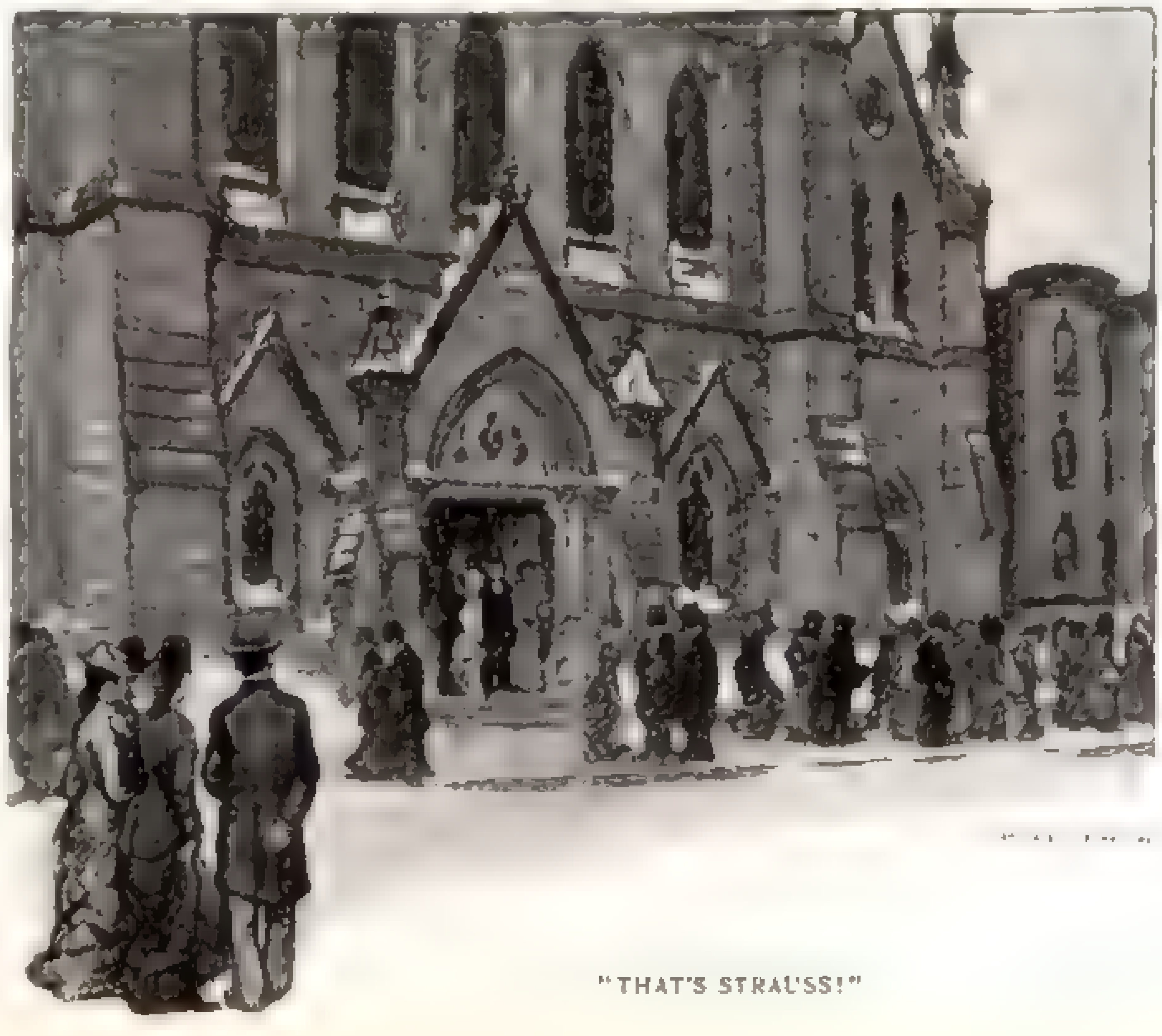
"Why, Mr. Slocum!" Miss Cox sputtered, not seeing the joke. "What a thing to insinuate! I am sure Mr. Harrington doesn't look like that — any one could see he wouldn't *steal*."

In this way they passed me back and forth, up and down the table, until the last scrap of meat was gnawed from the bone. Then they sniffed at Jasonville. Where was it? What did I do there? Why did I come to the city? Miss Cox was the sharpest one at the questions. She wanted to know all about my father's store. She had already got Ed a place as delivery clerk in the Enterprise Market, and there might be an opening in the same store for me. I could see that there would be a place all right if I met the approval of the smart little cashier. It has never been one of my faults to be backward with women — all except May — and as Miss Hillary Cox was far from unprepossessing, I fixed my attention on her for the rest of the evening.

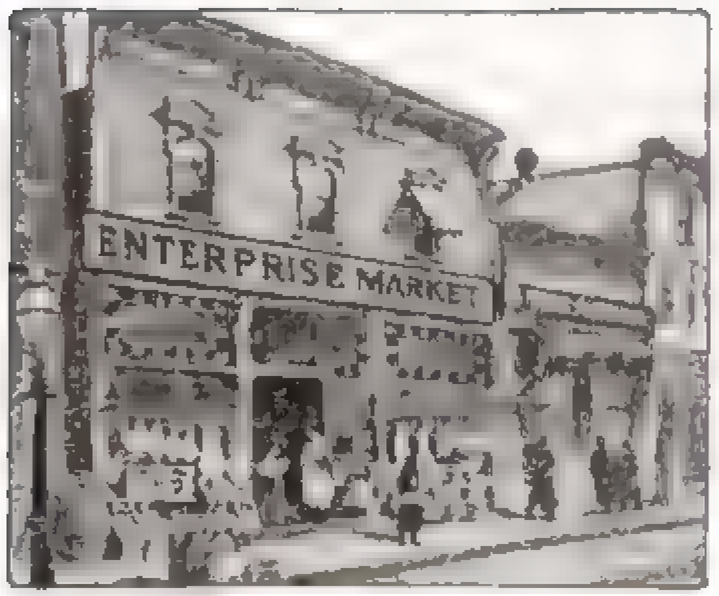
The Pierson girls tired of me quickly enough, as they had already tired of Ed. Lou soon ceased to smile at me and open her eyes in her silly stare when I made a remark. After dinner she went out on the steps to wait for a beau, who was to take her to a dance. Grace sat a while to chaff with the lawyer's clerk. He seemed to make fun of her, but I could see that he liked her pretty well. (It must be a stupid sort of woman who can't get hold of a man when he has nothing to do after his work except walk the streets or read a book!) There was nothing bad in either of the girls; they were just soft, purring things, shut up all day long, one in a big shop and the other in a dentist's office. Of course they were frantic for amusement, dress, the theatre — anything bright and happy, anything that would make a change. They had a knack of stylish dressing, and on the street looked for all the world like a rich man's daughters. Nothing bad in either one, only that kind gets its eyes opened too late!

The next morning I stepped around to the Enterprise Market, and Miss Cox introduced me to the proprietors. They were two brothers, sharp-looking young men, up to date in their ideas, the cashier said, and bound to make the Enterprise the largest market on the West Side. Miss Cox had evidently said a good word for me, and the next morning I found myself tying up parcels and taking orders at ten dollars a week.

Not a very brilliant start on fortune's road, but I was glad enough to get it. The capable cashier kept a friendly eye on me, and saved me from getting into trouble. Before long I had my pay raised and then raised again. Ed had taken hold well, too, and was given more pay. He was more content with his job than I was. The work suited him — the driving about the city streets, the rush at the market mornings, the big crates of country stuff that came smelling fresh from the fields. The city was all that he had hoped to find it. Not so to me — I looked beyond; but I worked hard and took my cues from the pretty cashier, who



"THAT'S STRAUSS!"



THE ENTERPRISE MARKET

"MA PIERSON'S"

grew more friendly every day. We used to go to places in the evenings—lectures and concerts mostly, for Miss Cox thought the theatre was wicked. She was a regular church attendant, and made me go with her Sundays. She was thrifty, too, and taught me to be stingy with my quarters and halves.

The first day I could take off I went to the police-station and paid my loan from the judge. I had to wait an hour before I could speak to him, while he ground out a string of drunks and assaults, shooting out his sentences like a rapid-fire battery. When I finally got his attention he turned one eye on me.

"Well, Edward, so you haven't gone home yet!" And that was all he said as he dropped the coin into his pocket.

I hope that my paying back that money made him merciful to the next young tramp that was cast up there before him!

After I had paid the judge I strolled down to the South Side, into the new residence district, with a half-formed idea of seeing where the young lady lived who had first had me arrested and then wanted to reform me. When I came to the number she had written in the memorandum-book there was a piece of crape on the door. It gave me a shock. I hung around for a while, not caring to disturb the people inside, and yet hoping to find out that it was not the young lady who had died. Finally I came away, having made up my mind, somehow, that it was the young lady, and feeling sorry that she was gone. That night I opened the memorandum-book she had given me, and began a sort of diary in a cramped, abbreviated hand. The first items read as follows:

> SEPT. 30.—Giv. this book by young la. She hopes I may take the right road.
>
> OCT. 1.—Got job in Ent—mark., 1417 W. VanB. St. $10. Is this the right road?
>
> OCT. 23.—Went to address young lad. gav. me. Found crape on the door. Hope it is the old man.

From time to time since then I have taken out the little black memorandum-book, and made other entries of those happenings that seemed to me especially important—sometimes a mere list of figures or names, writing them in very small. It lies here before me now, and out of these bare notes, keywords as it were, there rises a long train of facts, the deeds of twenty-five years.

When I got back to the Piersons' for dinner Miss Cox was curious to know what I had done with my first day off.

"I bet he's been to see that girl who had him arrested," Lou suggested mischievously. "And from the way he looks I guess she told him she hadn't any use for a butcher-boy."

Pa Pierson laughed: he was a great admirer of his daughter's wit.

"I don't think him that much of a fool, to waste his time trapesing about after her," Hillary Cox snapped back.

"Well, I did look up the house," I admitted, and added, "but the folks weren't at home."

After supper we sat out on the steps, and Hillary asked me what kind of a place the young woman lived in. I told her about the crape on the door, and she looked at me disgustedly.

"Why didn't you ask?" she demanded.

"I didn't care to know if it was so, perhaps."

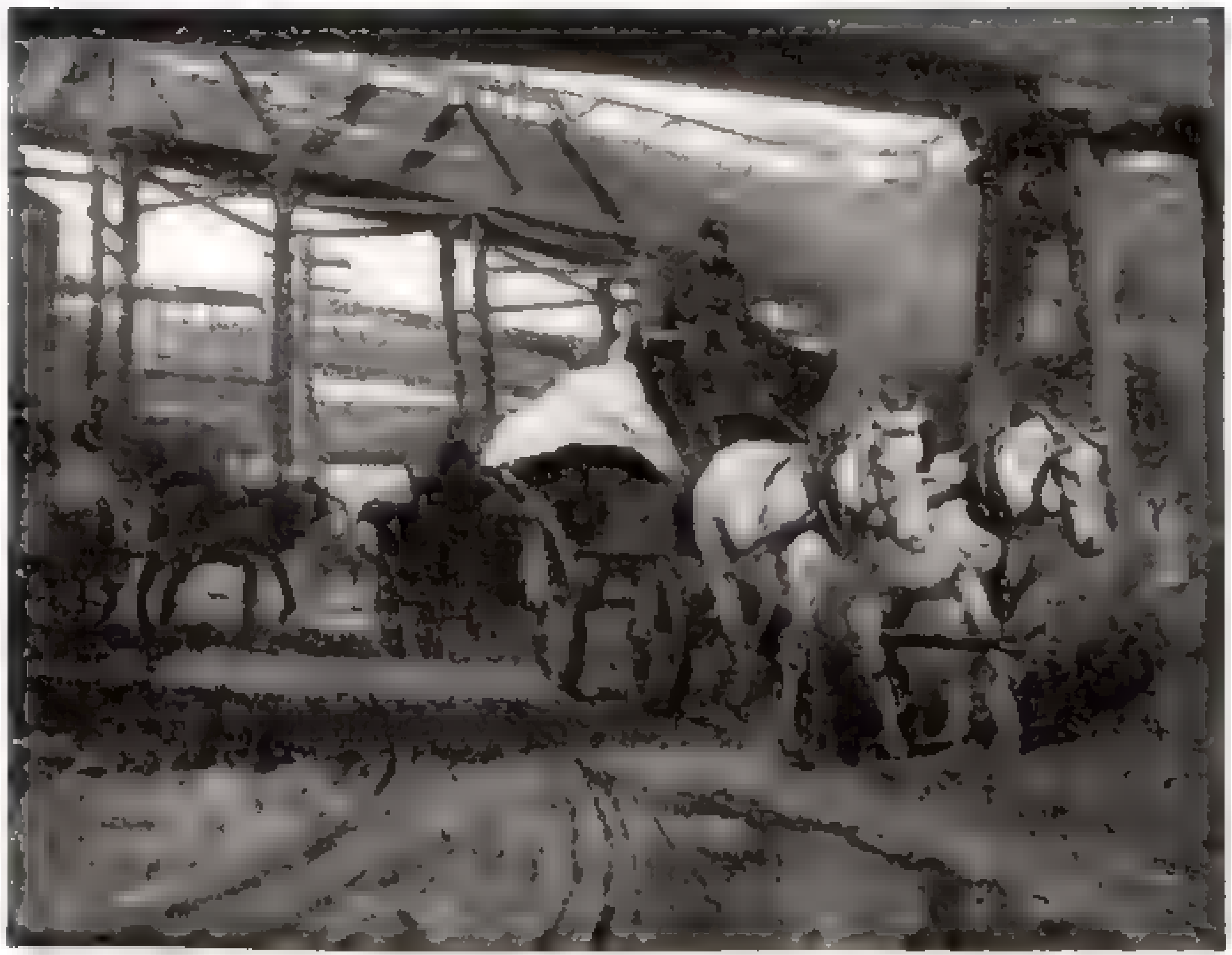
"I don't see as you have any particular reason to care," she retorted. And she went off for the evening somewhere with Ed. For the want of anything better to do I borrowed a book from the law student, who was studying in his room, and thus, by way of an accident, began a habit of reading and talking over books with Slocum.

So I was soon fitted into my hole in the city. In that neighborhood there must have been many hundreds of places like Ma Pierson's boarding-house. The checkerboard of prairie streets cut up the houses like marble cake—all the same, three-story and mansard roof, yellow brick, with long lines of dirty, soft stone steps stretching from the wooden sidewalks to the second stories. And the group of us there in the little basement dining-room, noisy with the rattle of the street cars and dirty with the smoke of factory chimneys in the rear, was a good deal like the others in the other houses—strugglers on the outside of prosperity, trying hard to climb up somewhere in the bread and butter order of life and to hold on tight to what we had got. No one, I suppose, ever came to Chicago, at least in those days, without a hope in his pocket of landing at the head of the game sometime. Even old Ma Pierson cherished a secret dream of a rich marriage for one or other of her girls.

Hillary Cox smiled on me again the next day, and we were as good friends as ever. As I have said, the energetic cashier of the Enterprise Market had taken me in hand and was forming me to be a business man. She was a smart little woman, and had lots of good principles besides. She believed in religion on Sundays, as she believed in business on week days. So on the Sabbath morning we would leave Ed and Lou and Dick Pierson yawning over the breakfast table while Slocum and I escorted Grace and Hillary downtown to hear some celebrated preacher in one of the prominent churches. Hillary Cox had no relish for the insignificant and humble in religion, such as we might have found around the corner. She wanted the best there was to be had, she said, and she wanted to see the folks who were so much talked about in the papers.

Perhaps the rich and prominent citizens made more of a point of going to church in those days than they do now. It was a pretty inferior church society that couldn't show up two or three of the city's solid merchants, who came every Sunday with their women, all dressed in their smartest and best. Hillary and Grace seemed to know most of these women by sight. Women are naturally curious about one another, and I suppose the girls saw their pictures and learned their names in the newspapers. And in this way I, too, learned to know by sight some of the men whom later it was my fortune to meet elsewhere.

There was Steele, the great dry-goods merchant, and Purington, whose works for manufacturing farming tools were just behind Ma Pierson's house; Lardner, a great hardware merchant, Maybricks, a wholesale grocer; York, a rich lumberman—most of them thin-faced, shrewd Yankees who had seized that tide of fate which the poet tells us sweeps men to fortune. And there were others, perhaps less honorably known as citizens, but equally important financially: Yatzer, who became known later as the famous duke of gas, and Lardner, who already had begun to stretch out his fingers over the street-car lines. This man had made his money buying up tax-titles, that one building cars, and another laying out railroads, and wrecking them, too. They were the people of the land!



TO FEED THE PEOPLE OF THE EARTH—THAT IS A MAN'S BUSINESS. MY PART WAS TO DRIVE A WAGON FOR DROUND

One fine winter morning, as the four of us idled on the sidewalk opposite a prominent South Side church that was discharging its prosperous congregation into the street, Slocum nudged me and pointed to a group of well-dressed people—two or three women and a short, stout, smooth-shaven man—who were standing on the steps of the church, surveying the scene and bowing to their neighbors.

"That's Strauss."

I did not need to be told more. Even in those days the great Strauss had made his name as well known as that of the father of our country. He it was who knew each morning whether the rains had fallen on the plains beneath the Andes; how many cattle on the hoof had entered the gates of Omaha and Kansas City; how tight the pinch of starvation set upon Russian bellies; and whether the Sultan's subjects had bought their bread of Liverpool. Flesh and grain, meat and bread—the hand of Strauss was upon them, and he dealt them forth to the markets of the world.

Is it any wonder that I looked hard at the portly, red-faced man, standing there on the steps of his temple, where, with his women and children, he had been worshiping his God?

"My!" said Grace, "Mrs. Strauss is a plain woman, and just common looking."

(I have noticed that women find it hard to reconcile themselves to a rich man's early taste in their sex.)

"She don't dress very stylish, that's true," Hillary observed thoughtfully. "It weren't so very long ago, though, that she was saving his money, I guess."

Strauss, surrounded by his women folk, marched up the avenue in solemn order. We followed along slowly on the other side of the street.

"He didn't make his pile at the Enterprise Market," Grace remarked. She spoke the idea that was in all our minds: how did he and the others make their money?

"I guess they began like other folks," Hillary contended, "saving their earnings and not putting all their money on their backs and in their stomachs."

This last was aimed at Grace, who was pretty smartly dressed.

"Well," said Slocum dryly, "I guess by this time Strauss has something more than his savings in the bank."

Thus we followed them down the street, speculating on the great packer's success, on the success of all the fortunate ones in the great game of the market, wondering what magic power these men possessed to lift themselves out of the mass of people like ourselves. Pretty simple of us, perhaps you think, hanging around on the street a good winter morning and gossiping about our rich neighbors! But natural enough, too: we had no place to go, except Ma Pierson's smelly dining-room, and nothing to do with our Sunday holiday but to walk around the streets and stare up at the handsome new houses and our well-dressed and prosperous neighbors. Every keen boy who looks out on life from the city sidewalk has a pretty vigorous idea that if he isn't as good as the next man, at least he can make as much money if he can learn the secret. We read about the rich and their doings in the newspapers, we see them in the streets; their horses and carriages flash by us—do you wonder that some poor clerks on a Sunday gape at the Steeles and the Strausses from the street?

What was the golden road? These men had found it—hundreds, thousands of them—farming-tools, railroads, groceries, gas, dry-goods. It made no matter what: fortunes were building on every side: the flowers of success were blooming before our eyes. To take my place with these mighty ones—I thought a good deal about that these days. I remember Grace saying sentimentally to Slocum that Sunday:

"You fellers keep thinkin' of nothin' but money and how you're goin' to make it. Perhaps rich folks ain't the only happy ones."

"Yes," Hillary chimed in, "there's such a thing as being too greedy to eat."

"What else are we here for except to make money?" Slocum demanded more bitterly than usual.

He raised his long arm in explanation and swept it to and fro over the straggling prairie city, with its rough, patched look. I didn't see what there was in the city to object to: it was just a place like any other—to work, eat and sleep in. Later, however, when I saw the little towns back East, the pleasant hills, the old homes in the valleys, and the red-brick house on the elm-shaded street in Portland—then I knew what Slocum meant.

Whatever was there in Chicago in 1877 to live for but success?

(Continued on Page 26)

THE SATURDAY
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The Shortcomings of Our Colleges

THE close of another college year invites and even commands a casting up of the balance-sheets of the collegiate system. As to the value of education — real education — there can be no question among intelligent men; but the settling of that point does not settle or even affect the problem of the college education as it is.

Why are the ideals of the students at so many of our great institutions of learning so low? Why does their conversation, where it does not deal with the usual sillinesses of personal gossip and of "sports," show such woeful ignorance of the real affairs of the real world — such ludicrous strivings to air the supercilious learning of past ages? Why does the average college man of the great universities show reluctance instead of eagerness to plunge into affairs?

What sort of drillmasters are these whose pupils incline to linger on the parade-ground instead of rushing forth to battle, and, when they do venture forth, show that they have learned the tactics of the time of Miltiades, and know little or nothing of the tactics of the time of Oyama and Kuropatkin?

❦

Poets, Spinsters and Cats

THE proposal, made by a Solon of the Missouri State Legislature, to establish a home for aged spinsters by taxing cats — toms at five dollars a year, and tabbies at thirty cents — is far from deserving ridicule. The unthinking world has too long ignored the beauty, the pathos, of cats and spinsters, and the tragedy of the fate that links their lives together. The basest souls can love a dog, for the reason that a dog can, and does, love the basest souls. He is a craven creature whose greatest virtue is that he tags at the heels of his master, and licks the boot that kicks him. He is a snob, too, and consorts with his canine kind only in odd moments, and with an air of being ashamed of an unseemly weakness. So truly is he a snob that he will snarl even at a man whose clothes are less ornate than his master's.

The cat is a native aristocrat, and his independent soul dwells alone in labyrinthine recesses that the mind of common man can never penetrate. He is the sphinx of the fireside and of the fire-escape. Who can spell the tomcat's soft and absent dreamings as he lies asleep all day? Who can fathom his vagrant ecstasies as he stalks, in blackest midnight, the shadows of those dreams — his tail flickering with the exultation of witchcraft? Who knows his languors and his ardors, his superhuman indifference and his electric, his diabolic flashes of emotion? No one who is not himself an idler and a poet, contemptuous of the world and a seer of the unseen. Only the soul that has its own dæmonic moments can divine his lyric ecstasies on the back fence. Prophets in their own countries are stoned, and the fate of the tomcat in his own back yard is the bootjack.

The spinster does more than understand the cat — she loves him. Or, rather, she loves tabby. The common spirit knows that while tabby adores warmth and the comforting caress, the cruelty of her luxurious nature is such that she would see the hand that has cared for and caressed her struck off without closing an eyelid or drooping a whisker. When a common mortal, happy in the usual affections of this world, loves cats it is the sign of an overflowing heart, of an abounding altruism. That spinsters as a class are able to love them is a sign of the loneliness to which an ill-regulated world has reduced them.

Tomcats are artistic — a poetic luxury — and, therefore, in the cause of humanity, to be taxed five dollars yearly. That tabbies shall cost only thirty cents is a just and humane provision, for no spinster should be bereft of the last possible object of starved affections.

❦

Newness Under the Sun

IN ONE way, beyond question, the progress of the centuries has tended immeasurably to strengthen Solomon's despairing doctrine of the staleness of all things. A leaf lately taken from the cerements of a mummy — just published in the *Sitzungsberichte* of the Berlin Academy, and declared to be more than two thousand years old — appears to be nothing more nor less than a page of an encyclopædia — that supposed invention of modern progress. An entry in this page concerns one Dorion, who constructed a notable machine for the slaying of men, which, in the hope that it would necessitate universal peace, he named "The Ender of War." How many humane inventors have since traveled on the road of Dorion!

The very doctrine of present decadence, which, in the innocent belief in our modernity, we used to call *fin de siècle*, turns out to be of immeasurable antiquity. The oldest extant bit of written human speech, a papyrus discovered some time since, the age of which is reckoned at sixty centuries, is a wail at the sad falling off of the then modern world. Assuredly there are a great many old things under the sun!

This is a subject, however, upon which Solomon, with all his wisdom, was perhaps not qualified to say the final word. No wonder he was sad! Any man who has a thousand wives tastes more than his share of mortal joys and tribulations. The freshness of life does not lie in the complex accumulations of civilization, in books (of the making of which there seems to be less end than ever), or even in the latest products of invention and science — telephones, wireless telegraphy and the rest. It lies in the heart and soul of man, and each of us may be as young to-day as the first primeval man, or yet the sprightly and cheerful brother, the anthropoidal ape. Those who listen can always hear, instead of the words of Solomon, the wise and weary, those words of

Immortal bards who sung
Divine ideas below
That always find us young,
And always keep us so.

❦

Never Out of a Job

THAT the scientists who are at present occupied in setting a time limit on man's activities have not included woman in their engaging generalizations is a matter of more than passing significance. There may be a number of reasons for this decent reticence, ranging from chivalry to timidity; on the other hand, science may have stumbled unwittingly upon an important truth. Man's activities may cease at forty, but employment is always open to the woman who can regulate the household, broil a steak, 'tend the baby, do the mending, select a new bonnet, discharge with self-respect a servant who wants to leave, act as mentor and pedagogue to the children, and welcome with cheerfulness a tired and hungry husband. What boundary of years limits such activities? Perhaps it is just as well that the theorists confine themselves to the stronger sex when they discuss the age limit.

❦

A Step Toward State Ownership

THE socialists are repudiating the alleged socialism of the Kansas State oil-refinery. But, be this as it may, the effect of this and all other such enterprises must in the end aid the cause of socialism. State competition with a private enterprise is a long step toward State control of that enterprise.

The province of the modern "captain of industry" is to organize production so that wages shall be higher and at the same time products cheaper and better. But many of our captains have interpreted their function to be to make a grim enterprise pay big dividends and interest on inflated capitalization, to provide large incomes for idlers, to make men work for minimum wages, and to make the public pay the highest possible prices.

To brigandage masquerading as finance we owe all the agitation for public ownership. And if the masquerading persists the agitator will certainly not die or even diminish. Many are reasoning that, if the people must be plundered, the plundering would be less thorough if done by the politicians direct than under the present system of the plutocrat hiding behind the politician and using him as a tool.

❦

Teacher and Man

THE proposal of the president of Princeton to develop tutorial instruction is one of the hopeful signs in American education. In the past we have been accustomed to regard the tutor as a mere nurse to lame ducks — something a little better than the crib, horse or pony, of the lazy and the dull. Our ideals have been those of Germany, where the only education thought fit for university men is private reading founded upon abstruse lectures, and leading to the pinnacle of independent scientific research.

In England the ideal of education has always been the training of mind and character in conjunction. The tutorial system has been the protagonist of university teaching; and though, as there practiced, it has many boyish abuses, those who know it thoroughly and from the inside have never doubted that it is in essence sound. For a dozen years Harvard has been quietly progressing along the path upon which Princeton is now starting. There are as many lectures and special researches as ever; but it has become more and more the duty of the younger instructors to throw themselves into personal relationship with incoming freshmen, and in all the more popular courses to consult with the students about their reading, and, by means of comradely discussion, to give it the liveliness and the personal tone without which education is the merest of veneers.

"Manners Makyth Man" is the motto of Winchester, the father of the English system of public schools; and no nation that intends its education and culture to strike deep, and produce the ripest fruits of culture, can afford to reduce all learning to the level of science. Jowett, Pusey, Newman, Lang, Pater and the Arnolds spent years of their lives as tutors; and it is scarcely to be doubted that personal intercourse with such spirits in the realms of literature and art were the happiest episodes in the lives of a generation of young Englishmen.

A keen and intelligent eclecticism is the basis of American progress, as it is of the progress of the Japanese. We have already assimilated the best there is in German university ideals. When we have learned what we can from the universities of England our universities will be much more perfect engines of higher education.

❦

The Unenvied Rich

FROM many who survey our present situation, notably from several in the watch-tower of the pulpit, come loud lamentations over the increasing envy of the rich; and there has grown up a widespread feeling, especially among the rich, that a large part of the American people spends much of its time in envying and hating those who are much better, materially, than the average citizen.

This shows how public sentiment can be misread. If any such feeling existed it would find expression at the ballot box, and there would be serious agitations against property rights. But what do we find? That the only serious assailants of property rights are among the rich — the law-defying, law-evading corporations. The mass of the American people if anything, is too good-natured, too indifferent. Such discontent as they show is not directed against the rich as rich, but wholly against the infamous ways by which certain rich men swell the fortunes they have got almost altogether by the methods of the swindler and the highwayman.

That is not envy. It is the righteous wrath against injustice.

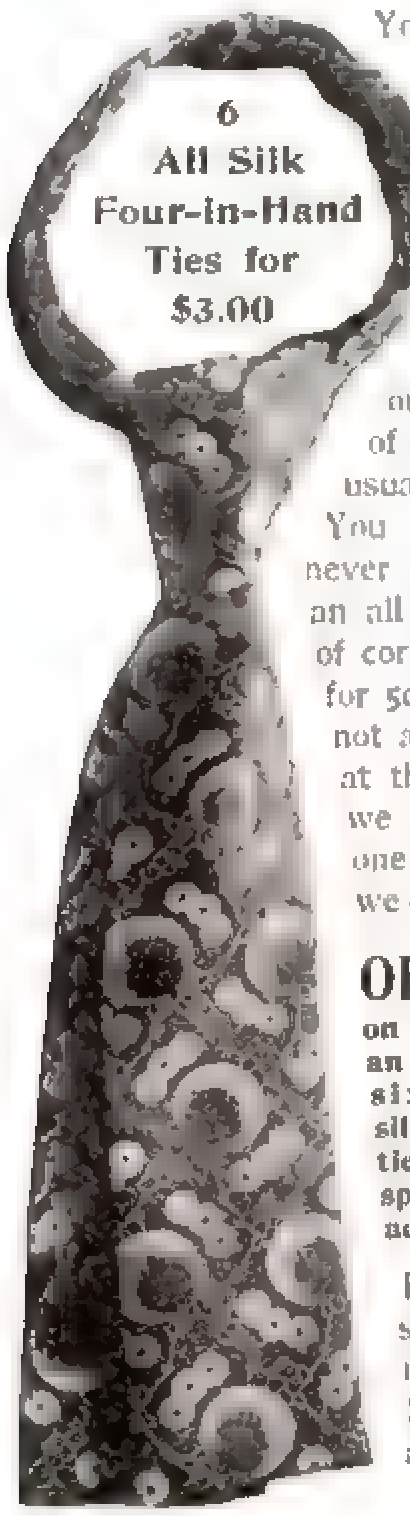
❦

The Pace that Kills in Washington

THE Washington social season just closing has a larger list of victims, with more distinguished names on it, than any of its predecessors. No doubt next season will be still worse. The silliness and the insanity grow apace. More and more costly "entertainments," later and later hours, bigger and bigger expenditures, less and less hospitality, more and more vulgarity. All the high officials, except a few that are too poor, all the Embassies and Legations, all the idle rich who make Washington their winter home, have joined in the conspiracy to destroy the nerves, the brains and, worst of all, the point of view, of the national public servants.

Washington used to be hospitable; it is yearning and striving to be fashionable. Put aside all the questions of the decency or indecency of such "goings on" at the Capital of a democratic Republic, how is the public business to be transacted properly in the environment created by snobs battling for social position with the weapons of vulgar display?

The tie that binds our customers



Your ties fray out and look shabby after two or three wearings because the silk is all on the surface.

A well-made all silk tie will outwear two or three of the kind retailers usually sell at 50c.

You have probably never been able to buy an all silk four-in-hand of correct style at retail for 50c. Retailers cannot afford to sell them at that price, nor can we afford to sell you one tie for 50c, but we can and do

OFFER to send prepaid on receipt of $3.00 an assortment of six guaranteed all silk four-in-hand ties, all the latest spring styles, to any address.

If you prefer black silk or satin say so in your order.

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At the Court of the Czar

Two Alexanders as a Singer Saw Them

BY MADAME NORDICA

MADAME NORDICA

MY FIRST visit to Russia was at a tragic period, for I arrived in St. Petersburg, under engagement at the Imperial Opera there, in the troubled days preceding the assassination of the Czar Alexander II; sang to him at the Winter Palace the Sunday before a nihilist's bomb ended his life; was compelled to remain in the city in common with every one else at a time when no man trusted his neighbor and all were suspects until their innocence was established; and, later, when my mother and myself were finally allowed to depart, was present at the first meeting of the new Czar, Alexander III, and the old Emperor William of Germany, at Dantzic

It was in my girlhood and the early days of my singing that I entered on that Russian engagement. Before that I had tried my wings only in the opera houses of some of the little towns of Italy—the best training-school in the world—and the city of St. Petersburg, with its great palaces and brilliant social life, seemed to me like a fairyland. I was but nineteen, and this was really, in a way, my first peep into the great world.

My mother and I were invited to the balls and functions at the Embassies; court dignitaries showed us many attentions, and I sang frequently before the ladies of the Court on Monday mornings, and before the Czar at the Winter Palace.

Madame Sembrich was one of the great stars there in the days of my beginnings, and was always sweet and kind to me, another was Madame Scalchi, then in her zenith.

Once, I remember well, Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg—also singing there in opera that season—and I were invited to a function at the palace. We were good Americans, and it never occurred to us to enter by any other than the front door. So up to the front door we drove in state. That entrance was reserved for royalty, but this we did not learn until later. We alighted in pomp and our finest gowns. The Grand Duke Vladimir—who must have hugely appreciated the humor of it all—himself handed me up the royal stairway, and Miss Kellogg had an equally distinguished escort, whom I have forgotten

"Are you tired?" said the Grand Duke when we had arrived; "for, if you are, I give you permission to sit down."

I was enjoying our conversation too much to wish it disturbed by straining my neck in order to look at him.

"No, I shall stand," I answered, "for your Imperial Highness cannot sit down."

"I can kneel," was his gallant reply.

The Russian men say charming things, and they know how to say them, which is equally important

I was singing Cherubino, the Page, in Mozart's Marriage of Figaro, that season, and one day I received a note from the Countess Tolstoy, the wife of the great novelist, saying "*My Dear Little Boy*: Will you not come to drink tea and play with dolls with my little girls to-morrow afternoon?"

I went, and, sure enough, the children got out their dolls and showed me the little pictures they had painted

On New Year's Eve we were invited to one of the great houses of St. Petersburg to see the Old Year out. At five minutes before midnight we sat down in a circle on the floor, ladies and gentlemen alternating. In front of each one was placed a little pile of corn, which we covered with our hands. An old rooster was then brought in and placed in the centre of the circle. We raised our hands from the corn and awaited his movements. The person from whose pile he first ate a grain was to be the first married in the New Year. The rooster blinked, looked startled, scratched his ear, and then crowed lustily. It was hilariously funny, and we laughed until the tears started. Straight toward me came the rooster, hesitated a moment, looking quizzically into my face, and then picked a grain of corn from the pile in front of me Eleven months later I was married in Paris

Nearly every Monday I was called upon to sing before the ladies of the court. To sing before the Czar was another matter. Things were at a very terrible state at St. Petersburg then, the life of the Czar being constantly threatened, and it was dangerous to announce where he would be at a certain hour. We were told to hold ourselves in readiness every night at ten o'clock to sing at court when we were not engaged at the opera. After many nights of preparation and weary waiting, one evening at ten o'clock I was suddenly summoned and we were whisked away in a closed carriage to the Winter Palace.

The great square before it, white with snow, was lighted by hundreds of torches and big, blazing bonfires at which the people warmed themselves in the biting night air. The Cossacks, the most magnificent riders in the world—except our own men of the plains—were on duty, because their hardihood inures them to any exposure and cold, no matter how bitter. Their sabres glanced in the torchlight, and back of them stretched the palace, brilliantly illuminated; above was the blue-black sky glittering with stars in the frosty air.

For two hundred yards before we reached the palace the soldiers were standing in double lines, shoulder to shoulder. These lines extended up the stairway, through the corridors, and to the very door of the apartments where we sang to the Czar.

He appeared very handsome, his breast covered with decorations; and his manner, very high-bred and very gracious, made him exceedingly attractive

The scene was a brilliant one—the splendid gowns, jewels, and varied uniforms of the nobles, with a background of flowers, palms, marbles and paintings. The Czar received us graciously, and as the name and nationality of each singer were announced to him by the court chamberlain he addressed each in the language of his respective country. To me he said: "And you are a little singer come to us from the New World"

We were presented to all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses, and the ladies were especially charming in their manner; the fact that I had my mother with me made a great difference A little Russian song that I had learned seemed especially to please them.

Then came supper with a wonderful display of gold plate, and fruits from the Caucasus: such fruits as I had never seen As a souvenir of the evening the Czar gave me a bracelet of Ceylon cat's-eye, surrounded by sapphires and diamonds.

That was the Sunday before his assassination. I did not know what might happen that night or whether we might not be blown into the air. Such thoughts as these entered my head, of course, because of the state of things and the threats that I had heard rumored, but they naturally did not deter me from going.

Next week, of course, the court was thrown into mourning, the opera was closed, and a terrible state of gloom, anxiety and apprehension prevailed.

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Those days were dark ones in St. Petersburg. In common with those of every one else, our apartments were searched. The police could not be blamed. They could not know that we were innocent. They could know nothing. It was no time to take things for granted. Police agents searched between the inner windows and the storm ones, they searched every nook and cranny; they even ripped the silk linings out of our bonnets in search for nihilistic papers. Great trees were brought from the forests, and swung in the streets like bars on a turnpike. When carriages came along with a rush and were to be stopped on suspicion these great trees were dropped across the roadways. So things went until finally the opera singers were granted permission to leave St. Petersburg. Some went direct to Berlin and other musical centres. Some of the rest—we beginners—went on a concert tour in Russia, to Riga and other cities, ending with Dantzic.

The most cultured and elegant people constituted our audiences, even in the smallest places. In the garrison towns the officers were charming, they could not plan enough festivities for the ladies of the company. Flowers, of course, in that bitter climate were scarce and difficult to procure, but the officers telegraphed to St. Petersburg for French artificial flowers—beautiful ones they were, too—huge baskets of them that made a magnificent show, and figured the next year on my summer bonnets.

At Dantzic, Governor von Schnelling and his wife, an English lady, came to see my mother and myself in my dressing-room after the concert. They told us that the new Czar was coming to Dantzic to meet the old Emperor William of Germany at their palace, and Madame von Schnelling invited my mother and myself to be present with her at the meeting. In view of the condition of things the utmost precaution had been taken and we were told that no other invitations had been given.

Preparations for the visit of the Czar and the Emperor were very elaborate, and were in progress for days. Wagonloads of yellow gravel were hauled to make a road three feet deep from the quay, where the sovereigns were to land, to the palace. This was done that the military, not being able to gallop over cobblestones, might have a smooth way, and the gravel was pounded to the hardness of cement.

For several days no business was done and the streets were filled with people, who were allowed to go to every place save those which were "forbidden"—which happened to be all the places that they wanted most to see. Evergreens and flags almost covered the houses along the route. School-children in double lines, the little girls in front and the boys back of them, were marshaled on both sides of the roadway. Still farther back, shoulder to shoulder, were lines of soldiers.

The Emperor William, of commanding presence, arrived with the Crown Prince, a splendid figure in his white uniform. Prince Bismarck, General von Moltke, and a brilliant suite of German Princes and Dukes in glittering uniforms were with them. They were all big men, except General von Moltke. Prince Bismarck, of noble height, but so well built that he did not appear his full size, wore a dark-blue Prussian uniform with a black military topcoat tightly buttoned over his breast.

The girls cast each her little bouquet into the Emperor's carriage as he passed, cheered from the quay to the palace. Madame von Schnelling, my mother and I were in a balcony overlooking the courtyard when the cavalcade dashed into it—and waited. The long lines of children and soldiers and the throng waited in the streets. But the Czar did not come. At last his yacht was sighted. After another wait, word came that he was afraid to land. The men stood consulting together. But Bismarck did not stop to parley, he acted.

I can see him yet as he flung himself into the saddle and pounded out of the courtyard on horseback. He sent a message to the Czar, and it was to the effect that he *must* come. Back they came together, the Czar in his carriage, and Bismarck and Von Moltke riding on either side of him.

That meeting of the Czar and the Emperor is chronicled in the annals of Dantzic, but how nearly it came to not taking place has, I think, never before been told.

The cordon of soldiers in the palace was so great, and the difficulty of passing them such that when the Governor wished to join his wife for a moment he had to go down through the coal-cellars, carefully avoiding the wires of a network of electric signals, and then up again from those regions to get to us.

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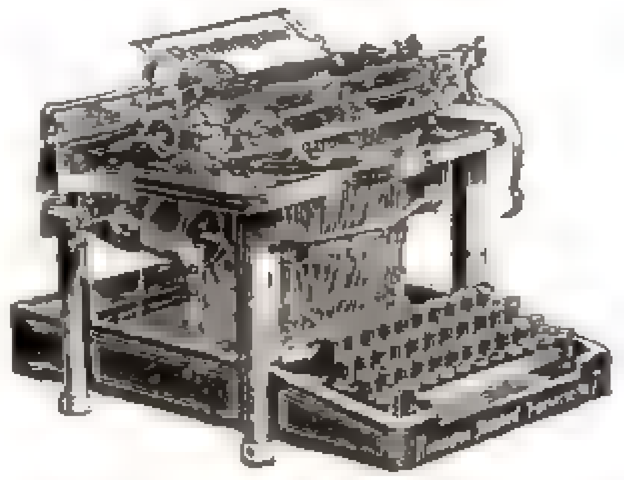

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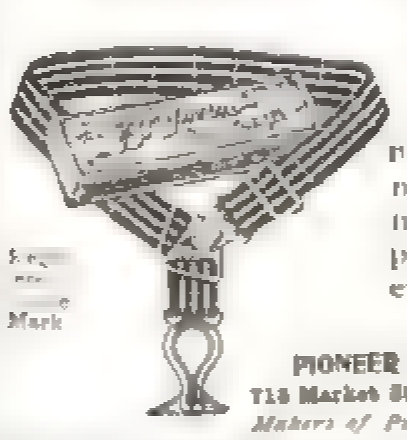

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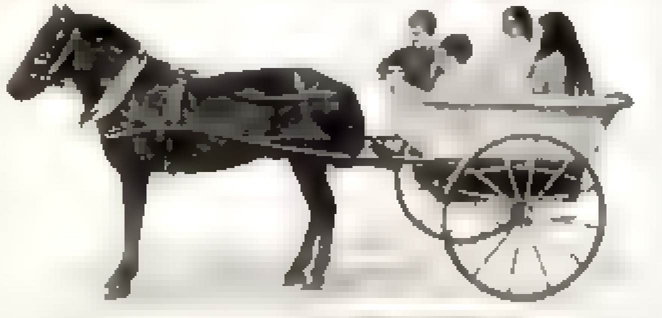

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

THE CHILDREN OF DESPAIR — A batch of vigorous answers to the riddle of our poor brother.

¶ Here is another huge heap of books all dealing with the slums. Every year brings us fresh answers to the problem how we are to clean and uplift that foul mass of humanity which is lodged in the back alleys of every American town. These hordes of ignorant vicious foreigners that are thrown upon our shores by every incoming steamer — what are we to do with them? How kill the beast in them? How make men of them?

Our grandfathers did not concern themselves with any such riddles. Each man of them some time in his life cried out like the Jews under Peter's preaching, "What shall I do to be saved? How can I provide for my soul after this body is dead?" That worthy citizen usually had but three thoughts in his brain: God, the devil, and himself. But the good, virtuous American of to-day does not often trouble himself about his soul. "What can I do to help these poor Russian Jews or Sicilians or negroes? What of their food, their education, their drainage?" he cries, and lavishes his money and time in schools and sanitary improvements and College Settlements. This change of object in the work of our religious classes is worth the attention of thoughtful folk.

Among these books we find several vigorous answers to the riddle of our poor brother. Jacob A. Riis cries out with Miss Betsy Trotwood when David fronted her: "Wash him!" He fills a huge volume with this answer. In the Battle with the Slum *(The Macmillan Co.)* Mr. Riis speaks with authority from his experience in the regeneration of Five Points and Baxter Street. A portrait of Mr. Roosevelt as "A Battler with the Slum" faces the book and gives an official air to it.

In the first page the reformer takes his reader by the elbow and gossips to him, as they saunter along leisurely together, of the noble work done in the city of New York since '79 in the clearing out of whole blocks of dives and tenements, and the building in place of them decent, well-ventilated dwellings accessible to even the poorest of the poor. He illustrates his rambling story with anecdotes over which he laughs and weeps, and apparently never is alarmed by a single doubt as to whether the cleaning of a man's house and the air which he breathes will in the end purify his soul and uplift his life.

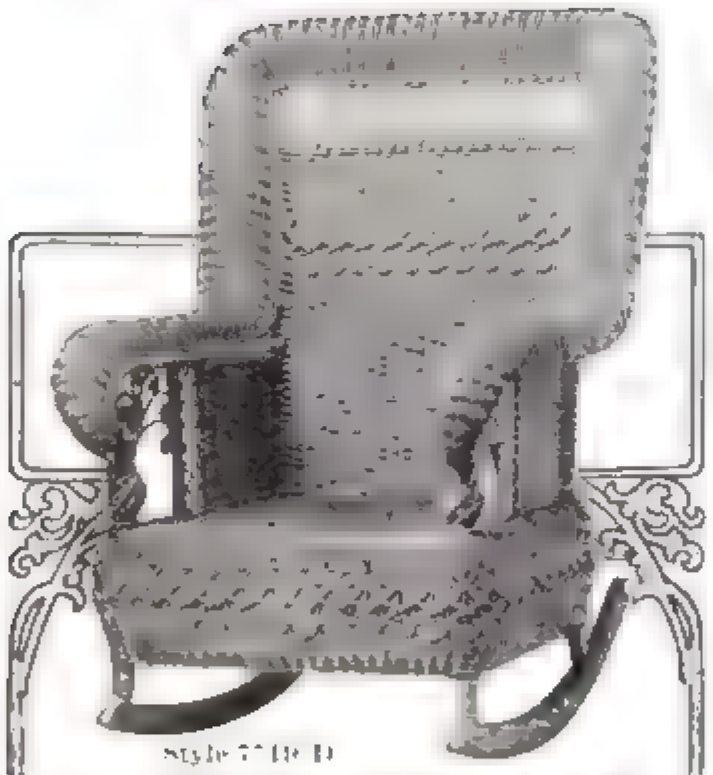
Here we run against an error common to many reformers. They take it for granted that fresh air and cleanliness are synonymous with virtue, and filth with vice. Soap and scrub brushes undoubtedly are good missionaries, but we must not forget that the noblest teachers on English literature, in the Elizabethan age — actors, poets, philosophers and bishops — were men no more familiar with baths and fresh linen than are our neighbors of the East Side to-day. The air of Bacon's bedroom was as foul as that of any sweater's den, and we are told that the clothes of even the godly Thomas à Becket were filthy with vermin.

Hence it is fair to conclude that you do not necessarily make this vexing Problem of the Slum more honest or pure in mind or soul when you wash his body or clean the air for his lungs.

Still it is impossible not to sympathize with Mr. Riis in his triumph as he recites the history of the long fight for decent dwellings in the worst quarters of New York. The fight was won. Five Points is gone, Baxter Street is purified, and the hordes that tenanted them are now made comfortable if not less vicious.

Another book by Mr. Riis, Children of the Tenements *(The Macmillan Co.)*, is a direct appeal to the sympathies of the well-to-do, law-abiding class on behalf of the children of the slums. He uncovers the horrors of these garrets and cellars, tells us of every variety of adult misery and crime; shows us starving babies, babies reeling and drunken, sick babies clawed to death by brutes of mothers, tiny boys who swear and gamble and smoke opium, half-grown girls who never once in their lives have had a Christmas gift, nor a full meal, nor a bath, nor a doll. Mr. Riis has but little power as a raconteur; his methods are worn and hackneyed. But his style is simple and direct, and he tells the truth.

The book is beyond measure depressing. It leaves you sunken in a bottomless bog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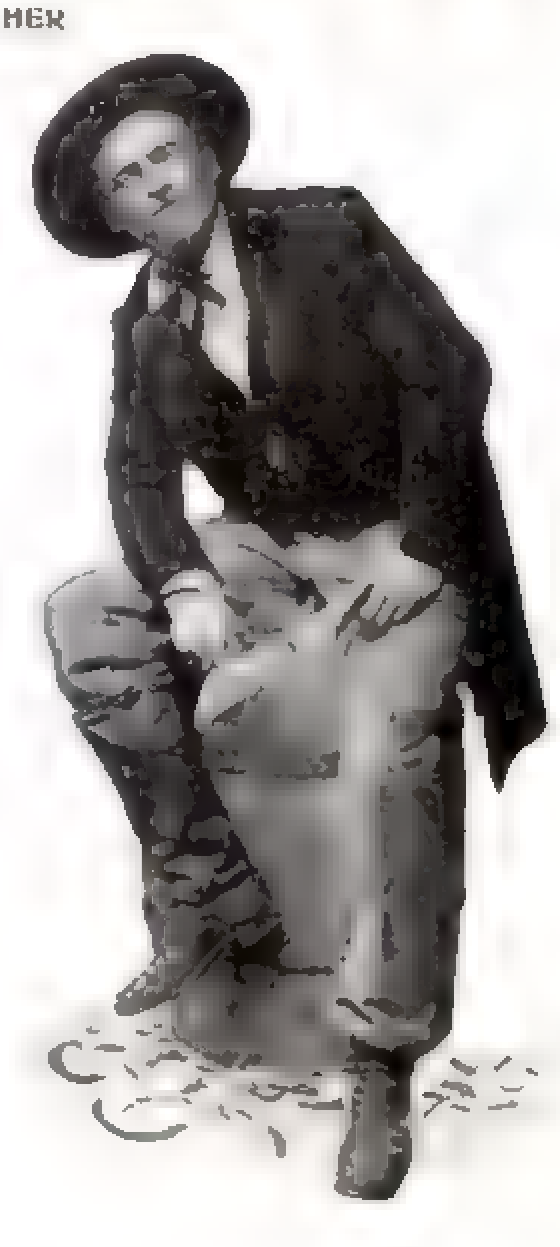

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Its great dominant "face" behind the bristles cannot get foul by absorbing water, oil or dirt. Military, Cloth and Hat Brushes also. Genuine sold in green boxes, by good stores, everywhere. Remember the name — don't accept substitutes.

"What can I do?" the reader cries, well knowing that if he and all other possible readers of the book should rush to-day to the slums with food and clean clothes, it would cast but a single passing glimmer of light over the impenetrable darkness.

For the intelligent American who has studied the population of the slums can warn Mr. Riis that, as long as this filthy, vicious mass remains in a mass the moral cancer which poisons it will not be reached by such devices as clean dwellings, nor visiting nurses, nor free ice, nor even Toynbee Halls and Christmas trees. These ignorant criminal folk cling together; they do not want the sun nor air nor teaching. The old tenants of Hell's Kitchen did not go into the cheap model dwellings which replaced it, nor could the same class in London and Ireland be coaxed into the Peabody houses or Parnell's cottages. They snuggled together into some foul, leprous haunt where they could act and react on each other. The beginning of the cure of the slum folk is to separate them, to transport them from the cities, and scatter them over the country, in the Middle States, the South and the West. There is some chance for an idle, vicious family in the midst of an industrious moral community; there is none while they remain in a community as idle and vicious as themselves. Some of the most moral and useful families in this country and Australia are the descendants of criminals exported from England to her colonies and given a chance for new life among honest, decent folk.

The philanthropist who is at work in our towns will find useful hints in a small volume by Dr. Washington Gladden: Social Salvation *(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)*. It is made up of lectures delivered to young men at Yale preparing for the ministry. Doctor Gladden's ideas always have a basis of sound common sense. He urges these enthusiastic boys who are going forth to uplift the world by their lofty ideals to infuse these ideals into ordinary ways and works. He gives them homely, practical rules about dealing with the poor, with prisoners and with the most dangerous social vices. Religion, to be effective, he tells them, must be less concerned about getting men to Heaven than about fitting them for their proper work on earth.

A more urgent appeal to the man who wants to help his fallen brother and does not know how to set about it is After Prison—What? By Maud Ballington Booth *(Fleming H. Revell Company)*. Mrs. Booth here directs the whole force of her pity and help to one class—discharged male prisoners. They are "her boys"; she is their Little Mother. For years she went from prison to prison, bringing her personal influence to bear on the convicts, forming a league among them with its flag, symbols, etc., in order to convince them that they still were human beings, still had a chance to take part in honorable work in the world. When they were discharged she provided them with a temporary home (fitly named Hope Hall) until employment could be found for them.

This young woman, gently born, tactful and wholly devoted to one work in life, met with extraordinary success in it. It is worth notice that her remedy for the criminal tendencies in a man was found simply in the old-fashioned Christianity, the "conversion" of Wesley, of Moody and Sankey; the "change of heart" which our fathers believed an ill-doing man must undergo before his actions or his thoughts could change. Our latter-day philanthropy is apt to ignore this old remedy for social evils. But, after all, when by modern methods the criminal is washed and fed and comfortably lodged, and educated and influenced by all the appliances of the guild-houses, free books and dancing-classes and magic-lanterns, there remains something in him called a soul which these things are not meant to touch.

¶ **MINOR MENTION:** Two addresses which have attracted wide publicity as reported in the daily press are now reprinted in book form: The Personality of God, by Lyman Abbott, D. D., and The Drink Problem, by Bishop Potter *(Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.)*. Both are attempts to make effectual application of the principles of Christianity to a growing discontent and disbelief induced by changed conditions of mental and social life as set over against the fixed prescriptions of an unyielding theology. They have been sufficiently ventilated to need no further exposition here, but it is recommended to readers who have no further knowledge of their argument than such as may have been won from editorial and news columns that they acquaint themselves with the full text before passing final judgment.

THE RETAIL PRICES OF THE JAMES MEANS SHOE FOR MEN ARE UNIFORM THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES, NAMELY

$2.50 and $3.00

DELIVERY FREE!!

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JAMES MEANS' SHOE

TRADE MARK

BE SURE THAT THE ABOVE FAMOUS TRADE-MARK IS STAMPED ON THE SOLE

A trade-mark shoe is one upon which the manufacturer's reputation is staked all the time.

THE JAMES MEANS SHOE FOR MEN

called by the trade "The Pioneer") has been widely known and highly regarded for more than a quarter of a century. It is sold by leading retailers and we prefer to have you buy of them, but if *your* retailers cannot supply you we will send, *delivery free*, to any postoffice or express office in the U. S. on receipt of price—$2.50 or $3.00, according to style. We make these goods in great variety. Many styles carried constantly in stock at factory. Drop us a postal card and we will send you instructions for measuring and ordering.

Ask for *Booklet No. 4*. It illustrates our various styles.

Our *Precision System* of self-measurement insures accuracy of fit.

This MODEL No. 1800 is an especial favorite with the Younger men.

BLUCHER OXFORD
KRAKNIT PATENT LEATHER
MEDIUM SOLE
MILITARY HEEL

Price $3.00

Delivery Free in U. S.

If you prefer a tan colored [illegible] ask for [illegible] No. [illegible] Russia [illegible] Military Heel. Same price as No. 1800.

Many other styles carried in stock at factory.

TO ALL RETAILERS OF SHOES—

If the agency for this celebrated line of shoes has not been established in your vicinity, we are prepared to make you an interesting offer. Send postal to-day. Our large force of salesmen cover the U. S. Would you like to receive a call from the one in your district? Ask for Booklet No. 4.

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MAKERS
BROCKTON, MASS.

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Staunchly built of strong rigid steel plates, with air chambers in each end like a life boat—buoyant—strong—safe—speedy. They don't leak, crack, dry out, wear out or sink.

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ALL BOATS ARE SOLD DIRECT AND EVERY BOAT IS FULLY GUARANTEED

Every Boatman Should Send for 1905 Catalogue which shows all our new models and many innovations in boat building.

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a superb new library of biography. This splendid twenty-volume work contains forty-one life-stories of great Americans, making a connected history of the United States, from the discovery of Columbus, through the nineteenth century. It is history told in narrative form by the lives of the men who made it.

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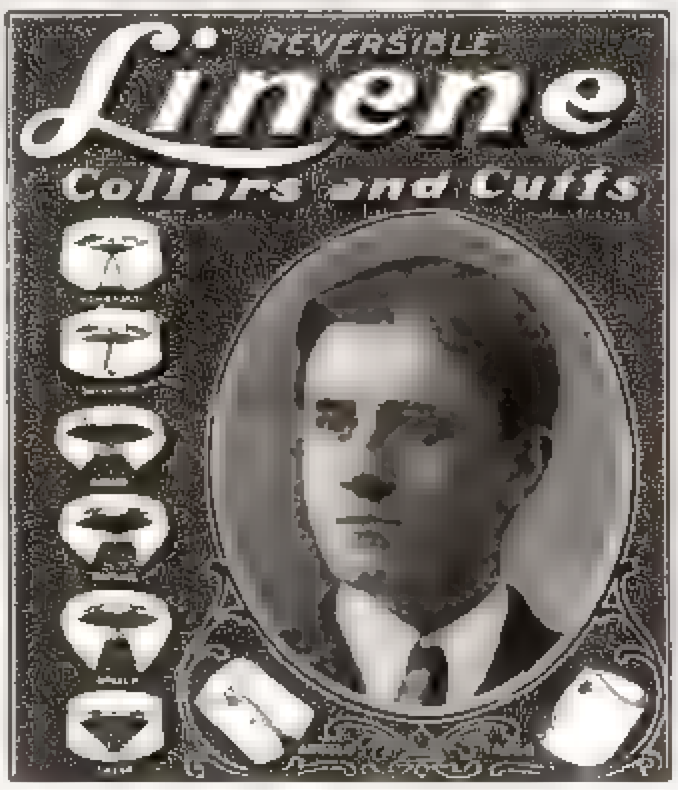
[illegible] **low price** [illegible] **easy payment plan** [illegible] Mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST [illegible] *Better write to-day.* Five [illegible]

J. A. HILL & COMPANY
44-60 East 23d Street, New York



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When soiled, discard. By mail ten collars or five pairs cuffs, 30 cts. Sample collar or pair cuffs for 6 cts. in U. S. stamps. Give size and style.

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"Little Wonder" Water Motor

will be $4.0[illegible] [illegible] **prospective purchasers** [illegible] **now** [illegible] light machinery. Send order **before May 1st** to

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Free Descriptive Booklet on Request

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The "PIERCE" SYSTEM OF STEAM and WATER HEATING

has been installed in thousands of homes [illegible] It means true economy in heating. [illegible] untried systems. [illegible]

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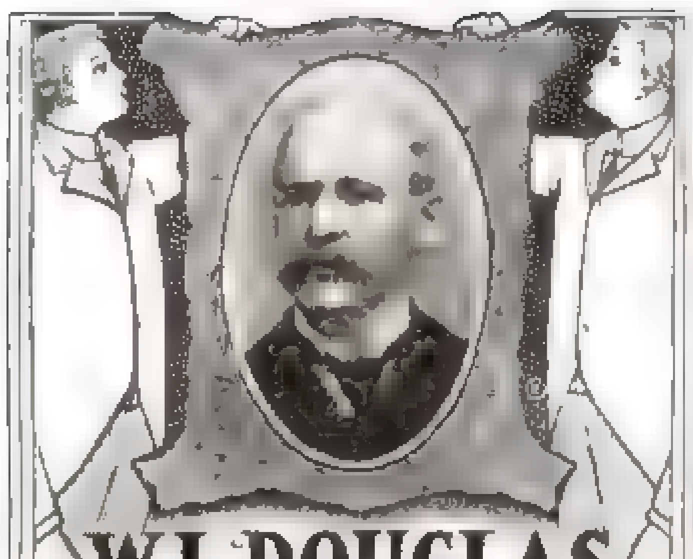

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Union Made $3.50 SHOES For Men.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more Men's $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. $10,000 REWARD to any one who can disprove this statement.

W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. They are just as good as those that cost from $5.00 to $7.00. The only difference is the price. W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, hold their shape better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day. W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom of each shoe. Look for it. Take no substitute. W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are sold through his own retail stores in the principal cities, and by shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach.

EQUAL $5.00 SHOES.

[illegible]

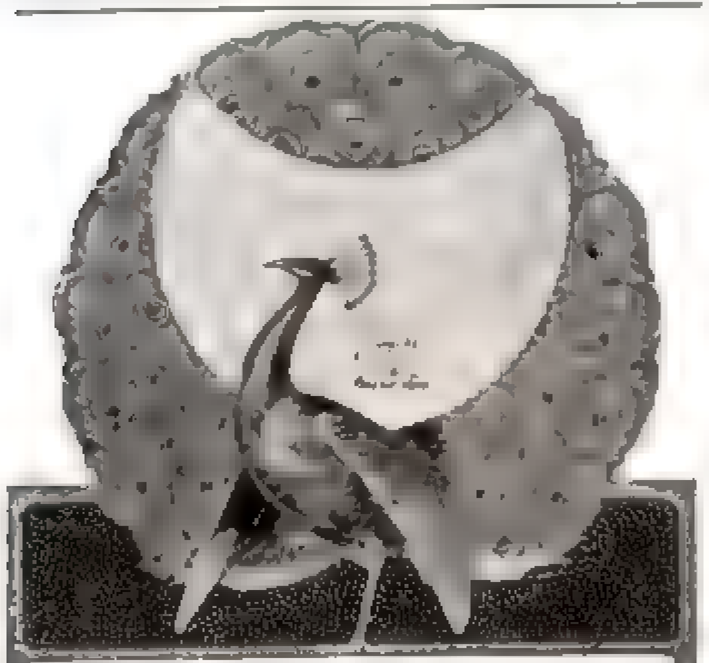
Boys wear W. L. Douglas $2.50 and $2.00 shoes because they fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes.

W. L. Douglas uses [illegible] the finest patent leather [illegible]

Fast Color Eyelets will not wear Brassy

[illegible] 25c [illegible] *write for Illustrated Catalogue of Spring Styles.*

W. L. DOUGLAS, 100 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.



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Dress Shields

A shield that can be trusted.

Every Canfield Dress Shield is guaranteed to be absolutely [illegible] [illegible]

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"LET THE CHILD'S FEET GROW AS THEY SHOULD"

Box, Russia and Patent Calf and Kid.

Infants', 5 to 8, $1.50		Misses', 11 to 2, $2.00	
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Send for booklet about these and many other styles for Men, Women, Boys and Children.

Ask your dealer [illegible]

Take no imitation

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RICE & HUTCHINS

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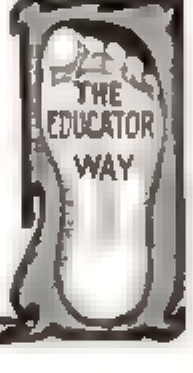
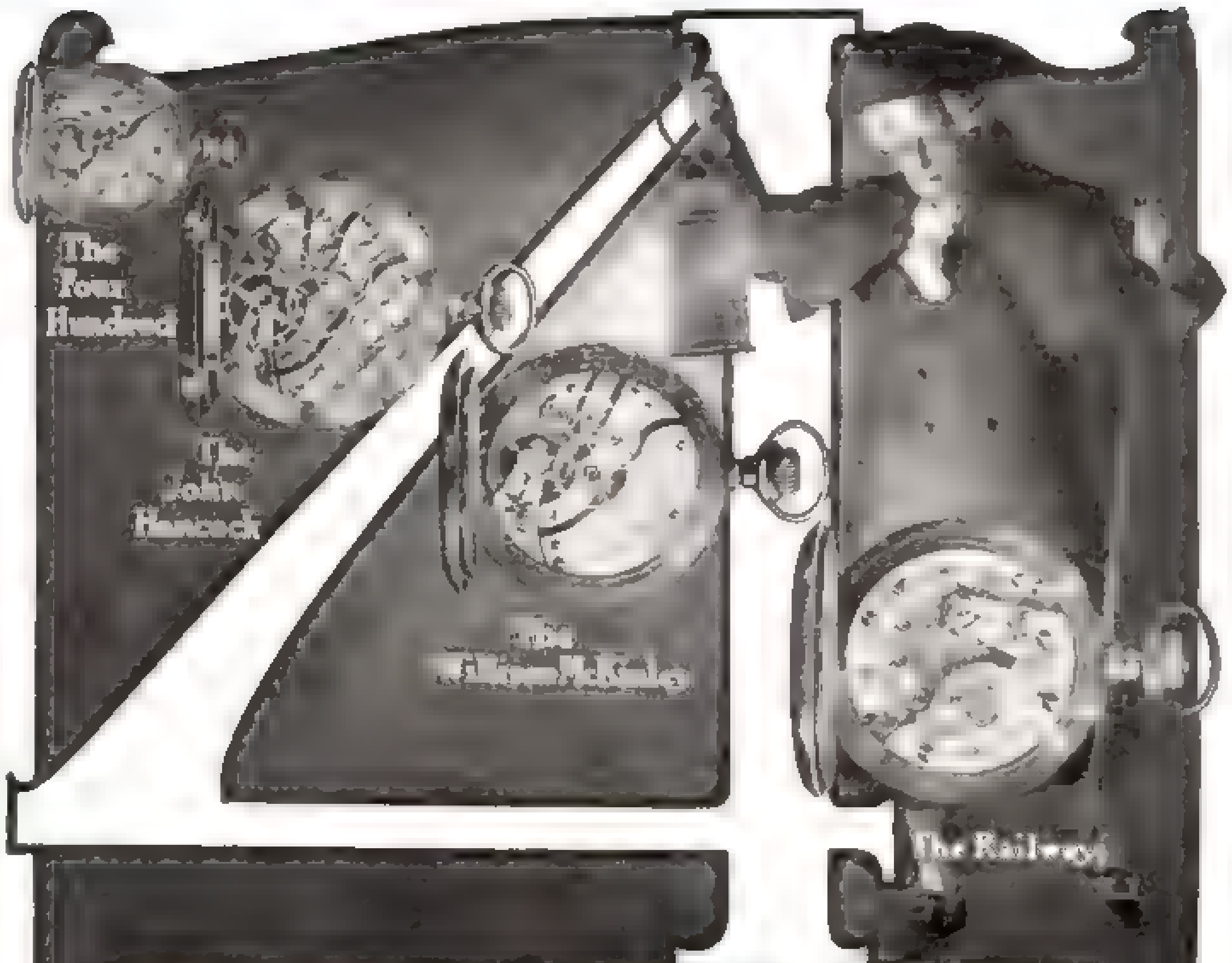
17 High Street, Boston





FROM these four watches anybody can choose a satisfactory watch. They are not the only ones we make, but they are so good, so perfect in everything that makes a watch a lifetime companion, that they should be known as "the Dueber-Hampden Big Four."

DUEBER-HAMPDEN *Accurate-to-the-Second* WATCHES are the net result of forty years of the most watchful watch-making this country has known.

Read the story "The W[illegible] Watch Business," sent [illegible]

THE DUEBER-HAMPDEN WATCH WORKS, Dept. C, Canton, Ohio.

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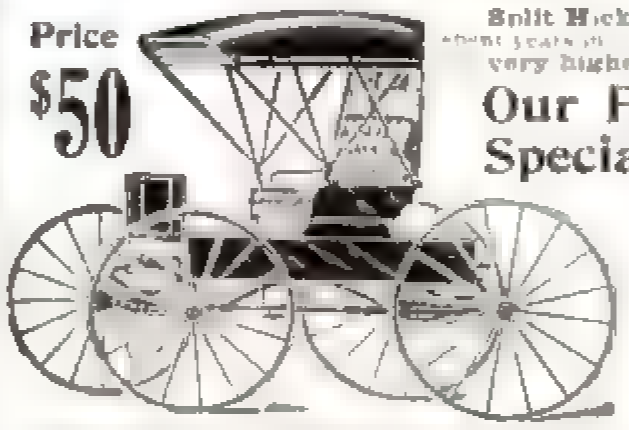
NO BOY OR GIRL LABORERS EMPLOYED



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Split Hickory Vehicles are made [illegible] who spent years [illegible] their trade, and who know how to construct and [illegible] very highest grade of vehicles.

Our Famous 1905 Split Hickory Special Top Buggy

SOLD ON 30 DAYS FREE USE PLAN

We don't employ inexperienced boys in our shop, nor three dollar a week girls. [illegible]

Split Hickory Vehicles [illegible]

[illegible] 30 Days Free Use Plan [illegible] more about Split Hickory Vehicles [illegible] We want to send you our 1905 [illegible]

THE OHIO CARRIAGE MFG. CO. (H. C. PHELPS, Pres.) **Station 108, Cincinnati, O.**

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[illegible] Wash Silks to work the design with. All for only 10 cents, stamps or silver.

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Or Fee Returned. [illegible] as advertised for sale at our expense.

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New York Offices—132 Nassau St., New York City, N. Y.

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1500 Slightly Used Machines at ½ Price

We offer [illegible] of slightly [illegible] less than one half price. $10 [illegible] $65 [illegible] values. Better than new. Used just [illegible] 1000 Visible Sholes [illegible]

Ship on approval. [illegible] wonderful bargains. [illegible] free [illegible]

ROCKWELL, BARNES CO., 901 Baldwin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

[illegible]

USE A HAMILTON RIFLE

[illegible] Model 23 [illegible] **$3.00** [illegible] Write for particulars and illustrated [illegible]

HAMILTON RIFLE CO., Box 118, Plymouth, Mich.

Here is a List of Good Positions Which do YOU Want?

Study the list. Mark the position you desire and mail the coupon to us. We will do the rest by showing you how you can in **your spare time,** without neglecting your present work, qualify yourself to enter the occupation of your choice, at a salary you could not command in years of ordinary work.

We will give you as evidence the names and addresses of thousands who have doubled, tripled and quadrupled their income as the result of marking this coupon.

We will make the way so plain to you that you will marvel at the ease with which it can be followed.

For this information, valuable as it is to you, we simply ask you to

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

International Correspondence Schools,
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- Bookkeeper
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- Illustrator
- Civil Service
- Chemist
- Textile Mill Supt.
- Electrician
- Elec. Engineer
- Telephone Engineer
- Elec. Lighting Supt.
- Mechanical Engineer
- Surveyor
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Flexo MEN'S Garter

fit perfectly, hug the limb comfortably without binding, never let go of the hose, never tear them, last longest, look neatest — are best garters.

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PATENTS that PROTECT

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R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"WASHINGTON NAVY SERGE"

is not made to shine.

Its color is not of a light screaming blue, but is of that rich deep shade that we admire so much in the uniforms of our naval officers.

This cloth is adopted by the United States Government as its standard—it is pure wool dyed and the color is absolutely fast.

WASHINGTON A.W.Co. NAVY SERGE

This trade-mark on the back of the cloth indicates its quality and means that it will be maintained.

Your tailor should have it—if not write us.

THE FABRICS OF THE AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY were awarded the GRAND PRIZE at the St. Louis Exposition by the International Jury of Awards, in addition to receiving the Gold Medal Award.

We are the largest manufacturers of Woolen and Worsted Goods in the world.

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Children's Underwear.

We provide for all ages in the greatest variety and the widest range of choice. Every desirable make, weight, style, texture and grade of finish is described in

OUR SPRING CATALOGUE

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Complete Outfitting of Boys, Girls and Babies.

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We have no branch stores—no agents.

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Agents Wanted [illegible] considerable money. Full particulars [illegible]

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The Great Cotton Combine

An Account of the First Big Agricultural Trust Formed to Control a Product of $700,000,000

By Herbert Quick

IN THIS "off year" of politics, in ten States and one Territory, there is being carried on a campaign as strenuous as that of a Presidential year in Indiana. There is a general organization for the control of which a desperate parliamentary battle was waged. There are ten State organizations. County machines are forming having for their function the task of bringing every precinct, "beat," and school-district into line with the big league, and to place every citizen under the observation of lynx-eyed workers. There is a plan of Tammanylike thoroughness; a campaign fund estimated at $150,000 per year from memberships alone; there is intense public interest and strong feeling. In all these States this campaign engrosses the attention of press and people. The States are the Carolinas, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Florida and Texas, and the Territory is Oklahoma. The campaign's slogan is: "Restricted Production, and Ten-cent Cotton or No Sales!"

In the last week of January of this year of 1905 was held in New Orleans the great Southern Interstate Cotton Convention which took up the task of making the first great agricultural trust. Three thousand delegates assembled in a large armory, and debated, strove, pulled wires, threatened splits and bolts, and finally, under the mastery of strong leaders, agreed upon a plan of campaign.

Cotton was at the very bottom of the matter; and the thought of every man was "How shall we of the South play our part in the life of this nation, in which the game is, always and everywhere, Business?"

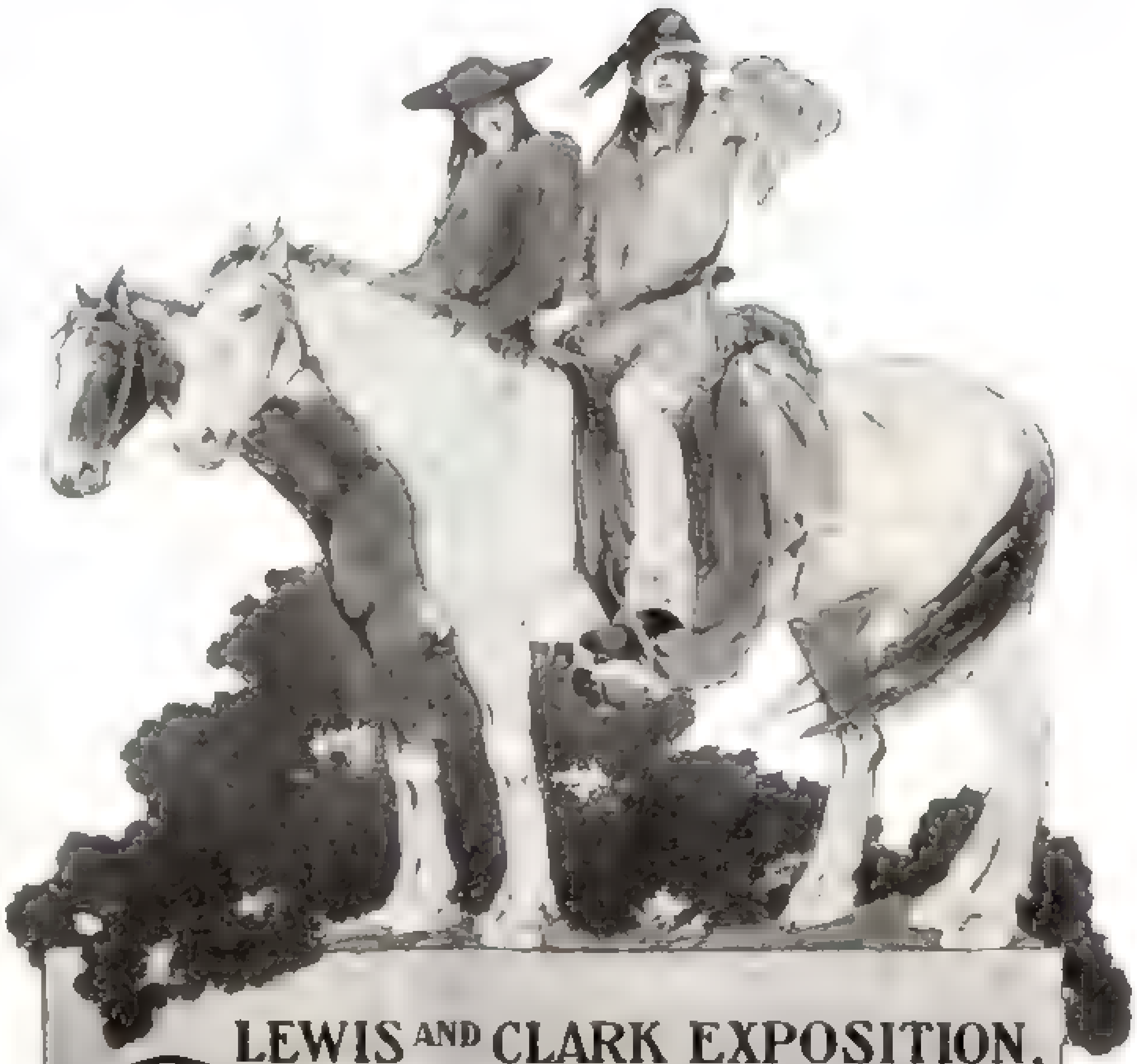
And the result spoke the very shibboleth of twentieth-century America—the making of a trust.

Now, when 3000 of these soft-spoken, languid and conservative cotton-growers are impelled to come together like this, each with the blood of industrial revolution in his eye, the wise man will not look for anything small as the inciting cause. The cause was *not* a slight one. It was nothing less than the fact that the price of America's greatest staple—cotton—had fallen below the cost of production. And the fall was from the dizzy and debt-paying pinnacle and flush times of last year's cotton corner to the heart-breaking depth of five cents a pound!

At first the uprising manifested itself in the burning of cotton in a Louisiana town—a very foolish thing: but so is rick burning foolish, yet some very successful revolts seem to have prospered by that sort of thing. In this case the illumined skies drew the attention of those concerned to the fact that a psychological moment had arrived. The South was now known to be smothering in her own productiveness. True, three-fourths of the world was ragged, and all of it full of vanity, but for all the sakes of decoration, warmth and modesty, the tattered world could not buy our cotton. And so the 3000 came together.

A Dominant Industry

They were not without a full knowledge of the magnitude of their problem. It was a product of 4,000,000 bales per year which was declared king before the war; but this new cotton war concerns itself with a prospective crop for 1905 of 12,000,000 bales. All the rest of the world grows not more than 3,000,000 bales per year—only a trifle more than the annual crop of Texas. The South may well become a little grandiloquent on the subject of cotton, which one speaker in the convention called "the dominant industry of the world." It leads iron and steel in value by $300,000,000 a year; and our exports of cotton products exceed in value by $100,000,000 yearly the combined values of all our exported grain and grain products, fruits, vegetables, liquors, tobacco, wines, live stock and live-stock products, including meats, and all the products of our forests. Unless the yield falls below expectations, next year's crop will weigh six billions of pounds, and, with the seed, ought to be worth $700,000,000.



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JUNE 1ST – OCT. 15TH.

LOWEST OF RATES.

See the Northwest Coast. Visit Yellowstone Park and Alaska.

Send Six Cents for WONDERLAND 1905, Four Cents for LEWIS AND CLARK Booklet, Twenty five Cents for CLIMBING MT RAINIER.

A. M. CLELAND, GEN. PASS'GR AGT. ST. PAUL, MINN.

4%

IN CHOOSING a bank in which to deposit savings, safety ought to be the first consideration—and the last. A high rate of interest is of no consequence whatever if the principal is endangered. Safety may be judged by the amount of capital and surplus in proportion to deposits—and by the management of the bank.

The Peoples Savings Bank is a safe bank—It has the largest capital and surplus of any purely savings bank in the world. It does not engage in any other business and its management has always been along lines of strict conservatism and reasonable progressiveness. It was founded in 1866 and has enjoyed steady, continuous growth ever since.

Four Per Cent. compounded interest is paid on savings because we can pay it with safety

THIS BANK originated the Banking by Mail idea and has unsurpassed facilities for handling mail accounts. Any amount accepted from $1 up.

Write today for illustrated booklet and the "Story of the Origin of Banking by Mail" sent free to readers of this magazine.

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Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE BANK THAT PAYS 4%.

A **Cluett** Coat Shirt

avoids this—it goes on and comes off like a coat. Every style—all colors warranted.

$1.50 and more.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.

Makers of Cluett and Arrow Collars.

[illegible]

Shur-On Eye-glasses

are steady and comfortable [illegible]

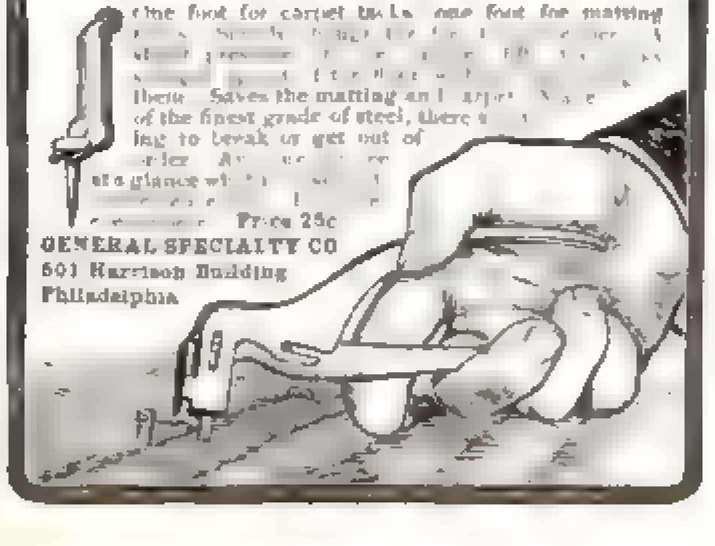
All shapes at all opticians'. Used with any nose [illegible] "Shur-On" on every pair.

Valuable book free

Helpful suggestions on the care of the eyes. Send [illegible]

E. Kirstein Sons Co., Department B

Established 1864. Rochester, N. Y.



Bi-Ped Tack Puller

One foot for carpet tacks, one foot for matting [illegible] them. Saves the matting and carpet. Made of the finest grade of steel, there is nothing to break or get out of order. [illegible] at a glance [illegible] Price 25c

GENERAL SPECIALTY CO

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Philadelphia

Macey-Wernicke Co.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN
FORMERLY THE FRED MACEY CO., Ltd.

Vertical Filing

21c. per inch

$20.00

¶ Filing capacity is what you want in a filing cabinet. We give you ⅓ more filing space for a dollar than you can obtain elsewhere. The material, construction and finish of our cabinets is the very finest — the Macey trade mark is your guarantee.

Figure it out yourself

FILING SPACE
24 INCHES

¶ The Macey improved upright vertical 4 drawer file gives you 96 inches of filing space (capacity 23,500 letters) for $20.00 — a little less than 21c. an inch.

¶ The drawers in the Macey Im[illegible] Vertical File are made without a back so that the follower block may be moved to the extreme end of [illegible] leaving all the inside space 24 inches — available for filing.

¶ Built on the unit plan. Each Cabinet or Section is complete in itself with finished sides and back. No loose ends or extra parts to bother with. Cast bra[illegible] label holders, pulls and knobs

Sold through dealers or [illegible] "On Approval" direct from factory fre[illegible] east of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. To points in and west of these states add 15 per cent

New Catalogue No. 4404 "Macey [illegible]g Cabinets" shows our latest styles of filing appliances, and contains information valuable to every business. Sent free on request

RETAIL STORES
New York . . . . 343 Broadway
Boston . . . . 178 Federal Street
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The cotton-growers' trust, whether "good" or "bad," is certainly a giant among giants.

The convention was called by Colonel Harvie Jordan, of Georgia, president of the Southern Cotton Growers' Protective Association. Meeting with Colonel Jordan's organization was the National Cotton Association, born at Shreveport last December in the paroxysm which set the bales afire. The two associations at once locked horns. One of them was rather of the silk-stocking, dignified order; the other fuller of the spirit which, west of the Missouri, is so well known under the adjective Populistic. It was freely predicted that they could neither fuse nor agree. The name adopted for the convention, however, was a happy compromise, and augured well for final harmony. Colonel Jordan's eloquence took with the delegates, and a fusion organization was adopted, with the colonel's chief rival, Colonel E. S. Peters, of Texas, as vice-president; so that Colonel Jordan went back to his Georgia plantation with the presidency as his trophy — and found himself obliged to begin having his mail hauled home in wagons.

Several momentous things this Cotton Combine purposes to do. Mentioning the remote things first, it intends to carry on an educational movement for better agricultural methods, and especially for diversified farming. The one-crop country sometime has to learn that its policy will not do; the South is learning it a little late, that is all. Cotton nursed on commercial fertilizers, and grown on credit as the sole crop, will pay well only occasionally. The planter must deign to become a farmer; must keep live stock; must grow fodder for it; must produce his fertilizers on the place; must not despise fruits, butter and eggs. This spells the beginning of a regime similar to that of the North today, more people to the square mile; smaller holdings; more efficient labor — white labor — in the fields and about the barnyards. Probably it means the most populous States in the Union along the Gulf — for the forty acre farm is a large one for the owner to work in the South — with streams of foreign immigration greater than ever New York received, landing at New Orleans, Galveston and Mobile.

But this is far in the future. What are the purposes of the Cotton Combine for 1905? Its managers have no doubts as to the answer to this. They propose, first, that the acreage of cotton shall be decreased one-fourth, second, that on the area planted twenty five per cent. less fertilizers shall be used, and, third, that the cotton on hand shall be held back until the price reaches ten cents per pound. Whether this can be done or not is a debatable question; but the audacity with which these gentlemen address themselves to the task brings a widespread conviction that they will succeed.

Money's Aid Enlisted

They have gone canny about it in one important respect, they have won the enthusiastic support of the Bankers' Association covering their territory, which, by a happy coincidence — one of those accidents that are made to happen — was in session contemporaneously with the planters'. Dollars and acres are to fight in alliance, with social and political prestige among the reserves. The bankers, in earnest of their cooperation, appropriated $10,000 for the nest-egg of the Cotton Combine's campaign fund. No one who knows the dependence of the cotton growers upon the money-lenders can fail to see the significance of this. Any hint as to acreage or fertilizers, if dropped by the man who is finding the money, is quite apt to receive respectful treatment at the hands of the planter.

And this brings us again to the matter in hand — the Cotton Campaign. Every cotton patch is to be listed, and its reduction of acreage apportioned. Every cotton-planter is to be urged — by the Colonel in the big house and the Major who runs the bank — to join the movement. Negro planters, like negro passengers on the train, are to have a compartment of their own. This is all to be voluntary. As the New Orleans Times Democrat says: "There is no way of dealing with those who refuse to come into this arrangement; but their names will be known and reported to the State and general organization." Exactly; their names will be known and reported! Those who know the power of united public opinion in the South are not apt to regard this liability to "be reported" as one which the recalcitrant planter will incur too lightly.

This program, the reader will say, means a vast organization. Well, the people who run

THE FOX
TOUCH TYPEWRITER

We don't expect to convince anyone of the superiority of the Fox by simply making statements.

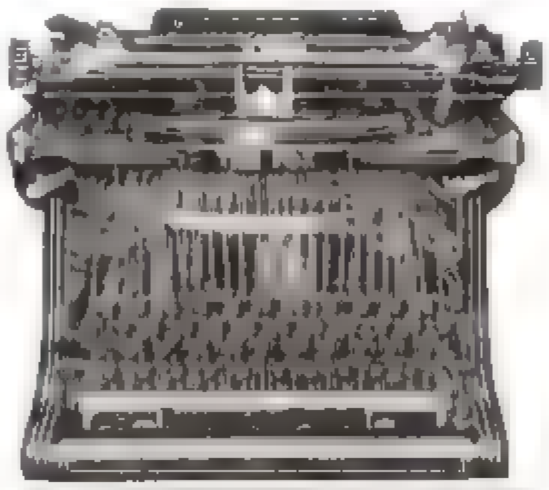
What we desire to do is to place a Fox *in your office so you can compare its work and operation with others.*

It's almost a certainty that you are not entirely pleased with the letters leaving your office at the present time, then let us show you *how to improve them* and at the same time effect a saving of from 15 to 25 *per cent. in additional work accomplished.*

The only way we can convince you of the ability of the Fox to accomplish these results is by trying the machine itself. Wherever a Fox Typewriter is used it *establishes a new standard for all kinds of typewritten work.*

Let us send you a machine on trial at *our expense.*

Write us to-day and our nearest representative will soon place the machine.



Fox Typewriter Co.
468 Front St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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The Savage 22-caliber, Single-shot "Junior" Rifle has exclusive features. To load, simply drop cartridge into receiver and close knob which cocks arm automatically. After cartridge is fired, opening movement automatically ejects shell. Has a fine American walnut stock.

When it comes to Rifles, the Savage is different

"No savage beast would dare to trifle
With a man with a Savage Rifle."

Savage 22-caliber, Single-shot "Junior" Rifle . . $5.00
Savage 22-caliber, Single-shot "Special" Junior $7.00

The "Special" is made on same lines as "Regular" Junior, except more elaborate in design and finish.

If your dealer won't accommodate you, we will. Either rifle delivered, all charges prepaid, upon receipt of price. Try your dealer first, but send to-day for our catalogue

SAVAGE ARMS CO.
7 Turner Street, Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

Stewart Hartshorn

In well-ordered homes throughout every civilized land you find

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Look for the script signature of STEWART HARTSHORN on every shade roller. It is there for your protection

WOOD ROLLERS TIN ROLLERS

The Improved Hartshorn requires no tacks.

6% Interest Paid on Deposits Compounded Semi-Annually

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Equitable Banking and Loan Co.
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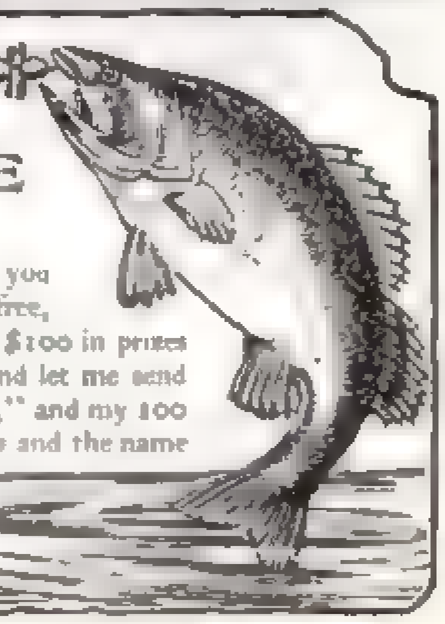
$100.00 PRIZE OFFER | SHAKESPEARE Fishing Tackle ON FREE TRIAL



My Fishing Tackle is for sale by all first class dealers, but I want you to see it and try it for yourself. I will send a complete outfit to you, free, express charges prepaid, for a free trial on your next fishing trip. I offer $100 in prizes for largest fish caught in your locality this year. Write for particulars and let me send you free my books on "How to Catch Bass," "The Art of Bait Casting," and my 100 page Catalog of Fine Fishing Tackle. Simply send your name and address and the name and address of a fishing tackle dealer in your city, and I will send you a complete outfit for free trial. Write today to William Shakespeare, Jr., 431 Shakespeare Building, Kalamazoo, Mich

THESE are the kind of scars worn by the gutta-covered golf ball after it receives a topped iron shot.

And the best players don't top occasionally.

Then you play out the hole with a ball that flies like a crippled sparrow and putts like a lump of coal that gashes and gaps and oozes its insides at the [illegible].

With the **PNEUMATIC GOLF BALL** *that's another story.*

Not solid cored but filled with compressed air—the most perfect resilient known.

Not gutta-covered, but jacketed with [illegible] Para, "where the best rubber comes from."

Strike the **PNEUMATIC BALL** with your iron driver *atop, athwart,* "any old force" and what's the result? You can't give it a lasting scar.

Resilience—that's the reason.

The **PNEUMATIC GOLF BALL** is properly responsive in the long game, dependable for approach shots and accurate for putting. The *reason* is that the **PNEUMATIC** has different ways of responding to different *kinds* of strokes. The sharp blow of the driver *depresses* the ball and strikes the *live air*—that's why it flies *far* and *true.* It plays dead for putting because the shell or wall is practically rigid under the light impact of the putting stroke.

The weight of the **PNEUMATIC** lies *away* from the center. Therefore, the "undercut" of a stroke gives the **PNEUMATIC** more "underspin" than it does a *solid* ball. You'll remember you learned in Physics that the most *rapidly revolving* sphere goes the farthest and truest.

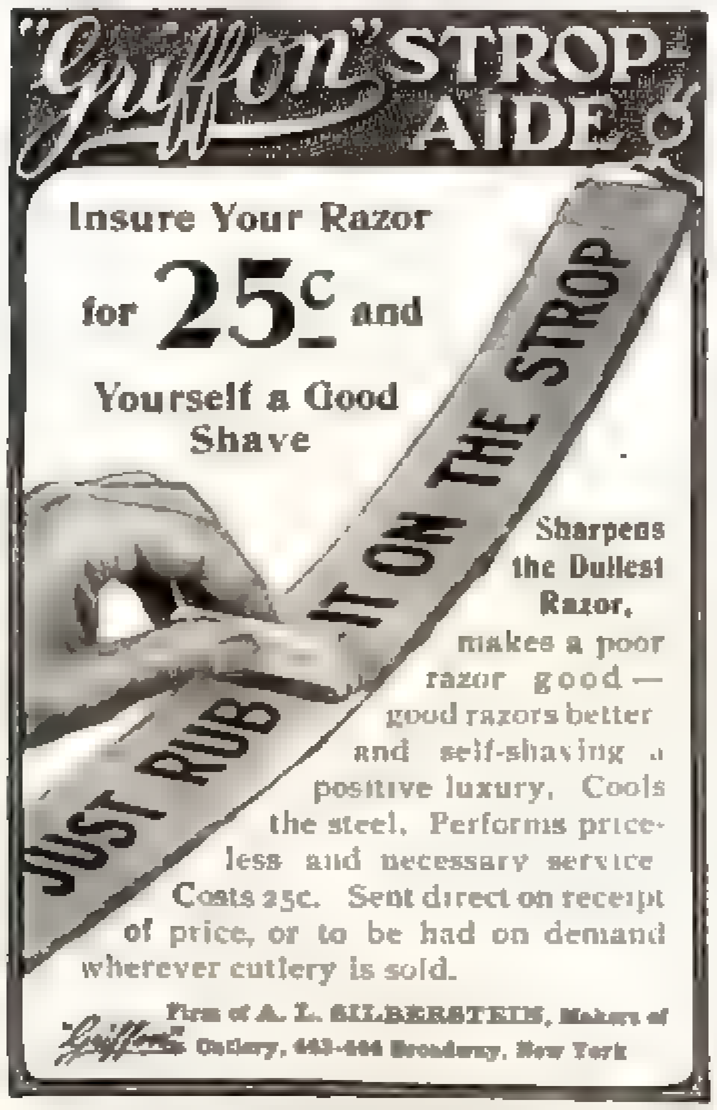
With every dozen of **PNEUMATIC** balls we send, *free of charge,* a tube of paint for keeping them fresh and bright.

Balls 50 cents each, or by the dozen $5.50, postage or express prepaid.

If you cannot get the **PNEUMATIC** from your dealer we will gladly supply you direct on receipt of the price. Catalog free. Write for it *to-day.*

GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
(GOLF BALL DEPT.) AKRON, OHIO

Pneumatic Golf Ball



"Griffon" STROP AIDE
JUST RUB IT ON THE STROP

Insure Your Razor for 25c and Yourself a Good Shave

Sharpens the Dullest Razor, makes a poor razor good—good razors better and self-shaving a positive luxury. Cools the steel. Performs priceless and necessary service. Costs 25c. Sent direct on receipt of price, or to be had on demand wherever cutlery is sold.

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, Makers of "Griffon" Cutlery, 443-444 Broadway, New York

MUSIC
[illegible] Song
Leaving Song or Two-step
Voice of Liberty (Two-step)
Love's Harmony (Reverie)

Love's Harmony is the very latest Flower Song Published. The Whole Four, 60c. Catalogue Free

DANIELSON CO., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

things in the South are organizers. Their plan is, to quote from their constitution: "To evolve and execute practical and efficient plans for regulating production, securing markets, financing the products, and generally supervising and advancing such interests." The alliance with the bankers will, it is expected, enable the organization to "finance the products"—even to the extent of holding back from market the 2,000,000 bales of surplus on hand.

The convention was serious, and rose superior to partisanship. A Governor noted for his lack of appreciation for the President of the United States was darkly frowned down, and stopped in the middle of an attack upon him. Along the line of "securing markets," the gathering "toed Roosevelt's heelmarks" on the railway question, and sent a special committee to ask the President for a message to Congress on the Oriental cotton market. Altogether, the association shows activity and energy to an interesting degree.

The scheme adopted for "generally supervising" cotton production is, however, the most significant, startling, original and picturesque feature of the whole situation. The constitution of the association provides that "There shall be an inspector appointed from each county whose duty shall be to visit each and every farm and gin in his county, and make a report monthly as to all matters recommended by the National committee. Also to report the number of bales ginned in his county in the ginning season . . . to the county executive committee," this to the State committee, and this in turn to the National committee.

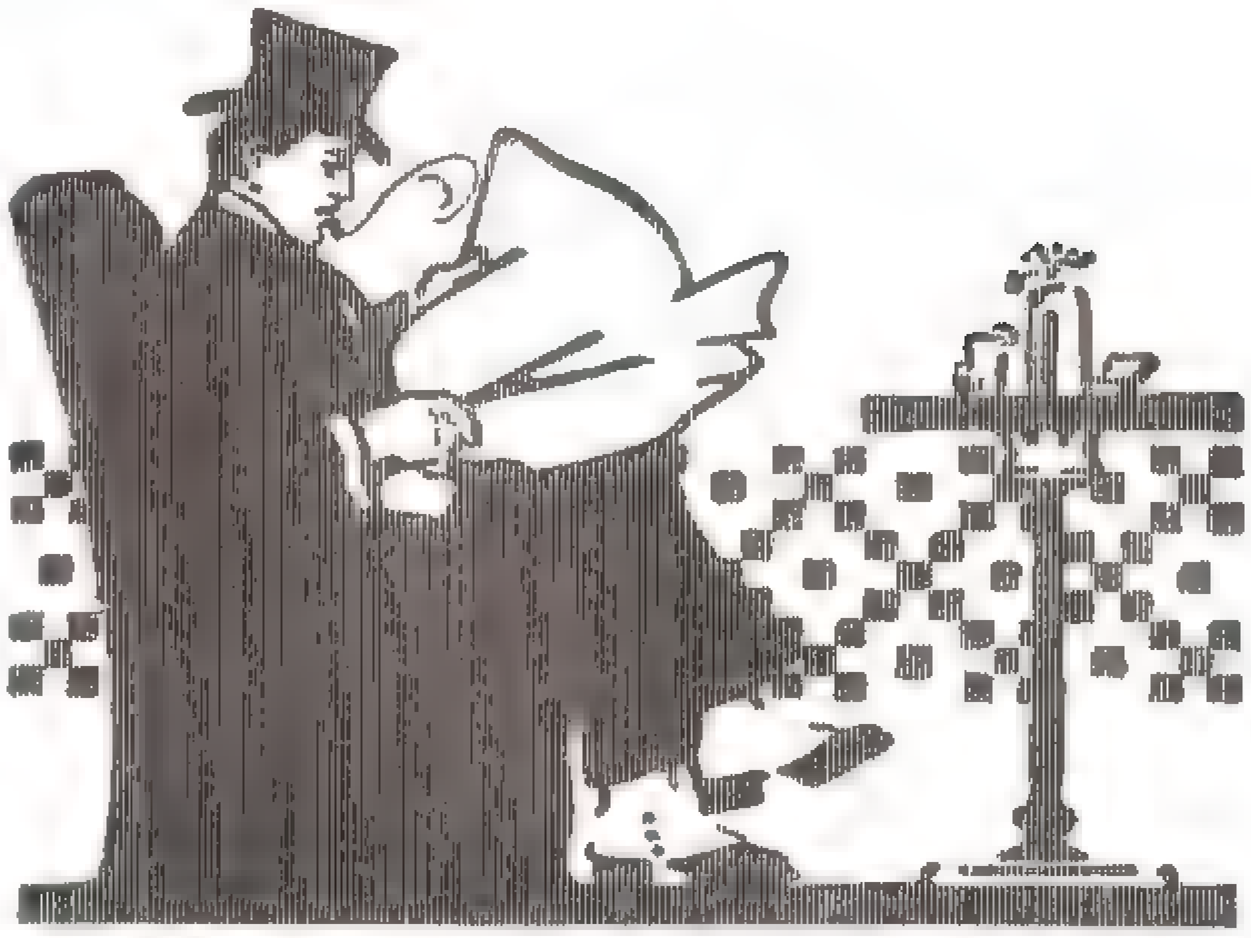
The Man on Horseback

How the language renews the impression of a great political campaign! The county organizations by March had completed the work of inviting planters to join. By the time this is printed the conferences between borrowers and lenders will have settled the lines of credit for making this year's crop, and the plows will have begun to lay open the steaming furrows. The mammies and piccaninnies cease dropping the seed and look fixedly at the man on horseback who silences the mocking-bird's song as he comes along the big road. The planter salutes the man on horseback, takes him about the fields, explaining matters relating to acreage and fertilization, and rides with him to the next ford. The man on horseback makes entries in his book and passes on. He is the Southern Cotton Association's inspector on his rounds. The plantation has experienced a visitation from the combine's mounted police, the pool's paid constabulary. If the proprietor is not in line with "matters recommended by the National committee," "his name will be known and reported."

The live-stock growers, the farmers of the North, from time to time have proposed to do some such thing as this; but they have never gone about it with any such grim system. If a league of corn-growers could be formed to boost the price of that cereal to seventy-five cents the acreage might be expected to expand in exact proportion to the general belief in the success of the movement. A great many of the best-informed people in the South think that this tendency will wreck the Cotton Combine—every man advising his neighbors to cut down output, while (in many cases) himself secretly planting more in order to reap profit at the expense of his fellows. It may turn out so; but no one need be surprised if the association, along large lines, wins.

That it is well worth watching cannot be doubted. It looks forward to better farming methods. It purposes to educate the agriculturalists of the South. It will, no doubt, do much to bring Southern agricultural colleges and experiment stations up to the standard of the best in the North. It will spread knowledge of economies in cotton production—machine-picking, for instance—and thus may place the planter in position to accept lower prices at a profit.

Here is the first serious attempt on a large scale involving the organization of great numbers of men producing from the soil, to popularize trust methods. If it wins, where will it stop? The National Live-Stock Association already has a half-formed plan for a trust of its own to cope with the Beef Trust. Any conspicuous success on the part of the cotton-men may be expected to give the cattlemen courage. Wheat-growers would seem almost as capable of organization as cattle-growers. And, skipping intermediate steps, does not this new trust carry the mind forward to the time when every acre of land in the country will be listed as "union" land or non-union land, and the only class left out of



MURAD CIGARETTES not only fit but actually distinguish the luncheon. Their exquisite flavor is evolved from the rarest growths of Turkish Tobacco by Mr. Allan Ramsay, a world-famous expert, a man who *knows.*

MURAD CIGARETTES

make pleasant the pauses between luncheon courses. Most critical tests are these. Leading up to the toothsome entree with a poor cigarette is like having a low comedian to introduce Henry Irving.

10 for 15 cents

HAVE YOU TASTED IT?

"THE REAL CHOCOLATE DE LUXE"

Huyler's

NUT CHOCOLATE

Huyler's NUT CHOCOLATE

EACH CAKE IN A TIN BOX

Sold by all first class Grocers & Druggists. If not handled by yours will deliver free upon receipt of price 15c per cake

Huyler's Cocoa & Chocolate Works
18th St. & Irving Place, New York City

Make Rubber Stamps!

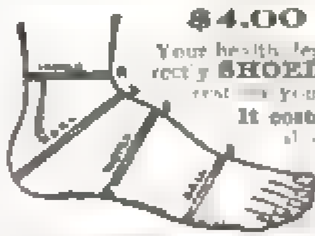
LARGE PROFITS—LIGHT WORK

A few dollars will purchase a complete manufacturing outfit with full instructions. Ambitious young men should investigate at once. *Write for Catalogue.*

BARTON MFG CO.
337 Broadway New York

Shoes Made to Your Order

$4.00 $5.00 $6.00



Your health depends almost entirely on being correctly **SHOED,** for your whole body and weight rest on your feet.

It costs less than 2 cents a Day to wear shoes made by us as compared [illegible] **A Special Last** [illegible] **Customers' Lasts Kept for 5 Years** [illegible] and Post-office address, by return mail [illegible] one spring and summer illustrated [illegible] wear Fashion Plate, shoe tape line, foot ruler and self measurement blank, etc. **All are FREE.** Address

HENRI J. PRINS & CO., Men's Fashionable Custom Shoe Makers, No. 219 A Van Buren St., CHICAGO

One Agent Wanted in Each Town. *Write for terms and particulars.*

ARE YOUR LEGS STRAIGHT?

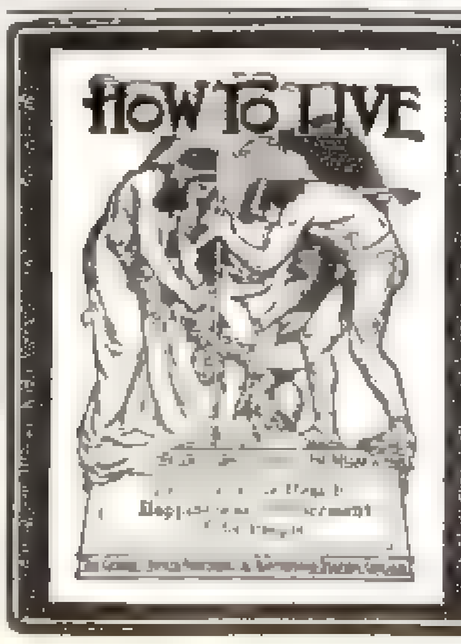
If not, we will send you full instructions to quickly make them appear straight, trim and stylish. No inconvenience, no exposure. "So simple you wonder someone didn't think of it before."—*Bulletin of Pharmacy.* "Restores to the full natural appearance of the strong and well framed leg."—*Health Culture.* Endorsed and used by men of fashion everywhere. Write for photo-illustrated book, testimonials and measurement blank, sent entirely free under plain letter seal.

THE ALISON CO., Desk K 5, BUFFALO, N. Y.

BIG FOUR ROUTE

If Ohio, Indiana or Illinois lie between you and your destination, go by the Big Four. Best service to New York or Boston going east, or Florida south; to California, Colorado or Texas, west. Inquire of our agents.

WARREN J. LYNCH, G. P. & T. A., Cincinnati.



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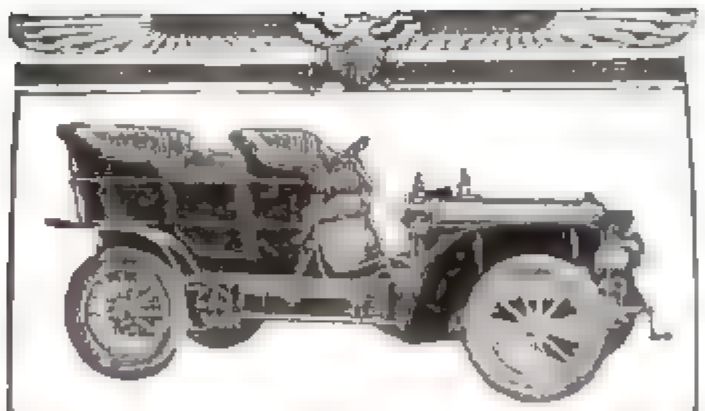
A Handsome Booklet **"STEPS TO SUCCESS,"** Complimentary

YOU owe it to yourself and to others to get the very most out of [illegible] to be happy and helpful [illegible] and well [illegible] make the "burdens of life" veritable pleasures. HOW TO LIVE is a monthly magazine, edited by well known physicians, surgeons and other professional men; pointing out the "better way" of [illegible] in home and in society — the truths of [illegible] right living.

Subscribe [illegible] *Steps to Success.* Three months trial subscription [illegible] 12 months $1.00. Six three months' subscriptions and six booklets, $1.00. Six 12-months' subscriptions and six booklets $5.00 [illegible]. Agents wanted on liberal commission basis. Send us list of friends and we will send free sample copies.

Address **HOW TO LIVE,** 1410 East Ravenswood Park, CHICAGO, ILL.

REFERENCE RAVENSWOOD EXCHANGE BANK



Columbia

35-40 H. P.
MARK XLV GASOLENE CARS

Standard Side Door Entrance,	$4000
[illegible] Victoria,	5000
[illegible] Victoria,	5000
Landaulet,	5500
[illegible]	[illegible]

18 H. P. Light Touring Car, $1750
Electric Victoria Phaeton, - 1350
Light Electric Runabout, - 900

In the development of COLUMBIA CARS improvement has been added to improvement, betterment to betterment, until in our 1905 models we have a uniformity of excellence covering motive apparatus, control and body appointments, that can be found on no other automobiles.

Catalogue of Columbia [illegible] will be sent on request [illegible] Catalogue of [illegible] Electric Carriages and Columbia Commercial Vehicles

ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY
HARTFORD CONN.
[illegible]
NEW YORK CHICAGO
BOSTON

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

The Life of Tennis

The game that quickens [illegible] steadies the hand, and sets the whole body tingling with a delightful [illegible], depends on the ball

THE GOODRICH LAWN TENNIS BALL

The original American-made Tennis ball, is doing for American Lawn Tennis what the Haskell Golf Ball has done for [illegible]. It has added life and interest to the game, and raised the standard of play. Officially approved by the U. S. N. L. T. A. and enthusiastically endorsed by expert players as equal to the best imported Tennis Balls.

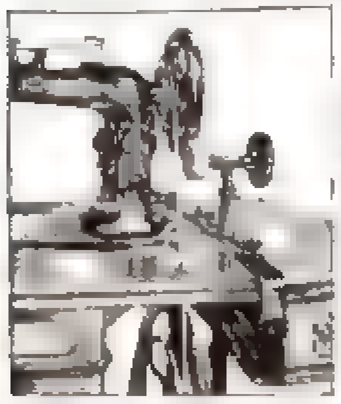
THE GOODRICH is harder and stays hard in play, bounds higher and truer, cover lasts longer without ripping, is always on form in quality. Every ball a tournament ball, and backed by an unqualified guarantee.

THE HASKELL GOLF BALL

The best known and best liked Golf Ball in the [illegible]

The 1905 Goodrich Hand [illegible] Tennis is interesting and a [illegible] to the game. Sent free on request.

The B. F. Goodrich Co., Dept. 18 P, Akron, O



Sharpener

[illegible] Sharpens [illegible]

A necessity in every household. Price [illegible] $1.50 postpaid. Sent on receipt of remittance. [illegible] and agents wanted everywhere. Address

PERRY SHARPENER CO.
Sparrows Point, Md.

the universal tendency to trustification will be that friendless being usually thrown into the politico economic waste-basket under the name of "the consumer"? There seems to be little hope for him, as he possesses nothing but needs and desires, and these cannot be pooled.

Some of the old-fashioned economists will condemn this Cotton Association as "reactionary," "mediæval," and perhaps "anti-social," in that it proposes to restrict production. It will leave fields untilled just to the extent that it is successful. It has the declared purpose of growing poorer crops. Already orders for agricultural machinery are said to be falling off in Southern cities. The Beef Trust, whose packing-houses furnish a large part of the commercial fertilizers of the country, could, if it wished, tell of shrunken orders for this by-product. Something has served to raise the price of cotton, too. The man who had $542 in the value of his cotton at the time when the combine began work was able to sell it, within thirty days of the convention's adjournment, for $750. This rise of $217 in a month must breathe the breath of life into those portions of the machine which need it. In this effort to make one blade of cotton grow where two grew before, there are set in motion many economic reactions, some of which must produce unpleasant impressions.

"Well," says the planter to the organizers of the metal, meat, oil, tobacco and other trades, "what of it? Who began it? When you are in the Rome of Trustdom you must do as the trusts do. As for the consumer, I am, distinctly, not my brother's keeper."

Getting an Appetite

SENATOR CLAY, of Georgia, had occasion recently to visit San Antonio, Texas, where there is a considerable Chinese colony.

In one of the poorer sections of the city he was witness to an incident which has impressed him with the belief that Celestials have a fully developed sense of humor.

A tramp wandered up to a weather-beaten shop and knocked gently.

Immaculate in white sack blouse and clean apron, the Chinese cook opened the portal and gazed with disfavor upon the soiled specimen of humanity before him.

"What's mattah?"

"Say, Chink, give us a bite of food."

"You hungly?"

"Yes, I sure am, Chink."

"You likee fish?"

"You bet — anything."

"You likum boiled — fried — baked?"

"Yes, yes, any way; no matter."

"All light, you come back Fliday."

SOME MEN PAY

$10,000 for an expert to manage their advertising. There are others who pay **TWO DOLLARS** for an annual subscription to PRINTERS' INK — the leading journal for advertisers and business men, published every Wednesday — and learn what all the advertisers are thinking about. But even these are not the extremes reached. These are men who lose over $100,000 a year by doing neither one.

Young men and women who have an ambition to better their future by acquiring a thorough knowledge of advertising, and who wish to become proficient in the art of writing advertisements, also retail merchants, storekeepers and all others who feel the necessity of being better posted in advertisement writing, are invited to send me ONE DOLLAR for a SIX MONTHS' TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION to PRINTERS' INK and for such information as they may care to ask.

Address
CHARLES J. ZINGG,
Manager,
10 Spruce Street, New York.

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

Oven Thermometer

Owensville, Ind., December 30, 1904.
[illegible]
W. O. Pegram.

Please notice in the foregoing letter that first it is a voluntary statement; second it speaks well of the Kalamazoo range; third, Mr. Pegram says that the Kalamazoo is the best range on the market after over 500 days' trial; fourth, that it is the best at any price; fifth, it costs from $10 to $20 less than in other ranges; sixth, you can make no mistake in buying a Kalamazoo. And all these from the [illegible] user's — standpoint.

Now what about the Kalamazoo from our standpoint?

FIRST — We agree to give you the best range or stove in the world — one that is best at any price.

SECOND — We save you from 20% to 40%.

THIRD — We give you a 360 days' approval test.

FOURTH — We Pay the Freight

FIFTH — We have a $20,000 bond on deposit in the bank to guarantee you that we will do as we say.

SIXTH — We will send you a stove like that shown in the cut, or any of the other styles shown in our catalogue, and if it is not just as we represent it to be, we will pay the freight back. You are not out one dollar.

Read the letter at the beginning of this advertisement again and remember that such a testimonial means more than the average, because it is from a person who has used other stoves and knows most [illegible] on the market. It isn't [illegible] a stove for the first time in their lives. In that event most any stove [illegible] the owner. The thousands and tens of thousands of *Kalamazoo* users [illegible] when they say the *Kalamazoo is the best* [illegible] weight [illegible] that the fact that we [illegible] that we know what a good stove is, that we MAKE IT OURSELVES and that we offer it to you on a 360 days' approval test — why, what is there left for you to decide except to

SEND POSTAL FOR CATALOGUE No. 152

It describes our full line of ranges, cook stoves, heaters and base-burners for all kinds of fuel, all sold exclusively to the user direct from our factory at lowest factory prices. All Kalamazoo stoves and ranges are equipped with our [illegible] oven thermometer — which makes baking and roasting easy. All blacked and polished and ready for immediate use. Write today.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Manufacturers, Kalamazoo, Michigan

LET ME DO YOUR COOKING

[illegible] cooked in any other way over ONE BURNER [illegible]

I come in both round and square shapes. Both kind have whistles. Prices $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.00 up

[illegible]

IDEAL COMBINATION STEAM Cooker and Baker

made of heavy tin or *copper*, [illegible] COST OF FUEL and WORK IN HALF [illegible] wear and tear on your temper and [illegible]

Free Book 48 pages. It tells [illegible] letters [illegible] would not do without me for ten times what I cost.

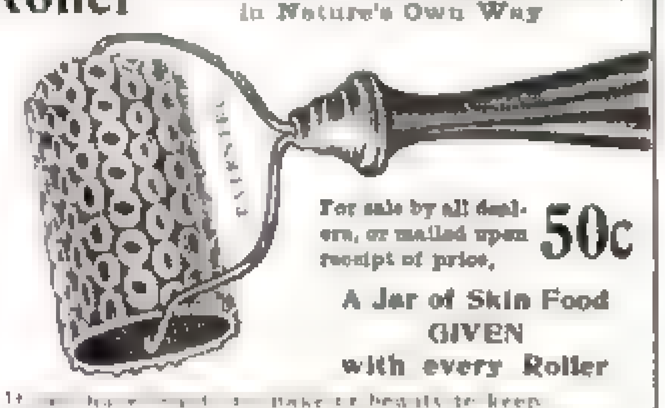
TOLEDO COOKER CO., Desk T, Toledo, Ohio

AGENTS WANTED

AN EDUCATION WITHOUT CASH

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school — we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia



Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller **Makes, Keeps and Restores Beauty in Nature's Own Way**

For sale by all dealers, or mailed upon receipt of price, 50c

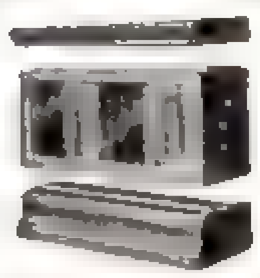
A Jar of Skin Food GIVEN with every Roller

[illegible] beauty [illegible] deep, [illegible]

Here is a treatment that has made *thousands fair*

Catalogue of Everything in Rubber Goods, FREE

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.



Elastic Book-cases are made only by The Globe-Wernicke Co. and only in CINCINNATI.

Send for Catalog D 104.

OUR 1905 MODEL BUGGY OFFER

Sold under a positive 2-Year Guarantee on **One Full Month's Free Trial**. Buy Model Buggies for wear and [illegible] highest quality, lowest price. Elegant in design [illegible] America. Send for unparalleled offer. **FREE** [illegible] for every purpose.

THE MODEL CARRIAGE AND HARNESS CO.
901 W. Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

THE FINDING OF NICHOLAS

(Continued from Page [illegible])

train-time with a telegram which he will have ready — *I* gave it to him. Wrote it on the train. It's to Slocum and simply says to wait for Graydon on six o'clock train and I signed Mearson's initials on a venture."

"But will he take the story into camp?"

"I think he will. I figure out that he knows they have some other tools than he, not suspected any more than he is. So he'll wait for the six o'clock. And Mearson will wait in his room. See? We have thirty-five minutes to get to Parkely."

"But wouldn't you better see your father?"

"Can't. He went over this morning to Springfield; he won't be back until nine, Paul told me. Rufus has gone to Parkely. Tom, the groom, drove him. He only went an hour ago, and there's a chance, as we didn't meet him, that he's stopped to give his hard-luck story to the superintendent. I dare say he pretends he's off to see the police. I am going to let her out at this good stretch."

Twenty minutes later the spires of Parkely rose above the soft haze of growing twigs that precedes leafage on the New England trees. A red smudge was turning into red wheels far down the blurring gray road. Like a flash they were alongside. Nick hailed the runabout, at which a young man with dark hair and a pale face looked up, exclaiming his name.

"Get out, please, Ru," said Nick, "it's very important. Come in with us."

Durwent hesitated but complied. Perhaps he had no excuse ready for refusal.

When he was seated beside Mark in the tonneau Nick shouted to the groom to go home and say they would come back for to-night, but perhaps not until late, and instantly the machine shot forward with a plunging stride like an unleashed hound.

"What's up, Nick?" said Durwent with a very good assumption of surprise; but Mark had caught his almost involuntary movement as they lost Tom behind the hill.

"The game," said Nick.

"I don't understand," Durwent evaded.

He did his bewilderment so well that Mark chilled under a cold suspicion lest they might have chased the wrong man.

"Oh, yes, you do!" said Nick. "I do, too, for I've seen Graydon. You're going out to meet him, now, at the Parkely Inn."

"What the devil do you mean?" Durwent snapped.

"You know what I mean. I want that sample of dye you got in the dye-house, and I want those notes you took. No use putting us aside, Ru; the game's up! You've played for big money and you've lost."

"You're crazy!" cried Durwent. With the words he made a motion to jump out of the car, an action promptly frustrated by Mark.

"You madmen! You'll pay for this!" was all Durwent's protest. When he found he was no match for the big oarsman he disdained further struggle, leaning back and trying not to pant for breath. His lips curled scornfully, but his eyes were the eyes of a trapped fox.

"As the dye belongs to my father," said Nick, "I shall have to go through your pockets for it, much as I hate to inconvenience you."

"I can put you in the pen for this." Durwent's voice was suffocated with rage.

"But you won't — ah, *two* bottles! Here, Mark. Now, do you dare deny that you went through that comedy of being run over simply to get inside the dye-house and steal our secrets? Oh, you *mucker!*"

"No more mucker than you," said Durwent. Now that he had lost indeed, he was calm enough; there was no sign of confusion about him; only of bitter but controlled anger. "Yes, I got into the dye-house. And you know as well as I that Paul would tip me into one of his vats or smash my brains with a hammer rather than let me get anything of the process ——"

"Oh, Paul's all right!" Nick broke in carelessly. Nevertheless, Mark noticed his small sigh and guessed the relief in it. "And I didn't say you were a coward: the mucker part comes in your dirty, sneaking ways against the man who has been your best friend, sent you to college, paid your debts — by Jove, I beg the mucker's pardon!"

"Wait a minute," returned Durwent, still cool, although he grew white; "*you* say that? It's true I was going to give the trust your dye to analyze. All the same I was doing

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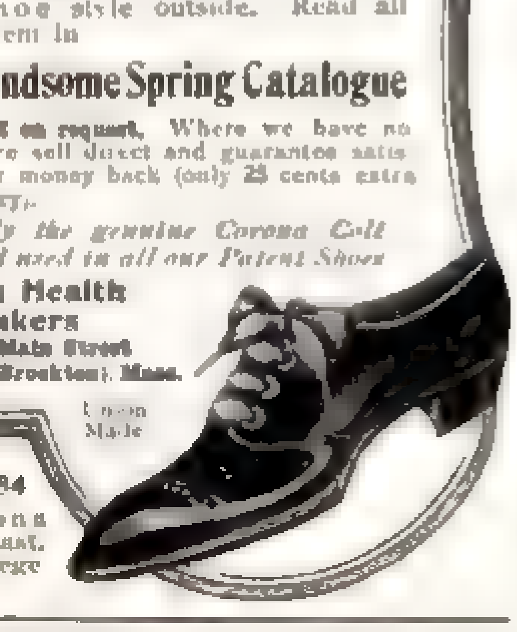

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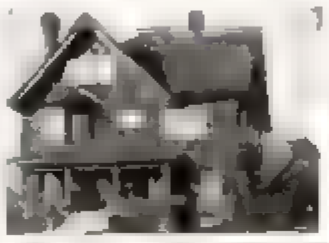

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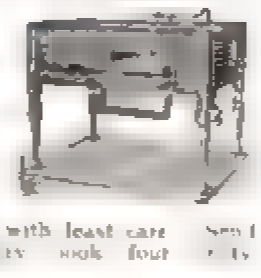

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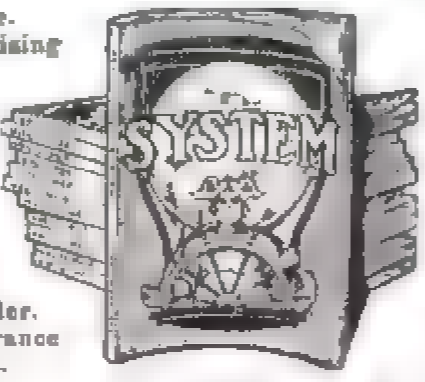

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"That's enough," interrupted Nick. "I'm anything you like; but I'm not going to let you swindle my father. Where are your notes?"

"Here," sneered Durwent, wagging his head.

He smiled over the two men's search. But suddenly Mark straightened, remarking dryly, "He was a college man, try his cuffs — Ah h!" He had suited the action to the word, and displayed a cuff on which sprawled a number of hieroglyphics.

Nicholas Burton, senior, was met by Nicholas Burton, junior, at his own door. The elder man's face showed lined and haggard in the hall light, but he held himself as stiffly erect as usual, and his black frock coat and his silk hat were immaculately brushed.

"I'm glad to see you, Nick; it was good of you to come. I heard from Paul what you were doing. I called him up in Parkey. Did you find out anything?"

"Yes, I know who it was," answered Nick very soberly. "I'm sorry, father; but at least we were in time; he hasn't done any mischief. And I think he is feeling as cheap as you could wish. He's here, with Mark, and, rather than come here, he tried to jump out of the car. I—I hope you can give him a chance somewhere —"

"It was Rufus, then," said his father, stifling a heavy sigh.

"But he was stopped in time, sir. And nobody knows."

"*You* stopped him?" The old man's eyes lit up. As Nick gave him the story, concealing nothing, his interest warmed until his manner melted as Nick had never seen it melt. He nodded his head in quick comprehension; he smiled grimly, he even laughed once; he took every point Nick would have made before he could make it.

"By Jove, sir, you have the business at your finger tips," admired Nick.

But his father's face clouded. "I needed to have," he said sombrely. "It was a fight all alone. For the last month I've doubted pretty much every one. Even faithful Paul. And he never had the first making of the dye, you know; I looked after that. But a bottle stolen might have worked mischief. Nick, you have done a great deal for the business this day."

"Not much, sir, but if — next June ——"

His father laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, he caught his breath and coughed. "I think the two of us can hold our own against any trust, Nick," said he with a not altogether successful steadying of his voice.

Nick felt his eyes dimming as he clasped the outstretched hand.

"I was afraid — I confess, now, I was very much afraid — your mind was turning to other channels than business."

"I didn't know how interesting business was, sir," said Nick. "I feel as if I were just beginning to live. It's better to live than to describe life," declaimed the Harvard senior sagely.

This moment it was that Nick was dazed by a vision of Mark Straughan scrambling through the hall beyond the door which was to the back of his father, in visible pursuit of the decorous parlor-maid of the Burtons, who was bearing the evening mail. Nick perceived on the top of the pile an envelope which he knew.

In full career Mark skated violently on a slipping rug. He saved himself from a fall, but the maid was proffering the tray.

"The letters, Mr. Burton," said she.

"I'd clean forgotten the blooming mess of bumptiousness," Nick confessed to Mark later, "and I was rattled to see it."

All he could summon on the moment — as he grabbed the envelope — was a lame "I beg your pardon, sir; but this is a letter from me."

"A letter *for* you?" queried his father.

"A letter from me," answered Nick, red to his eyes. "Will you please give it back to me? I wrote it this morning. That was a long while ago." And as his father nodded he flung the thick, white square into the glowing logs on the hearth.

"I'm seeing a good many things in a different light, myself, since morning," said his father, smiling; "it *is* a long while ago!"

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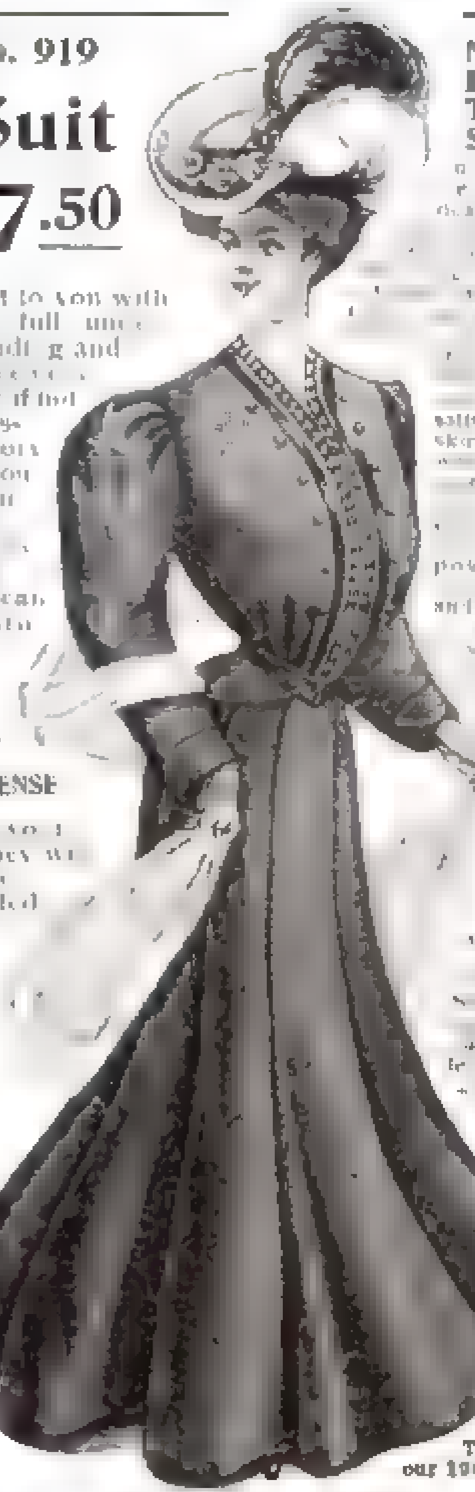

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CHAPTER V

"DO YOU see that big fat fellow talking with Mr. Joyce?" the cashier whispered to me one morning as I passed her cage. "He's Dround's manager—his name is Carmichael. When he shows up there is trouble coming to some one."

Dround & Co. was the name of the packing firm that the Enterprise dealt with. I tied up my bundles and made up my cash account, thinking a good deal about the appearance of the burly manager of the packing house. Pretty soon Mr. Carmichael came out into the front store very red in the face, followed by the elder Joyce, who had been drinking, and they had some words. The cashier winked at me.

The Enterprise had been doing a good business. It was run on a new principle for those days—strictly cash and all cut prices, a cent off here and there, a great sale of some one thing each day, which the house handled speculatively. The brothers Joyce kept branching out, but there wasn't any money to speak of behind the firm. The Drounds and a wholesale grocer had mortgages on everything. Nevertheless, we should have got on all right if the elder Joyce had given up drinking and the younger one had not taken to driving good horses. No matter how big a business we did, the profits went the wrong way.

That evening, as Hillary Cox and I walked over to the Piersons', she said to me abruptly: "There's going to be a new sign at the Enterprise before long!"

The smart little cashier must have divined what I was thinking.

"Cox's Market?" I suggested jestingly.

"Why not Harrington & Cox?" she retorted with a nervous little laugh. We were on the steps then, and Ed joined us, so that I did not have to answer her invitation. But all through the meal I kept thinking of her suggestion. It was nearly two years since she had introduced me to the Enterprise and I had saved up several hundred dollars in the mean time, which I wanted to invest somehow. But it did not quite suit my card to run a retail market. After supper the others left us in the dining-room, and when we were alone Hillary said:

"Well, what do you think of the firm name? It wouldn't be so impossible. I've got considerable money saved up, and I guess you have some in the bank, too. It wouldn't be the first time in this town that a clerk's name followed a busted owner's over the door."

She spoke in a light kind of way, but a tone in her voice made me look up. It struck me suddenly that it might mean a partnership for life, as well as a partnership for meat and groceries. Hillary Cox was an attractive woman, and she would make a splendid wife for a poor man, doing her part to save his money. Between us, no doubt, we could make a good thing of the old Enterprise, and more, too!

"That firm name sounds pretty well," I answered slowly, somewhat embarrassed.

"Yes—I thought it pretty good."

She turned her face shyly away from my eyes. She was a woman, and a lovable, warm-hearted one. Perhaps she was dreaming of a home and a family—of just that plain, ordinary happiness which our unambitious fathers and mothers took out of life. I liked her all the better for it, but when I tried to say something tender, that would meet her wish, I couldn't find a word: there was nothing but a hollow feeling inside me. And the thought came over me, hard and selfish, that a man like me, who was bound on a long road, travels best alone.

"I don't know as I want to sell coffee and potatoes all my life," I said at last, and my voice sounded colder than I meant to make it.

"Oh!" She gave a little gasp as if some one had struck her. "You're very ambitious, Mr. Harrington," she said coldly. "I hope you'll get all you think you deserve, I am sure."

"Well, that wouldn't be much—only I am going to try for more than I deserve—see?" I replied as easily as I could.

We talked a little longer, and then she made some kind of excuse—we had planned to go out that evening—and left me, bidding me good-night as if I were a stranger. I felt small and mean, and glad, too, to speak the truth, that I hadn't made a false step just there and pretended to more than I could carry through.

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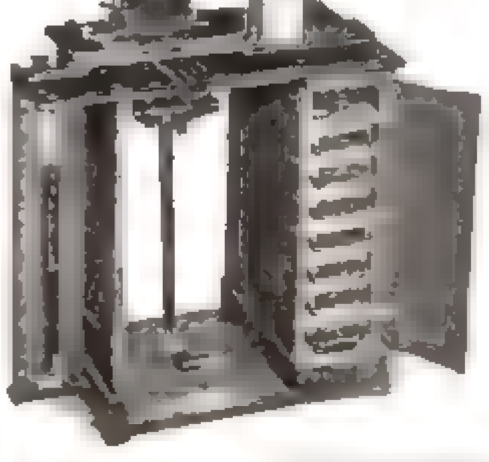

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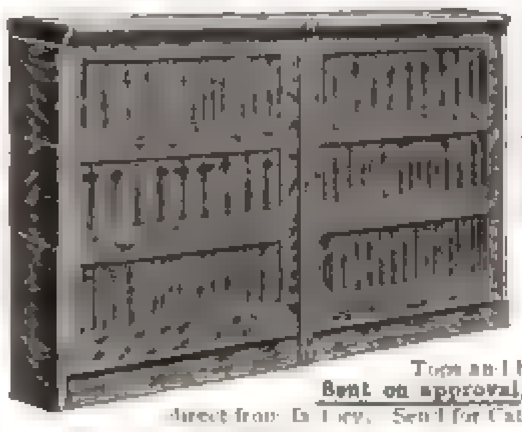

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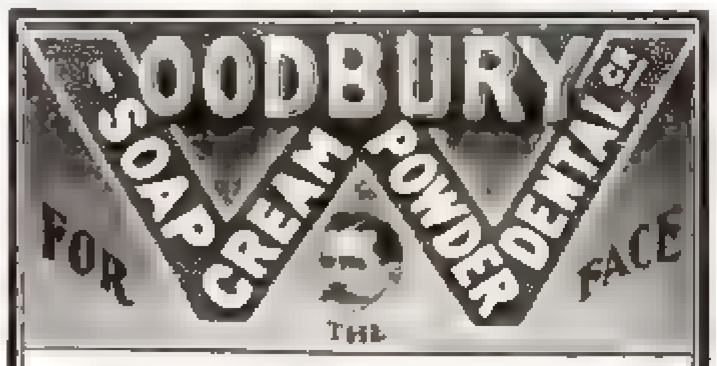

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Slocum looked in at the door, and, seeing me alone, came into the room. He had a grim kind of smile on his face, as if he suspected what had been happening.

"Where's Grace?" I asked him.

"Just about where your Hillary is," he answered dryly: "gone off with another fellow."

I laughed. We looked at each other for some time.

"Well?" I said.

"He travels fastest who travels alone," he drawled, using the very words that had been in my mind. "But it is a shame — Miss Cox is a nice woman."

"So is the other."

"Yes, but it can't be — or anything like it."

And the difference between us was that I believe he really cared.

So the Enterprise Market crumbled rapidly to its end, while I kept my eye open for a landing-place when I should have to jump. One day I was sent over to Dround's to see why some meats we had ordered hadn't been delivered. I was referred to the manager. Carmichael, as I have said, was a burly, red-faced Irishman — and hot-tempered. His black hair stood up all over his head, and when he moved he seemed to wrench his whole big carcass with the effort. As I made my errand known to him he growled something at me. I gathered that he didn't think favorably of the Enterprise and all that belonged thereto.

"They can't have any more," he said. "I told your boss so the last time I was over."

I hung on, not knowing what to say or do.

"I guess they must have it this time," I said after a while.

"'Guess they must have it!' Who are you?"

He thrust his big head over the top of his desk, and looked at me, laying his cigar down deliberately, as if he meant to throw me out of the office for my impudence.

"Oh!" I said as easily as I could, "I'm one of their help."

"Well, my son, maybe you know better than I what they do with their money. They don't pay us."

I knew he was trying to pump me. I smiled and told him nothing, but I got that order delivered. Once or twice more, having been successful with the manager, I was sent on the same errand. Carmichael swore at me, bullied me, and jollied me, as his mood happened to be. Finally he said in earnest:

"Joyce's got to the end of his rope, kid. You needn't come in here again. The firm will collect in the usual way."

I had seen all along that this was bound to come, and had made up my mind what I should do.

"Do you hear?" the Irishman roared. "What are you standing there for? Get along and tell your boss I'll put a sheriff over there."

"I guess I have come to stay," I replied easily.

"Come to stay?" he said with a grin. "How much, kid?"

"All you will give me."

"What are you getting?"

"Twenty."

"I'll give you fifteen to drive a wagon," he said offhand, "and I'll fire you in a week if you haven't anything better with you than your cheek."

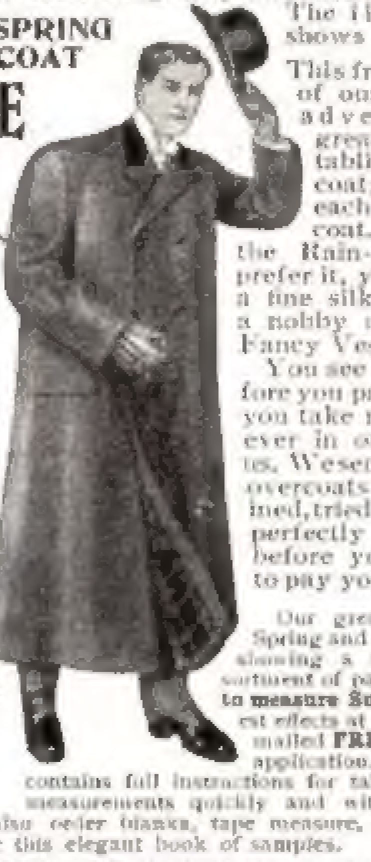
"All right," I said coolly, not letting him see that I was ruffled by his offer.

In that way I made the second round of the ladder.

I liked it all. Something told me that here was my field — this square plot of prairie, where is carried on the biggest commissariat business of the world. In spite of its filth and its ugly look, it fired my blood to be a part of it. There's something pretty close to the earth in all of us, if we have the stomach to do the world's work: men of bone and sinew and rich blood, strong men who do the deeds at the head of the ranks, feed close to the earth. The lowing cattle in the pens, the squealing hogs in the cars, the smell of the fat carcasses in the big wagons drawn by the sleek Percherons — it all made me think of the soft, fertile fields from which we take the grain — the blood and flesh that enter into our being.

The bigness of it all! The one sure fact before every son and daughter of woman is the need of daily bread and meat. To feed the people of the earth — that is a man's business. My part was to drive a wagon for Dround at fifteen a week, but I walked out of the Yards with the swagger of a packer!

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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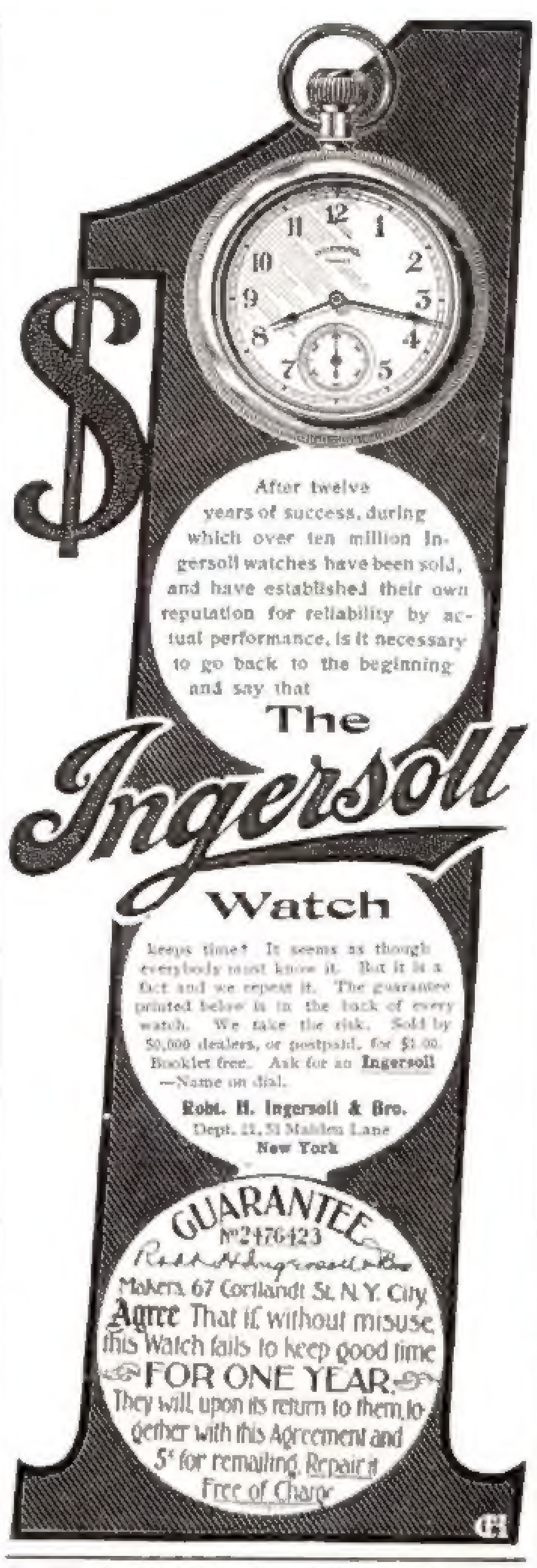

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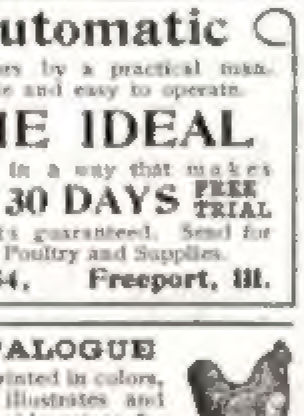

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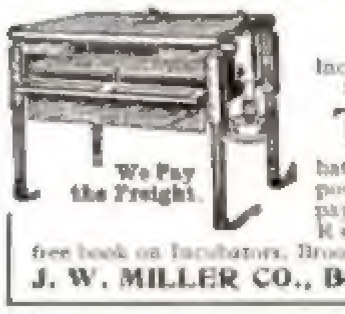
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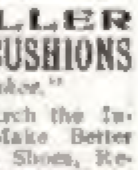

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The Sea-Goers

(Concluded from Page 6)

history, and the books on Cathedral towns, and the Scotch dialect novels, and the Irish King legends, and have a try at them before we go to bed."

"I'm going to read a detective story," said Anne gloomily. "I've got to have relaxation. Don't speak to me for an hour."

Presently I heard violent sounds and the plaintive gurgle of tears. "What's the matter?" I asked with some solicitude.

"This he-he-ro g-g-gets pushed off a b-b-boat into the ocean in the f-f-first ch-chapter. I'm go-going to b-b-*bed*."

I took the offensive story out and dropped it in the garbage-can in silence.

Our pile of letters next morning disclosed, among others, two new, fat communications from Effie, and a severely plain epistle from my bank. I read the latter with the chill of death at my heart. I compressed my lips and hoped my face was pale and drawn. "Anne," said I in a nervous voice, "there is a sad blow in store for you. Can you bear it like — as your Aunt Caroline wouldn't?"

"Speak, husband," murmured Anne, lifting her eyes trustingly.

"I've asked you not to use that offensive word. I was going to break it beautifully to you. Now I sha'n't. The bank man says we have overdrawn our account eleven dollars and fifty-eight cents! What do you think of that?"

"The bank account was all the get-atable money we had?" Anne mused placidly.

"It was."

"We are ruined."

"To a large extent — we are ruins."

"It was the outfit that did it."

"It was."

"We can't buy our tickets."

"We cannot."

"We can't go abroad."

"We can't."

"I've got five dollars."

"I've got seven."

"That leaves us forty-two cents."

"*And* the outfit."

"*And* the outfit."

Anne came and sat down on the arm of my chair. It seemed the time to bury my face in my hands. Instead we giggled.

"We can't ever face Agnes again," said I.

"I don't mind not going," said Anne easily.

"I'd rather be married to you, Anne, than to any other crowned head I ever met."

I dare say we might have got rather sentimental if Lily and Freddie Appleby had not burst in on us. They looked fresh and full of the morning, and Lily had lilacs in her hands and a gasoline smell.

"We've bought an automobile!" they sang together, like the morning stars. "We've come in it."

"It holds four," they sang.

"We're going on a trip next week," again they caroled.

A slight shade of envy crept over our faces. We tried to extend loud and convivial congratulations, but our hearts weighed down in our breasts.

"There's no one we want so much to go with us as you two," wailed Lily.

"By George, that's so," said Appleby heartily.

Anne and I could have wept on their automobile coats.

"Only you've gone and got this idea of going abroad," they finished together.

We smiled foolishly.

"Anne," Lily cried in a persuasive key. "Now, Anne, can't — won't ——"

"Say, old man," said Appleby winningly, his hand on my shoulder, "have you bought your tickets yet?"

I caught Anne's smiling eyes. "Why — why — no — o — not yet," I stuttered happily.

"Tell them," said Anne peremptorily.

I told. Somehow we didn't mind the Applebys' yells of laughter; we joined in.

"You'll go with *us?*" said they.

"Go? — Watch us!" We embraced them with cries of joyful thanks.

"But the *outfit*," giggled Anne.

"We'll take it with us ——" I began humorously.

"I haven't got a steamer," chuckled Appleby.

"We'll give it to *Agnes*," cried Anne.

In the midst of it all came a messenger with a telegram from Effie:

> Bon voyage. Take large hot-water bag also small curved one for throat is convenient in case of sea-sickness applied to the stomach and extremities.

Outside the automobile chuckled.

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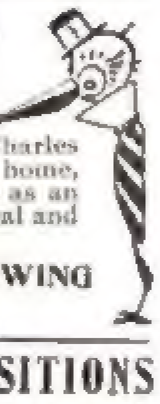
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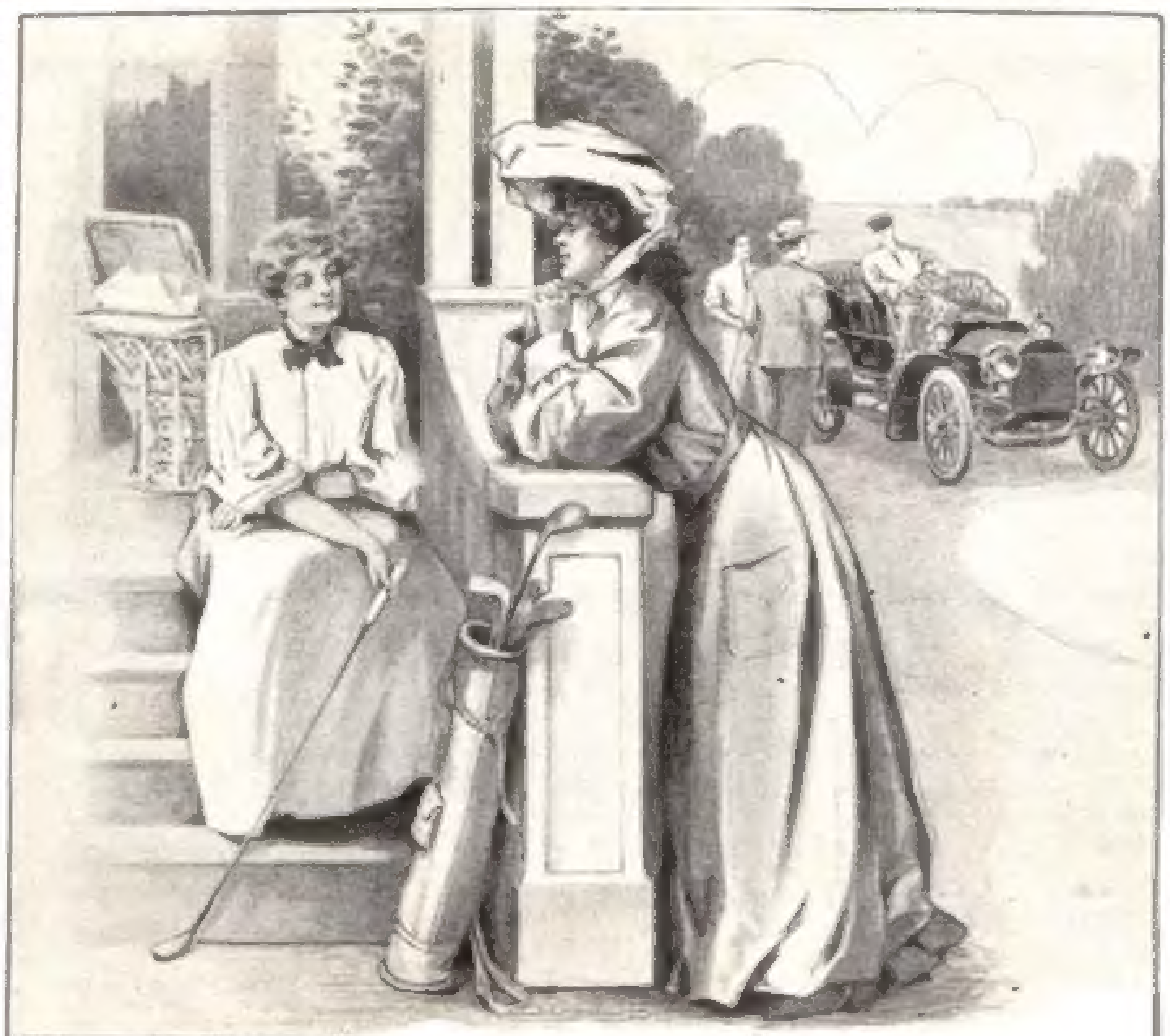

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are justly celebrated for the correctness of their mechanical construction. Every mechanical detail of the 1905 models has been simplified and perfected.

The new Peerless motors are of unique design, simple in construction and instantly accessible. They are exactly like the motor in the famous "Green Dragon," the holder of all world's records. These new motors show wonderfully increased power and have created a decided sensation. **Write for 1905 Catalog,** which shows the graceful lines of the new Peerless models, explains the Peerless mechanical simplicity and gives the reasons for the greater efficiency of the new Peerless motors.

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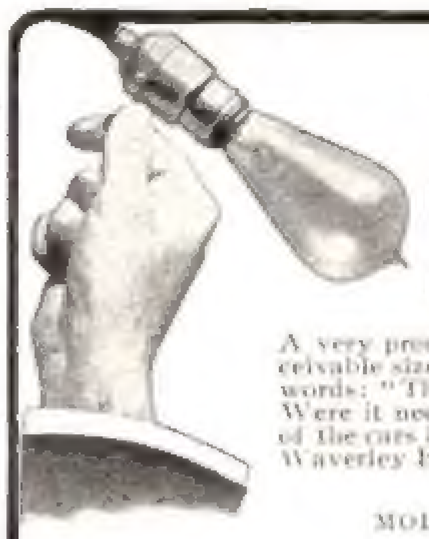

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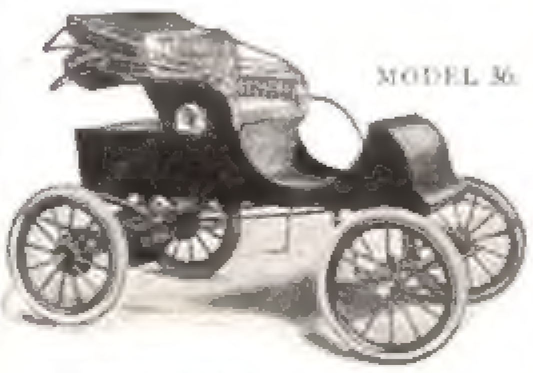
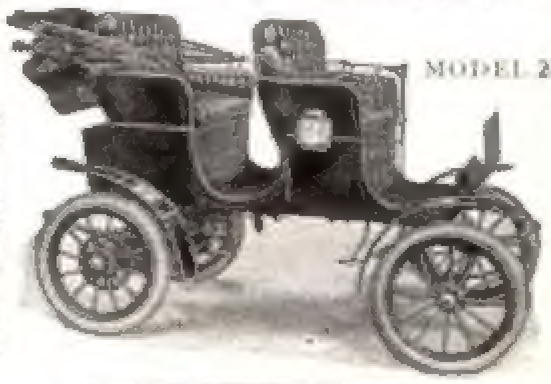
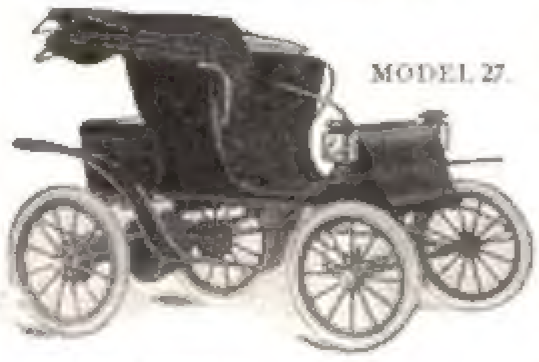


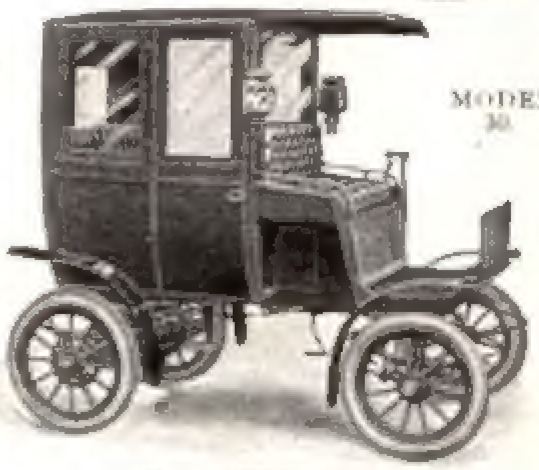
MODEL 36.



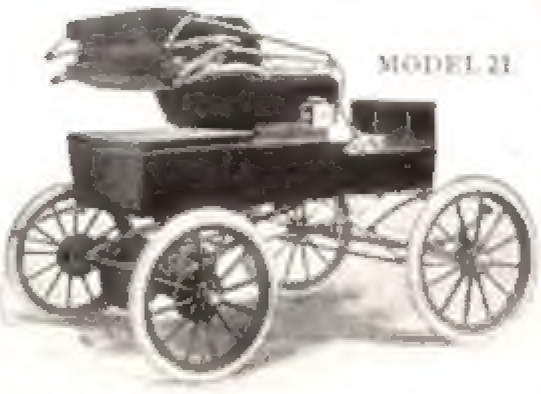
MODEL 20.



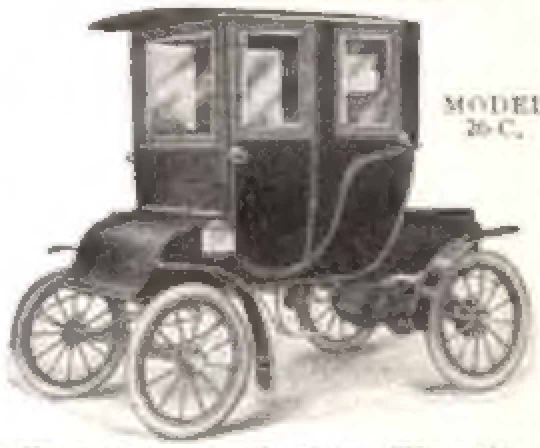
MODEL 27.



MODEL 30.



MODEL 21.



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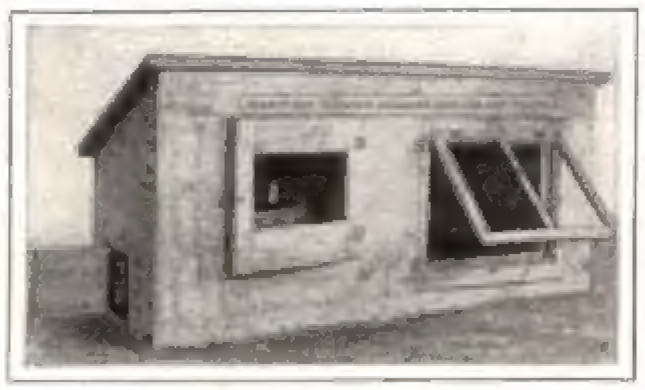

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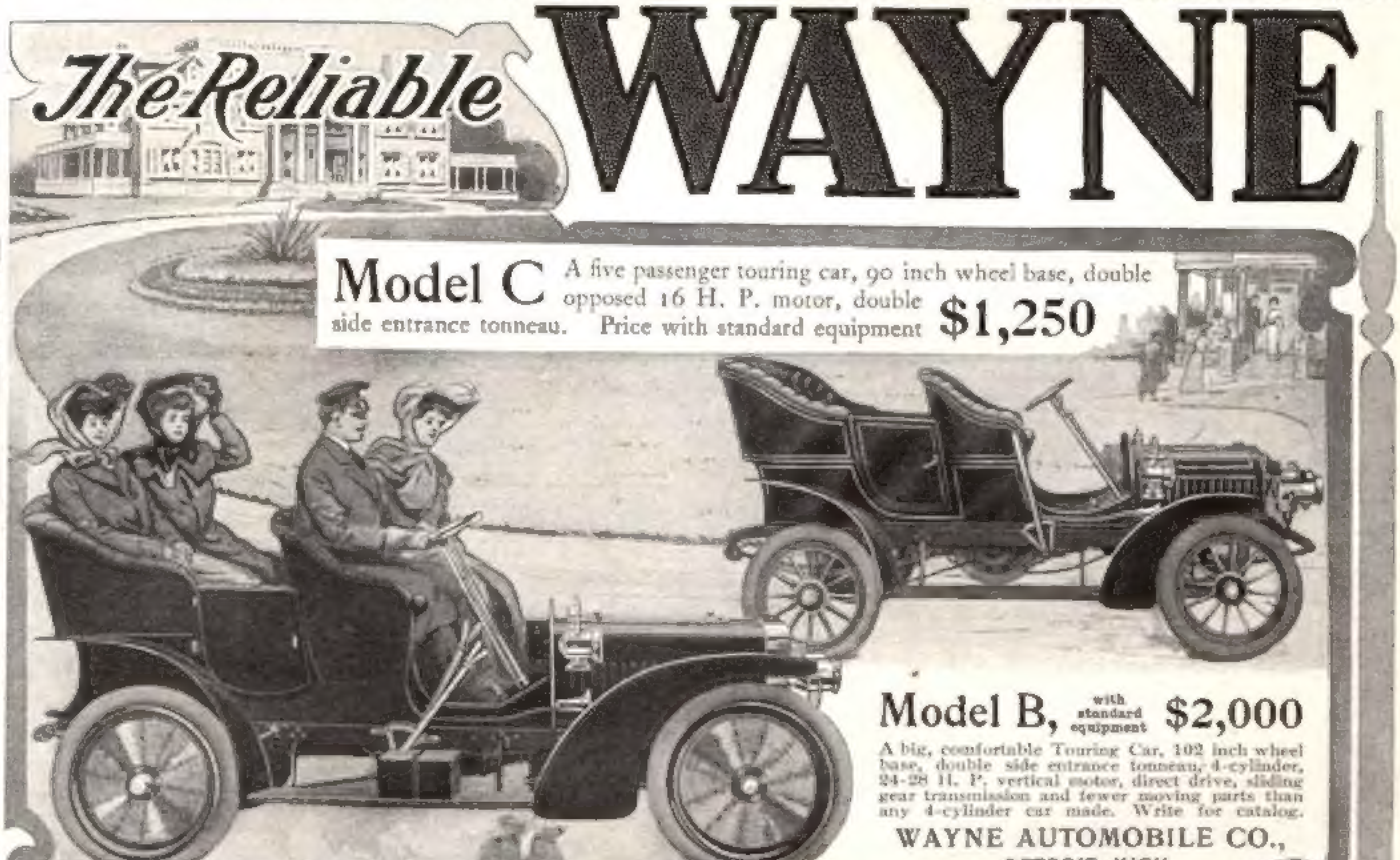

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